

Chapter One: Mysterious Antique Device

Twenty five year old Harry Potter yawned, as he rubbed his eyes, sitting in the bowels of the Department of Mysteries. As he had often done during the down time during his career as an Unspeakable of the Department of Mysteries, he thought of his life, especially over the past seven years.

Seven years since Lord Voldemort was finally defeated. Harry did not call it a victory by any means; he really did not beat Voldemort in his own mind. He outlasted Voldemort and the most dangerous Dark Lord in a century perished in a battle that spilled more blood than Harry had ever wanted to see in his life. He had long since gotten over the countless deaths he had to witness, most of them the few people who was fairly close to him. It was amazing how many times Harry rolled the dice with fate and lived. His friends, with one very fortunate exception, had all perished at the hands of Lord Voldemort and his Death Eaters. Some in the most horrific manners that Harry could imagine, not that he spent too much time imagining how his friends would be slaughtered.

After the defeat, the Ministry was in shambles but no one appeared to learn from the mistakes of last time. Lucius Malfoy had once again claimed that he was under the Imperius Curse and after a few donations; it was something that everyone accepted as fact. Harry just threw his hands up into the air in defeat, not for the first time, he wondered who he was fighting for, other than his friends and himself. That was it, he had fulfilled the Prophecy, Voldemort was gone, this time for good, with all of the Horcruxes destroyed. Once Harry had completed his education at Hogwarts, he had taken the one job that he would not have to answer anyone's questions and pretty much be left alone, because he was expected to be reclusive. The employees at the Department of Mysteries only interacted with each other for the most part within the Ministry, with the exception of the lead Unspeakable who gave biweekly reports to the Minister of Magic.

"Harry, there you are," remarked the voice of his wife and fellow Unspeakable, Ginny, who walked forward, with her red hair flowing behind her and a bright smile that could cause even Harry's darkest day to become a little better. The couple exchanged a kiss as Ginny

sat down on the bench next to Harry, before she set a small box down on the table.

“Hello, Ginny,” responded Harry, as he looked at his wife with a smile. All things considered, they got off rather lucky in the war. Sure they had quite a few scars and they had joints that did not really work the way they should have anymore, but they were still alive and they were together. With all of their friends and Ginny’s family, dead, insane, missing, or in a coma, they had little but each other in this world and pretty much went to work together in the morning to the Department of Mysteries and left each night by a Portkey, avoiding all human interaction possible.

“We just unearthed this thing and Bellomo wants us to take a look at it,” said Ginny with a sigh, as they tap danced around the subject of what day this was the anniversary of. It was one of the darkest days of their life, as they both thought they could have done something to stop that disastrous event.

“What is it?” asked Harry, his magical curiosity getting the better of him. The Department of Mysteries had given him an opportunity to study all kinds of interesting magical artifacts, some of them completely useless, all things considered and Ginny just shrugged her shoulders.

“I’m not sure, Bellomo had us bring it down here because he figured if anyone could get it working, it would be us, whatever it is anyway,” responded Ginny. “The problem is, he said, no one could get the box open.”

“Did they try an Alohomora spell?” asked Harry with his eyebrow raised and Ginny just pointed her wand.

“Alohomora,” responded Ginny, but nothing happened. The box remained immobile as ever. “Maybe if both of us do it at once, we might be able to get it open.”

“It’s worth a shot,” replied Harry as they pointed their wands and the lock clicked open, to reveal a small black object. Carefully, Harry levitated it out, carefully not touching it just in case it was curse. On

the sides of the object, Harry saw that there were small hour glasses, with microscopic words etched on the side of the box in a language that Harry could not make out. In the front, the object contained what could in theory be a mirror, but the problem was that it gave no reflection whatsoever. Harry studied the miniature black box intently, casting a few charms that would tell him if it was cursed or not. When his tests had come up negative, he just looked over the object. "Interesting, the craftsmanship on this thing is second to none."

"Where do you figure it came from?" asked Ginny curiously and Harry just looked at the box, as he continued his study of the object.

"My guess is middle to late Magical Rome, but it doesn't appear like it has aged at all," responded Harry as he looked at the object. "No, it has to be genuine, there are tell tale signs of a fake, techniques that the Roman Magical People have used that have never been duplicated by anyone in history. They were an advanced people. Their techniques have paved way for the Time Turner, but records indicate that they had a more sophisticated method of time travel than the Ministry managed to duplicate. Not to mention there are hints that they may have created several Muggle inventions centuries before scientific achievements made it possible in that world. They were advanced, but it's a shame that we have slid backwards since then."

"I remember years ago that..." responded Ginny but she just stopped short, in remembering something that Hermione had said all of those years ago, that she was lecturing Ron about the advancements of Roman wizards in the Gryffindor Common Room and the thought about what happened to both of them, well it was something that she did not want to bring up. For her sake as much as Harry's, certain things needed to be left unsaid.

"Eight years ago it happened," responded Harry gruffly and Ginny did not need to ask what happened. "Eight years ago, when the Death Eaters showed up and attacked the Burrow at the wedding."

"Do you regret what happened?" asked Ginny carefully but Harry shook his head.

“Regret saving you, no never for a moment in your life, you were a great help to me out there, dealing with all of the Horcruxes, a lot faster than I might have on my own” responded Harry in a firm voice as he looked in Ginny’s eyes. “As for what happened to Ron and Hermione...well I was saddened but I warned them that it was dangerous. They knew what they were signing up for, I told them they would be targets but I didn’t know it would happen to them before they even stepped one foot on the Horcrux journey. Still, saving you from Bellatrix when she was about ready to kill you, no, not really, that’s something I’ll never regret in my life.”

“I know you blame yourself Harry,” said Ginny, as she gently placed her hand on her husband’s. The truth was, while Harry managed to find a way to get Ginny out of there safely when they attacked the Burrow, Ron and Hermione were not as lucky. The Death Eaters captured them, perhaps as bait to draw Harry out in the open. Perhaps to send a message to Harry, but what was done was done. It was months after Voldemort fell that Harry found out how his two best friends had perished.

“I blame myself for nothing,” responded Harry gruffly. “The scum who did this were responsible; I didn’t hold a wand to Bellatrix’s head and tell her to torture Ron into a vegetative state. I didn’t blackmail Lucius Malfoy into throwing that Killing Curse at Hermione. At one time, I might have blamed myself, but now, none of this is my fault.”

“It never was,” agreed Ginny, who was relieved that Harry had stopped blaming himself for every little thing that went wrong, even though he had only done so because so many people around him got killed that he had grown numb and oddly accepting to it. Death tended to be horrific the first time. And the second time as well, but when it happened again and again, one would almost be resigned to it. Ginny felt the same way, having lost her six brothers and her parents to the war but Harry returned his study on the mysterious antique.

“Yes, an invention to be sure, but how does it work? What does it do?” asked Harry as he looked at the artifact, carefully studying it from every possible angle. Ginny also helped him, as an extra set of

eyes did wonders. "Of course, it might not do anything, sometimes a fancy painted block of wood is just a fancy painted block of wood."

"Is this one of those times?" asked Ginny and Harry shook his head.

"The odd properties of this glass suggests differently, not giving off the slightest reflection, of course, it could be the only thing that is magic, until we run a few tests, it's hard to say what this antique would do," answered Harry as he looked over the artifact, he felt there was some significance to the markings and also the writing, but right now, he was unable to piece the pieces together.

"Harry, mind if I ask you a question?" asked Ginny carefully, as the events of this particular day had brought up a thought that had entered her mind more than once. Harry nodded in affirmative and Ginny took a deep breath, before she responded. "Would it be nice if one of these artifacts could...I don't know how to put this, but allow us to do everything all over again? Find a way to defeat Voldemort and stop a lot of deaths in the process. Don't you wish we could stumble upon something like that?"

"Nope," answered Harry curtly, as he turned to Ginny, before he held her hands. "I understand and admire the fact you wish for something like that. That's why I fell in love with you in the first place. But at the same time, I've learned to put the past behind me, what's done is done and I can't change anything that's happened. Besides, time travel is always a sketchy concept. Most of this is in theory but..."

"I know Harry, even one simple event could alter all of history and maybe create a more horrific reality than we got," said Ginny with a slow nod, it was tough to argue with Harry about things like this. "Still, you can't blame me for hoping."

"I don't blame you Ginny," responded Harry in a reassuring voice. "If I felt it would do me any good, I would be hoping right along with you for one more chance but the truth is, I know it won't do me any good. And even if it did happen, we change one thing and then the world could go in an infinite number of directions, including ones where we couldn't guess in a million years."

Ginny just responded with a nod, as she looked at the artifact. It remained silent and still for a brief second. Then, in an instant, about when Harry was going to put it away, there was a faint, but still audible, humming noise coming from the artifact.

"I don't like the sound of that," muttered Harry under his breath as he waited, hand on his wand and his wife doing the same, as they looked at the artifact. It began to vibrate on the table and they made a careful movement towards the exit but much to their shock, it had been sealed shut. Harry attempted to open the door but it was jammed. Ginny rushed over, in an attempt to assist, but their combined efforts were unable to open the door. The artifact continued to vibrate on the table and sparks flew out of it, as the table was slowly reduced to smoldering ashes.

"Shield charms," suggested Ginny hopefully as she watched the artifact begin to glow. It filled the room with a bright blue light that nearly blinded them when they looked right into it. They staggered back approximately a half of a step and Harry just nodded, as they both put up the shield charms, trying to overlap them, to stop whatever the artifact was doing.

The antique stopped vibrating but the two did not release their guard. Then in a flash, it burst into a bright ball of magical energy. Harry could barely make out the spinning of an hour glass and the images of several planets bursting from the hour glass. One of the orbs blasted through the shield, engulfing Harry and Ginny with a bright light that deadened all of their senses. What was seconds in nothingness seemed like an eternity.

Then they felt as if they were being turned inside out and put back the correct way in the most painful manner possible, before their world once again temporarily went to black.

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Harry's eyes snapped open, as he shook his head. He had a hell of a headache as he looked around. His first thought was he was most certainly not in the Department of Mysteries anymore. His second thought, he wondered if he was dead but he remembered how it felt

when Voldemort threw the Killing Curse at him to remove the Horcrux inside of him. That was not the same kind of pain but he was not without a bit of agony.

“Okay I’m lying on a bed, that’s nice, but where am I?” muttered Harry under his breath as he sat up, managing to gain his bearings long enough to look around the room, which was filled with shelves and shelves of books. A few of the titles seemed familiar and over on a desk right across the bed sat a neat stack of papers, with what appeared to be an edition of the Daily Prophet on the top and a slightly obscured picture frame, turned away where Harry could not see it from his vantage point. Harry took a few tentative steps forward, moving towards the desk. Leaning down, Harry turned the photograph around and he was taken aback with what he saw.

In the portrait was Harry, at age fifteen, with his parents and a girl that he had never even seen in his life. There were many differences, for one, Harry was not wearing glasses. Another one was that he did not look like a scrawny, underfed child that was a result of years of damage at the Dursleys. Perhaps the most vital difference was that there was no lightning bolt scar on his forehead. As for his parents, they looked a bit older than the pictures he had. However, other than the fact that his father’s face was lined with scars and he wore a patch over his right eye, there were few noticeable differences.

The mystery girl on the other hand, looked to be a year or two older than Harry was in the picture. She had the same vivid green eyes that Harry and his mother had, with slightly unruly dark red hair. Harry continued to look around, the Unspeakable in him wanted to look for any clues that might point out what exactly had occurred and looking at the Daily Prophet might have given him a vital hint.

Fight between Dumbledore forces and rebels lay waste to buildings in London; Minister Umbridge intends to take harsher measures; Headmaster Riddle speaks out against Dumbledore.

Every word in that headline had brought Harry even more questions than he had answers. He sat down, closing his eyes deep in concentration. He had to reach Ginny, to make sure his wife was alright. Years ago, they went through a highly advanced and

dangerous magical ritual to forge a mental link between them. A procedure that knocked them out for three days and left them weakened for several more. Still, the end result was worth it, but they had both agreed to only use it in emergencies because of the great deal of concentration.

“Ginny,” thought Harry desperately. “Are you there?”

A moment’s pause before Harry had even gotten an answer.

“Yes, Harry, I’m hear, you won’t believe this,” responded Ginny in a surprised voice. “I was knocked out and I woke up, in a mansion none the less.”

“A mansion?” asked Harry mentally.

“Yes, the same type that someone as pretentious as Malfoy would live in but the area outside, it looks familiar,” answered Ginny who seemed slightly upset and she could almost feel Harry giving her encouragement to continue. “The Burrow, Harry, they took it down and built a mansion over the top of it. Who could do such a thing?”

“I know Ginny, you must be devastated, that was your home, you lived there your entire life, even though it was wrecked, at least it was still standing,” responded Harry. “But I don’t think this is the Burrow.”

“I recognize that village road anywhere and that tree, of course it’s the Burrow, Harry,” said Ginny in a stubborn voice.

“No, Ginny, I have a theory on what they artifact was that we were trying to work with in the Department of Mysteries,” answered Harry over the mental link and he waited for it to sink in. “If my hunch is right, we might not be in our world.”

“Why do you figure that?” asked Ginny but she began to understand that Harry’s theory seemed valid. Harry was about to launch into his explanation but then Ginny saw a very familiar voice call for her. “Mum?”

Harry was caught off guard by this announcement. Mrs. Weasley had died, attempting to save her children from Bellatrix Lestrange. As any sane person would think, she was outmatched and slaughtered like a pig by the insane dark witch. Unfortunately, that little surprise was enough to break the connection and Harry moved over, before he cast a charm on the wall, briefly transfiguring it into a reflective surface. He looked at his reflection and sure enough his hunch was right.

There was no lightning bolt scar on his forehead, not even the slightest hint of one. The antique had transported both Harry and Ginny into an alternate world of some sort. He looked towards the window, before he mentally made a plan.

"Okay, a cushioning charm on that piece of ground should cause me to be able to land, so I can get out of here, find Ginny, and find a way split this popsicle stand," responded Harry, as he moved towards the door, using an opening charm but before he could open up the window, he heard the door behind him click open and he froze immediately and the door pushed open. This caused Harry to spin around, arm drawn as he fixed his eyes on the figure. It was the same girl from the picture on his table and she looked at Harry with a surprised look on her face.

"Easy, Harry, it's just me," said the girl as she looked at Harry, with a bit of relief on her face for some reason that Harry could not place. "You'd give someone the impression that you weren't glad to see them drawing your wand on them like that."

"Just who are you anyway?" asked Harry in his usual blunt manner as he looked at the girl.

"Now Harry, I didn't hit you in the head that hard with that Bludger," said the girl in a voice that had a hint of mock outrage in her voice. She was smiling as if Harry was having her on for some reason but then grew suddenly serious. "It really wasn't that hard, was it? Because I said I was sorry, even if you were kind of unconscious when I was saying it. You know how I get when I play Quidditch, it took you some coaxing to even play and now I feel bad about it."

“No I don’t know, because I don’t even know who you are,” said Harry forcefully at the girl who took a step back, almost take aback by the look on Harry’s face.

“Harry, I’m hurt really,” said the girl in overly dramatic sorrow. Harry was reminded the twins for some reason at the way this girl was acting. “I can’t believe even a Bludger to the head would make you forget your totally wicked and really awesome big sister.”

And that’s the end of the first chapter. I always found that the first chapter is the hardest to write for a story, as you really have nothing to build off of from previous chapters. That’s why I’m so fond of cliffhangers, as resolving it really gets the creative juices flowing as I wrote the chapter.

As I mentioned in the intro, the universe where we start in the story is slightly AU and as you are beginning to see from the bits and pieces I’ve given you so far in this chapter, this alternate universe that Harry and Ginny got sent to is really far removed from canon. And we have just begun to scratch the surface boys and girls.

Now, do I think that this will achieve the level Aspirations did? I certainly hope so. I have some high aspirations (pardon the pun), for this story, but only time will tell. What I have in my head is interesting but exactly how that turns out on paper remains to be seen.

Well I’ve said enough for one set of author notes. See you again in the not so distant future for chapter two and beyond.

Chapter Two: Disturbing Discoveries

“Sister?” asked Harry in a surprised voice, as he looked at the girl but to be honest, it did make a lot of sense that she was his older sister in this alternate dimension. Much like Harry resembled his father with his mother’s eyes, this girl resembled a teenage version of Lily Potter, with the trademark unruly Potter hair. She just looked at Harry as if she was surprised.

“Yes, Harry, sister, you know as in a girl with the same parents as you have, a female sibling,” said the girl and Harry just looked at her, before he clutched his head to his forehead. Everything was overwhelming him and he got a slight headache. “Harry, what’s wrong?”

“I don’t know, I’ve been having these headaches since I woke up, just a few seconds, I think I need to sit down, I’m getting dizzy,” said Harry as he sat down, before his sister sat right down beside him, putting her arm around him, in a consoling manner.

“Everything’s going to be alright Harry, I really am sorry, I didn’t know that Bludger hit you that hard, Dad caught you, I thought everything would be fine, but now it’s my fault,” said his sister in an apologetic voice. “You really don’t remember me at all?”

“No, I don’t remember anything, except my name and a few other things, but I’m sure that they’re real,” said Harry, who thought it was best to go along with the fact that he lost his memories. Hopefully he could coax some details out of them when they attempted to trigger his memory that would help him get a better idea of what kind of world he was in. He still needed to figure out what triggered the device and hope against hope that there was a version of that antique in this world so he could return home. The girl placed her hand on his head, before she brushed his hair backwards.

“That’s a nasty bruise you got there, kid,” responded his sister in a worried voice as she held her wand. “Better wait until Mum gets back, because the last time I tried a healing spell it didn’t end too well

but...I suppose you don't remember that either."

"No I don't and I'm not a kid," said Harry in a defensive voice as he was mentally twenty five years old, but this little outburst was intended to get his sister to spill how old he was in this reality.

"Harry, you're fifteen years old, I'm eighteen, you're a kid as far as I'm concerned," said his sister as she stuck out her tongue at Harry.

"Are you sure you're that old?" asked Harry to his sister but she just laughed.

"Still as dry as ever, nice to see you completely haven't lost your mind," said his sister. "Mum and Dad should be back, they went to Diagon Alley to get your things for Hogwarts, I stayed here. Normally our house elf would have been able to keep an eye on you but I guess I was worried about you."

"We have a house elf?" asked Harry in surprise and the girl just gently patted Harry on the head.

"Take your time, it will all come back, yes Harry, we have house elf, actually plural, house elves, we have four of them," responded his sister, as she tightened her grip around Harry, as if she was almost afraid he would fall apart if she let go of him. "Is any of this ringing any bells?"

"Not now, I just can barely remember anything," said Harry and his sister remained quiet, a loss of what she could do.

"Mum should be home in a few minutes," she said as she looked at the clock, sure enough their parents said that they would be home by six o' clock," she said as she looked at the clock on the wall. It said five minutes until so it would not be that long before she came home.

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"Mum, what are you doing here?" asked Ginny in surprise, she did not believe her eyes, her mother was here, dressed in robes that

were not the normally shabby kind that she wore. In fact, they were so nice and exquisite that they made robes worn people like the Malfoys look like old rags.

“Just checking up on you Ginny,” said Molly in a bright voice that seemed rather cheery, even for her mother. Ginny decided it would be best to say at least as possible. “You collapsed earlier tonight, that was a nasty fever you have but I hope you’re getting plenty of rest. I don’t want anything to happen to you.”

“I still feel a bit off, I need a little bit more rest,” responded Ginny and she did feel a bit flushed. She wondered if the artifact going off had some side effects.

“I’ll come back for you in an hour when dinner’s ready,” said Molly in a bright voice, but she looked relieved that Ginny, but she made no motion to move forward. Rather she moved as she nodded as Ginny laid down, as she reflected on what happened as her mother’s footsteps grew fainter.

“Odd, Mum would have made a bigger fuss over me and would have insisted to bring dinner, not to mention smother me with hugs and make a big deal,” said Ginny to herself as she looked at the ceiling, before she summoned a mirror off the dresser. “Fifteen I think, maybe a bit younger or older, that’s my age. Time must not move fast here, Harry’s still unable to contact me but I can wait. It will give me time to figure out what’s happening, before I meet up with him.”

Ginny stared at the ceiling, as she awaited the time to be called down for dinner. Something about the way her mother in this universe acted was a little off. She was in a good mood but not overly affectionate and smothering like she was when she was alive.

The hour she had gave her plenty of time to think and hopefully she would be able to piece something together by the time she met up with Harry, just like Harry was likely to when he met up with her.

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“Mum’s home,” she shouted in an excited voice, jumping up and down in an excited voice, as Harry was taken by surprise by her sudden enthusiasm.

“How can you tell?” asked Harry dryly.

“Did you hear that squealing sound in the fireplace?” asked the girl and Harry responded with a nod, it was hard not to hear it. It was like a pig being stuck in a meat grinder. “Well, it tell us that someone has entered through the Floo that is supposed to come through there. There is a different sound where someone who doesn’t belong comes through and that’s when we have to run.”

“I see,” said Harry, as he wondered if having to run from intruders was a common problem. Given the few newspaper headlines he read, there were several elements of this universe that he wanted to find out about as soon as possible and faking amnesia was a very attractive option right now.

“Any of this ringing a bell?” asked the girl hopefully and Harry shook his head. She frowned as they heard footsteps coming from the door. Somehow, Harry thought it was best to be armed. He had no reason to have faith in a security system to begin with in a house that he was not familiar with. No security system was foolproof and that held especially true for a security system that he was not familiar with. Even when he and Ginny had to spend the night somewhere to get sleep when they were seeking out the Horcruxes, he still was up every how, double checking the security spells. Even when they were strong and both Harry and Ginny put a lot of effort into them, he never wanted to take any chances. “I’ll go and explain the situation to Mum.”

“Thanks, I appreciate that,” said Harry, as he watched her leave, as he heard footsteps approaching from a set of stairs. All of his childhood he dreamed about having a family, his parents being alive, maybe having siblings, but over time and with many deaths, Harry let go of those dreams, deciding that the hope was not worth obsessing for. Ginny was the only person that he allowed to get close to him and that was because of sheer stubbornness on her part. She refused to let Harry tell her what needed to be done by her safety and Harry was

glad for that part. Back when Dumbledore died, she did humor Harry for a few weeks but she knew Harry was acting irrationally. She was someone who did not need his protection like the others, in fact she was a valuable help.

Harry was jolted by a voice from the hallway that he had only heard in a Dementor induced memory, screaming for Voldemort to take her instead of Harry.

“Are you sure, Jade, dear?” asked Lily, as Harry now had the name of his older sister in this universe, that was some handy information to have as far as he was concerned. “He can’t remember who you are.”

“Yes, Mum, I didn’t know I hurt him that bad,” responded Jade. “It doesn’t seem like he can remember anything, only his own name and a few other things he said, at least that’s what he thinks.”

“That’s alright Jade, I know you didn’t mean to as close as you and your brother are, but I’d like to have a look at him,” said Lily as she pushed forward. “I don’t know about that dangerous game sometimes, whose bright idea was to have iron balls hit at people anyway?”

“Now, Lily, that’s never happened before,” responded James from the hallway. “I’ve never heard of a Bludger causing someone to have amnesia before.”

“Just because it’s never happened, doesn’t mean it’s not possible,” answered Lily as she moved forward, before she stepped inside, as she looked at Harry. “Harry, I don’t know if you know me but it’s your mother, your sister said you don’t remember anything after you fell off your broom earlier today.”

“I remember some things, I know you’re my Mum,” said Harry, trying to sound calm and collected, despite the fact he was basically meeting his mother in the flesh for the first time. She looked about how she did in the pictures, a bit older with the most preliminary hints of ages.

“That’s a good sign, normally people forget their names, it’s a sign that it might only be temporary,” said Lily, as she held her wand out,

she tried to remain calm under the face of fire. "I would take you to a Healer, but it's not advisable these days, with what's been happening, considering we're known Level One Threats to that monster."

Harry's head was swimming with questions about exactly what a "Level One" threat was but Lily waved her wand, trying to check for any damage. Harry sat back, as James and Jade were outside of the room.

"That's a nasty bump that you have on your head, son," responded James in what he hoped was a reassuring voice. Harry got a good look at his father, his right eye covered in a patch and several scars on his face. He was also missing a finger on his right hand, the obvious veteran of many battles. "Don't worry, you'll get better, Quidditch can be dangerous, even to the best of us, although to be fair, you did get the worst of that one."

James hastily added on that last bit as Lily gave him a look before she turned, sighing.

"I'm no expert," concluded Lily as she looked over Harry, fretfully. It was difficult to not know exactly how to help her son when he was injured. "It's just some bruising and I think its mostly mental trauma from getting hit in the head from a Bludger and falling off of your broom. Give it time and everything will be fine, just spend some time in some familiar surroundings."

Lily leaned forward and gave Harry a hug. This simple act had caught Harry off guard, but he sensed some relief in his mother, that while she was worried, once she had verified that he was out of the woods, she was relieved.

"I'm glad that's taken care of," responded Jade with a grin on her face as she looked at Harry. "You'll be better Harry, you're tougher than you look."

Harry laughed at this one, even though he did not know why.

"Time for dinner," stated Lily suddenly as they walked down the stairs. James followed and Harry followed his older sister down the hallway,

not wanting to get lost. He made plans to take advantage of the number of books in his room to see what exactly was different other than the differences that he had already encountered.

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"Hello Ginevra, Mother," said the pompous voice of Percy Weasley at the long dinner table. Ginny's eyes just briefly widened at what she saw but she fixed her expression into calm indifferent. While not as large as the Great Hall at Gringotts, it still as a respectable size, about as three times as large as the Burrow she remembered. It took her about a minute to see the distant form of her father sitting at the end of the table, with a blank look in his eyes and a smile on his look. Still, she turned her attention to Percy, who looked to be pretty much the same. "I hope both of you are well."

"Very, well, thanks for asking Percy," said Molly in a calm voice.

"Yes, I'm fine," responded Ginny and Percy just looked at her briefly, before he nodded.

"That's wonderful, it was unfortunate that you took a bit of a spill earlier, we were worried sick that you might not be able to fulfill your intended duties," said Percy in a relieved voice, almost as if there was a lot riding it for him personally based on Ginny's health and she wondered what these duties were. She had a feeling she would find out. "Mother, Fred, George, and Ron will return home tomorrow from Re-Orientation."

"That's wonderful Percy," said Molly as she turned to her husband. "Isn't it Arthur?"

"Yes, it is Molly dear," said Arthur in monotone and Ginny would be blind not to notice the emotional distance between her parents right now, which may have been twice as much as the physical distance between the two.

"I honestly can't believe they would think that we would be wrong to oppose Riddle," commented Percy before Ginny's ears perked up. "Don't they know that our leader's way is the only way for peace?"

"They were lead astray by negative influences," said Molly in a diplomatic voice as Ginny pretended to cut her steak, but she was listening. "At Hogwarts, I can't believe Riddle would let those revolutionaries into his school but they've always accepted all types."

"Why hasn't Dumbledore just dealt with him?" asked Percy but seconds later, he regretted these words once they passed his lips.

"Dumbledore has his reasons Percy and we don't question him, unless you want to join your brothers in re-orientation," said Molly in a bit of a snippy voice, that broke through her cheerful exterior and she looked like a dragon ready to breath fire on an unwitting villager.

"No, of course not mother, I forgot myself," said Percy in an apologetic voice, almost fearful at the thought of this re-orientation, whatever it was.

"Don't let it happen again, we can't let ourselves forget Dumbledore has the Greater Good in mind for what he does," answered Molly as she looked at Percy who nodded and looked at her daughter, who looked up at her. "As you know, Ginny, your fifteenth birthday is coming up in another week and you will do your part to help serve the perfect world that our benevolent leader of the light Albus Dumbledore has gifted us with."

"I'm sure I won't let him down," said Ginny in what she hoped was a hopeful expression on her face and Molly did not seem to notice anything off.

"You were always the best of my children, it's a shame that none of my sons could have turned out as successful and ambitious as you," said Molly and right here, she looked point blank at Percy, who could only respond by nodding and smiling as if this was not bothering him. Seconds passed and when it was obvious that Percy was not going to say anything. "It is a shame you were not born a boy, you would have value beyond your purpose in life. The purpose to serve as a means for more children to be born into this world, to help fight against those who will rise up and defy Dumbledore, despite all he

has done with us. I just hope that your sons do not turn out as pathetic as mine have.”

Molly looked right at Percy once again when she said that and Ginny just bit her tongue, barely holding back a retort. Her purpose was basically to give birth to children, that would serve as weapons to support Dumbledore, who by all intentions appeared to be someone that her mother fanatically worshipped.

“I hope everything turns out well as well, Mother,” responded Ginny with a nod, but she planned to escape from this place. They might have had the names and faces, but this was not the family she remembered.

“Yes, well Dumbledore has chosen a powerful suitor, so that your children will be above average in magical power, you can start immediately as you will be wed on your fifteenth birthday,” said Molly in a voice that left no room for argument. “Dumbledore’s pleased with the progress, he has no shortage of candidates that will be willing to have a proper young lady like yourself. Some have been waiting decades to be matched up to have children to continue the legacy of the Cult of the Phoenix and I’m sure you will not disappoint us by serving them faithfully by giving them what they need to serve our great leader.”

Ginny just responded with a nod as she returned to her food. Truth be told, she did not trust herself to say much more than that. She was wrong about something being a little off about her mother earlier. Something was very off and hopefully she could get in touch with Harry later, so they could make plans to find a way out of here.

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The Potters had sat down at the dinner table, already in the midst of eating. Harry could not help but be impressed by his mother’s cooking. This was the first time he had tasted it and while he had thought Molly Weasley was good, there had to put an asterisk by that as it was mostly done by magic. Despite the fact that it was done the Muggle way, it made Molly’s cooking tasting like dragon dung. Harry knew where he got his ability to cook, even at a young age, at the

Dursleys and it was obvious Petunia knew as well, hence the reason why she exploited it. Now he knew.

"We would have been home, but someone was following us, I think we were recognized," said James as he looked at the two children. Jade looked concerned.

"To be fair, Dumbledore has people everywhere checking out for anyone acting the least bit suspicious, he doesn't want any strangers, interfering with his perfect world," said Lily, with a tone of bitterness in her voice at this thought.

"Do you think that person knew it was you, though?" asked Jade.

"They left after about twenty minutes, if they knew it was us, they would have kept on us, but everyone's afraid to speak in public anymore, Umbridge's attempts to take a stance against Dumbledore is doing more harm than good," said James. "The only reason she's against Dumbledore is because he's aligned himself with so many magical creature groups and we all know her stance on that."

"It's not like she has any real power, the Minister of Magic has become a fancy time, if Dumbledore wants a change in the guard, he will, he only keeps Umbridge around because it gives people hope that he will be opposed but he knows there's no real hope," stated Lily.

"I just wonder sometimes why we even bother," muttered James and Lily looked at him with a sharp look, that was the wrong thing to say and Harry snuck a look at Jade, who winced. James looked like he regretted it immediately.

"We bother because it's something that we have to do, do you know what I went through because of him?" demanded Lily. "My entire life was ruined until I escaped, the fact that there are a lot of people who swallow what he says because he's Dumbledore and he acts like a benevolent grandfather figure, they can't see beyond the mask and see that he's obsessed with achieving the means to the ends. He was to play with lives for his own amusement. If we don't do something,

who will? It's not like some savior is going to drop out of the sky from an alternate dimension.

Harry nearly choked when he heard this statement. He quickly took a gulp of water. No matter what, he did not want to get involved but for the first time, he wondered if the artifact sending him here was an accident.

"Riddle's doing the best he can, though," argued James.

"Riddle is only one man and as good as he is, he can't manage to beat Dumbledore, he's already killed him three times and Dumbledore came back," said Lily. "We're no closer to finding out the secret to how he's invincible than we were yesterday and we'll be no closer than we're a week now but we have to keep fighting no matter what."

Harry decided to keep his mouth shut, as he focused on his food. Conversations continued to pass through his ears, as he found that listening to other people talk was the best way to learn any information.

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"Harry are you there?" asked Ginny quietly in Harry's mind.

Harry was in his room, laid down on the bed, as he secured the door to make sure there was no distractions, before he sat down with a stack of history books to try and solve the mystery of how this universe was different.

"Yes, Ginny, I'm here," thought Harry. "I wish you were with me."

"Me too Harry, believe me, even more than you could imagine," said Ginny. "I don't like this, something's really wrong about wherever we are. Mum is acting all strange and Dad, well words fail me how disturbing that is. Percy is the same and Fred, George, and Ron are off at something called re-orientation. I don't know what happened to Bill and Charlie or even if they exist in this universe, but based on everything I don't want to do. This mansion, I looked around in it

when Mum was preoccupied, there are hundreds of rooms, quite a few I can't get into."

"Easy Ginny, take a deep breath, calm down," thought Harry as he flipped through the books. "I'm coming for you as soon I can, but everything here is so different. My parents are alive, I have an older sister, I think I was born a bit later than I was as well. And Dumbledore..."

"You noticed as well," said Ginny in a quiet voice. "What happened to cause this?"

"I'm trying to find out as well, but that's not the only thing that happened differently, Umbridge is now the Minister of Magic and Riddle is the Headmaster of Hogwarts, I don't think this world had to deal with the terror that was Lord Voldemort," answered Harry.

"No, but there's something worse, Dumbledore in this universe, he might be worse than Tom could have ever hoped to be," answered Ginny. "Don't ask me, it's just a hunch I have, maybe based on that Mum mentioned something called the Cult of the Phoenix."

"Ginny, you're right, based on the way that Mum and Dad were talking, there is something oddly off about Dumbledore," said Harry. "Fortunately, it appears that my alternate universe counterpart enjoyed to read and I have a miniature library at my disposal. When I find something, I'll get back to you and then we can worry about getting out of here."

"Likewise, Harry," stated Ginny. "Please come soon."

"I will, love, I will," said Harry.

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Just as Ginny had said good bye to Harry, she thought she might as well get a few hours of sleep but suddenly, she heard a few faint pops outside of her window. She wondered who in the world would be coming to visit at this time of the night. She carefully walked over towards the window, holding her wand and causing it to click open a

crack. She saw her mother walking from the front door of the house, met by two individuals dressed in bright red and orange robes, with a Phoenix snatched on the back of them. She made out the stern expression of one of the figures, as a third man, dressed in black, walked forward, as several young children, ranging from ages of two to Hogwarts age were ushered towards the front of the house.

“Another batch of Mudblood brats for you to take in, Molly,” responded one of the figures in a gruff voice. “Dumbledore detected them, the rebels snatched a few of them up but we managed to get most of the power ones here. Their families have been dealt with and you will be compensated as usual.”

“Excellent, thank you, Rivers,” stated Molly in a bright cheery voice as one of the little girls looked rather tearful and Ginny clenched her fist, as one of robed figures on the outside jerked her roughly by the hair. She was no older than four or five and she was sobbing.

“I want my Mummy!” cried the little girl, who was hysteric but she was cuffed on the back of the head.

“Silence, girl, you don’t have a Mummy anymore,” taunted one of the robed figures as he laughed as the girl was reduced to tears.

“Don’t worry, the Obliterators will be here in the morning and we’ll wash all those bad memories of your dirty Muggle past away,” cooed Molly with a slightly sinister look in her eyes as she looked at the little girl who was still hysterical as they were lead inside. Some of the children had to be roughly coaxed inside, as Ginny quickly withdrew from the window, shaking madly. It was a damn lucky think that Harry was not here to see the way they were treating these kids. Hell, she was having her own problems. She secured the window and made her way back to bed, clutching her fists together.

After what she was, Ginny could not get any sleep. It had become disturbingly obvious where the gold to pay for this nice mansion came from.

Harry's eyes were reddened as he looked through several books already and while he had found a few brief mentions of Dumbledore, they were only in passing. It was almost like people were afraid to write about him. Sure, people were afraid to say Voldemort's name, but people did write about the horrid stuff he did during his time. Harry pulled out a thick book, called Notable Wizard Names of the 20th Century: The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly. If Dumbledore was not in that book, Harry planned on giving up for the evening and focusing on an escape plan. As much as he went over with what happened with the artifact, the more he thought it was a one in a trillion fluke that he was sent here in the first place. There was no guarantee that there was an artifact like that in this world.

Besides, Harry was curious what happened to both his and Ginny's counterparts. Were their minds swapped and thus the others were in their bodies? Or did their original bodies get destroyed and the artifact erased the minds of their counterpart, before inserting theirs. Or did the truth lie somewhere in between? Harry was no closer in determining the answer without the artifact open but once again, he wondered based on his mother's outburst if there was a reason why he was sent here.

Still, there was nothing more important in finding out information about Dumbledore as he struggled to read the book but fortunately he had reached a rather detailed, if not slightly sugarcoated enemy on Albus Dumbledore.

Albus Dumbledore(1870(assumed)-Present): There has never been a figure more controversial, yet, benevolent, as Albus Percival Wolfric Brian Dumbledore. Born to an old family, with two younger siblings, Dumbledore remains the last living Dumbledore. From the start, Dumbledore has lived a checkered life. His family was the subject of controversy from even before he began his education at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. His father, Percival, was jailed in being charged for the brutal slaughter of three Muggle teenage boys(ages ranging from fourteen through seventeen). While it has never been confirmed, rumor has that the murders were provoked by the attack of his six year old daughter Ariana, where she was brutally assaulted by the teenagers and killed when they witnessed her doing accidental magic. These rumors have never been confirmed nor

denied by anyone close to the Dumbledore family but the little girl's death and the subsequent murders of the alleged murderers paint the picture. Regardless of what may have happened, Percival refused to say anything for himself and was incarcerated in Azkaban where he died years later. The rest of the Dumbledore family had their problems as well. Albus's mother Kendra sunk into a deep depression and was placed into a mental institution. His brother, Aberforth one day left home after an argument he had with Albus after Albus's Hogwarts education had been completed and no one ever saw him again.

Albus Dumbledore flourished despite the hardship, gaining straight "Outstanding" grades on his Ordinary Wizarding Level exams, along with his "Nastily Exhausting Wizarding Level" tests. A prefect, Head Boy, a model student by all terms but he had few friends outside of acquaintances for study purposes. That was until he met a young wizard by the name of Gellert Grindelwald, with high aspirations and a rather checked past, having been the only student to be expelled from Durmstrang (see Grindelwald entry for more information). Both wizards struck up a friendship and went on a world tour after Albus completed Hogwarts, gaining several influential allies, including being mentored by Nicholas Flamel for several years prior to his mysterious death(see, Flamel, Nicholas, for more details) Albus and Gellert attempted to extend their influence through the Ministry of Magic, who felt threatened by the powerful presence of the two strong leaders. For whatever reason, the friendship between Gellert and Albus fell to pieces, both wanting different things with their campaign and disagreements becoming few and far between. Gellert died unexpectedly in 1938 before their battle could come to a conclusion and Albus pressed forward on his own.

Over the last few decades, Albus Dumbledore became a figure that inspired a great deal of controversy and divided opinion. There have been a number of allegations of questionable activities that Dumbledore has been involved in, but his supporters have persisted that there was no proof to these charges and continue to claim that their leader has the best intentions for everyone. His most fanatical followers have been dubbed "The Cult of the Phoenix", for the rare magical creature associated with the light and what the darkness fears. They have been known to hold protests against

public figures with anti-Dumbledore sentiments and many members are very outspoken. Others disagree, but Albus Dumbledore has not been formally charged with any of the crimes that many of his strongest critics charge him of.

His strongest critic has been oddly enough his adopted son, Tom Marvolo Riddle, a wizard who was rumored to have killed Dumbledore for a brief time in the 1970s but those claims have been since proven to be a misguided rumor and Dumbledore was on an extended holiday at the time. Riddle, the Hogwarts Headmaster, has written a tell all book about his childhood being raised by Dumbledore, that has been heavily censored by the Ministry and later banned for the riots they have caused.

No matter what, we can all agree that Albus Dumbledore has accomplished a lot in his time as a citizen of Magical Britain.

Harry put down the book, his head buzzing from the information. A recent picture of Albus Dumbledore was on the next page. His normally long white hair was cut short and neatly. His beard was carefully trimmed into a goatee and he wore a dull grey Muggle business suit, a stark contrast to his normally outlandish robes. He looked like a completely different person.

He closed his eyes in concentration, hoping that she was up.

"Ginny, are you awake?" asked Harry hopefully.

"Hard to sleep after what I saw not too long ago," responded Ginny and Harry could sense some distress in his wife's tone, even if it was mentally spoken.

"I learned something just moments ago that I thought you might need to know," remarked Harry.

"Really, small world, I did too and I still couldn't believe my eyes," said Ginny in an upset tone.

"Maybe I should let you go first Ginny," said Harry, who knew when she needed something to vent to.

He had no idea how bad this would be and the more she told him, the more his own blood pressure began to rise and the more he needed to break something.

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"That no good bastard, I can't believe he's doing that!" thundered Harry down the stairs in the morning, he stayed up all night. He had conflicts with the Dumbledore he knew and his tendency to withhold information could be a bit aggravating, but compared to this bastard, the Albus Dumbledore he knew was a prince.

"You heard the news as well," responded Jade as she looked at Harry exiting her room. "Dumbledore's at again, since its Muggles, no one in our world really cares, but they're definitely magical children. He has his ways to finding them. He's ruined many lives and few are lucky to escape in time."

"I'm sure, I know enough where I don't like Dumbledore," said Harry. "Most of it is still a fog but I do know that much."

"Actually if you don't like Dumbledore based on a small piece of news, then you do have a good judge of character and it's a sign that there might be something deeper that your memory is coming back," said Jade. "Mum's making breakfast, she mentioned that someone might be coming here to help you, so you remember everything."

"I hope she's right," said Harry, but he could not help being a bit worried. It might blow his cover if someone looked too deep into his mind.

"Of course she's right," said Jade brightly. "C'mon Harry, race you downstairs!"

His sister took off as Harry just smiled. He was enjoying this way more than he felt he should be, considering this technically was not his family. He did wonder how old Jade was mentally. She said she was eighteen years old. Harry moved downstairs, making a mental

note to look for any escapes. Jade made it to the bottom of the stairs first and Harry followed.

“Not as quick as you used to be,” said Jade in a triumphant voice. “Age catching up to you, little brother?”

“Well it’s obvious that it still hasn’t quite up to you,” responded Harry and Jade had a look of mock sorrow before she began to laugh and pulled Harry into a hug.

“Oh Harry, you and your dry sense of humor,” said Jade as she let go of him a few seconds later, before they walked into the kitchen. “I don’t know what I would do without you.”

“Good morning,” said Lily in a forced cheerful voice, as she concluded making Breakfast. James sat across the table, giving them a nod. Harry could sense they heard about the news. “Now Harry, I know we shouldn’t force it, but we can see if we can do something to help you regain your memories. I know a little but a Master Legilimens, I’m not. It was lucky I managed to catch her on such short notice, because with Hogwarts coming in a few weeks she’s very busy.”

“Don’t worry, Harry,” added James, looking at Harry with a reassuring look in his eye. “She might not be as good as Professor Riddle at her art but she should be able to find out what’s causing your memory loss. Besides, even though you don’t remember it, you two get along pretty well anyway, you’re her favorite student.”

“Now James, we shouldn’t really be telling them what goes on in the staff room,” said Lily in an admonishing voice. “That was told us in strict confidence.”

Suddenly there was a knock on the door and Lily got up, before holding her wand and walked over. It was obvious that although she expected a guest, she was taking precautions and James looked on edge as well, as did Jade and Harry, well experience always told him to keep his wand at an arm’s reach.

“Thanks for coming on such short notice,” said Lily from outside the door. “Harry took that nasty bump on the head yesterday and he only remembers bits and pieces. I figure that with his permission you can poke around his head a bit to see what’s wrong.”

“No problem, Lily, Harry’s always been such a joy in my classes, it’s my pleasure to help,” said the voice and it sounded oddly familiar to Harry somehow. The footsteps increased and Lily entered the room first.

“Now, Harry, you might not remember, but this is...” stated Lily but Harry’s eyes widened in shock and absolute rage as he glanced the witch standing right next to his mother.

“Bellatrix!” shouted Harry.

And we end the second chapter on the note as the story is beginning to take shape. It took a while for me to get into the groove for Aspirations and this one looks to be no different.

Chapter Three: On the Inside

Harry was almost shocked at seeing Bellatrix here, this was an unexpected shock. He was an inch away from hexing her out of pure instinct. Of course, Sirius being sent through the veil was just scratching the surface of what Bellatrix put him through. Ron was tortured into insanity by Bellatrix and she nearly murdered Ginny as well, saved only by luck. Also, what happened to poor Luna, where Harry and Ginny were forced to watch, would be forever burned into his nightmares. Still, she looked virtual the same, with a few differences. There was not a crazed look in her eyes and she did not look on the verge of ripping out the throat of anyone who would come close to attacking her.

"A sign of recognition, perhaps a sign it's all coming back," said Lily in surprise.

"Why didn't he recognize me at first though?" asked Jade who looked almost hurt that Harry recognized a teacher from his school but not his own sister.

"I'm not sure, amnesia can be a tricky subject to deal with," said Lily as she turned to Bellatrix.

"Often with magical people, it's a cause of the magic overstimulation of the mind because of a trauma, but we'll have a better idea once I take a look," said Bellatrix as she turned towards Harry who flinched involuntarily, as an image of Sirius falling through the veil and cackling. She stepped forward. "Easy Harry, just relax, this won't hurt too much, I'm just going to lightly prod in your mind to see if I can find anything that might help other than the obvious. It won't take too long and it will be over before you know it."

While there was no way to this Bellatrix to know it, his version of the woman had said these same words when she attacked Ginny. It was sheer force of magical will that Harry managed to break free from his restraints and the combined efforts of the two put down that mad dog once and for all, but not before she had spilled plenty of blood and ruined many more lives. He looked as Bellatrix looked at him with a frown, as he watched the Potters stand there, awaiting the word.

Harry bit his tongue, hoping that he could fool Bellatrix long enough into thinking that the trauma was causing access to his memories to be blocked. It was a trick that he learned as an Unspeakable, on the off chance he was ever captured. Otherwise, he would have to throw stunning spells quickly and run, with his plan to rescue Ginny only in the preliminary changes and have to be on the run in an uncertain world.

"Hmm," muttered Bellatrix as she turned away from Harry and that was so ambiguous that Harry could only guess what she meant by her muttered musings.

"What is it Bella?" asked Lily. "Can we do anything?"

"No, Lily, I'm afraid not," responded Bellatrix. "His mind is reacting to the trauma, not wanting anyone to access it for some reason. It is temporary and everything should slowly come back to him. Just be patient but there is nothing I can do without potentially permanently mentally damaging him."

"Time in other words," said James and Bellatrix nodded.

"Yes time, I'll see both of you for the staff meeting next week, I suspect Professor Riddle will be passing along the information soon enough," said Bellatrix who preyed that she did not have to see the Potters before that time. Dumbledore had been quiet, other than his snatchings of Muggleborn children who exhibited some signs of magical potential. However, Dumbledore quiet was perhaps one of the most unsettling things that they could ever imagine.

"Yeah, well we'll soon, sorry to have dragged you out here," said Lily.

"No problem at all," said Bellatrix as she waved her out. "I'm just sorry I couldn't have help but you would have done what any mother would have done. I'll see you all in due time, I have a busy day ahead so I'll just be getting out of your way."

Harry did not say anything, but there was something a bit unsettling to him about a sane and good Bellatrix. He wondered what other surprises this strange new world would give him. There was a part of

him that really did not want to know, but another part of him who was curious exactly what direction everything can go.

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A large furnished office deep in a multi floored building was the scene of a meeting, that Molly Weasley was in particular was looking forward to. Of course, any time where she got to spend more than a few minutes with the great and powerful Albus Dumbledore was a highlight of her day. She was envious of her son Percy, who had a job that allowed him to work close to Dumbledore and was fearful that he would screw everything up for the entire family. She walked down to the desk, where Percy sat, handing their great leader papers. Molly frowned as Dumbledore appeared to not want to be bothered but Percy kept up with his work. She bit her tongue, causing a scene here would reflect badly on both of them. Sitting right beside her was a middle aged man in his late forties with brown hair and the slightest hints of graying, with a large sack of gold dangling from his hands that Molly eyed with a bit of surprise.

“Ah, Molly, nice to see you have come on such short notice, I know you are busy ensuring that the children are entrusted with the proper care and stimulation that they need to ensure they’re future functioning members of our perfect society,” said Dumbledore, as he looked forward at Molly to his colleague on the other side. “I believe you’ve never met my colleague Maxwell M. Maxwell but he has been looking forward to meet you.”

“Pleased to meet you, Mr. Maxwell,” responded Molly as she reached forward to shake his hand and Maxwell took it formally.

“Ah, Molly, Albus has told me a great deal about you but it’s your daughter that interests me most of all,” responded Maxwell as he twiddle his thumbs, but he kept a firm grip on the sack of gold as Percy poured him a cup of tea.

“Ginevra is a lovely, proper lady that will make any young man a devote wife and she intends to supply him with a sufficient number of sons to ensure the legacy continues,” responded Molly in a gushing

voice. "I'm sure that your son will be pleased to have someone like Ginny as his wife..."

"No, Molly, I'm afraid you misunderstand, I have no sons," responded Maxwell with a chuckle. "Young Ginevra is intended for my use only. Our Phoenix Lord has promised your daughter to me, if I'm not mistaken, you have given him power of attorney of all decisions regarding finding a suitable mate for your children."

"Yes, that would be correct," said Molly as Percy walked over, before he removed a photograph from his pocket.

"Here's a picture of her, Mr. Maxwell, sir," said Percy in a gushing voice as Maxwell took the picture and looked over with her with interest.

"Your daughter is a vision of beauty, Molly, well developed for my needs I see," said Maxwell as his eyes travelled down the picture. "A beautiful garden that I can plant my seeds in and grow the future members of our magical society, I know the disappointment you must have had when you had a daughter but I think it worked out best in the end."

"Yes, it did, because she's the only one of our children who never rebelled and had to attend re-orientation to ensure their priorities were straight," said Molly.

"I can vouch for that, Ginervra's development has been nice and she will serve as an appropriate vessel to give birth to some potential members of the next generation of our world," said Dumbledore as he leaned over the desk with a smile.

"Now this is a small matter of the payment," said Maxwell as he looked at Molly who could barely contain her mirth at the promise of gold. "Your daughter will wed me within six days, the day of her fifteenth birthday, but I believe that I will be the one who will be having the present to unwrap, no."

"Ah, Maxwell, your sense of humor is wonderful as usual," stated Dumbledore with a chuckle before he took a deep breath.

"I believe sixty thousand galleons would be more than adequate to take such a loyal and devoted girl," said Maxwell as he pulled out the sack of gold towards Molly, who nearly broken his hand by snatching it away. "That is of course merely the down payment, twenty thousand Galleons. You'll get the rest when it is proven that the girl is as acceptable for what I need for her. Should I not have a son within a year of the moment we wed, then all deals are off and I will get my down payment back, with interest."

"Trust me, Mr. Maxwell, Ginny will serve you well enough," said Molly as she held the gold in her hands, just once again barely able to contain her glee. While it was more than she thought Ginny was worth, she was not about to complain. She had been accustomed to the best of everything. "You're welcomed to come over to Dinner tomorrow evening, say at about six o'clock to meet your investment."

"I would be delighted, I think Ginevra and I will get to know each other really well," said Maxwell in a delighted voice, with a bit of a leer in his eyes, but Molly was too busy with her newly acquired wealth to notice. She had many plans for it, to supplement her exquisite tastes.

"I believe that Ron, Fred, and George, will be able to rejoin you today," said Dumbledore with a twinkle in his eyes. "They were most receptive to the re-orientation, it is a shame that many have to fight the change that is necessary. We're really only doing this for the Greater Good, to purge all of the evil. People must rebel and slow the process down, I would have hoped they would have gotten with what we were trying."

"Not everyone is receptive Albus," said Molly. "They should be but we have disruptive forces that are like weeds in our perfect garden. Pardon my bluntness, but I don't know why you continue to allow him access to our children. He's obviously nothing but a bold revolutionary, especially with that book he released. Thankfully the Ministry banned it, nothing but filthy lies and rubbish..."

"Now, Molly, I'm afraid the bigger picture must be looked at, allowing Tom his position as Hogwarts Headmaster gives him a sense of power and security, but it is only in place because in reality I have

allowed it,” admonished Dumbledore as he looked at Molly who looked away, almost ashamed. “Adequate concerns, but if we would take that away from Tom, he would lash out against us and there will be others that lash out against us. It is the same reason that Dolores is kept in the Ministry of Magic, as the Minister. I feel that they can do the least damage with their meager assurances they are in control of the situation, but Tom would be more dangerous without his power than with, he would have nothing to lose and he would sway more over to his misguided ideals.”

“It makes perfect sense, of course Albus, I was a fool to question your will in such a way,” said Molly and Dumbledore just chuckled.

“Yes, well, you’re not the first to voice these concerns, but Tom has remained neutral, giving our children a chance to see the inadequacies of what is allowed on the outside of the world, without attempted mental tinkering to move things his way,” said Albus. “Nevertheless, should my latest attempts succeed, we may be having a return match from that unfortunate encounter we had years ago but I intend for a different outcome.”

“It was a fluke, a one in a trillion occurrence that will never happen again, Riddle is nothing on you,” stated Percy.

“Thanks for the vote of confidence, Percy, but we must not underestimate our enemies,” said Dumbledore wisely as he looked at Percy. “At least private, in the public eye, we can because it will give them a cause to underestimate us and we will set them up for a fall.”

“Well, I’ve wasted enough of your time, Albus, I know someone like you has much to do,” said Molly.

“I’ll be departing as well, things to do, see you at six o’clock tomorrow Molly and of course, lovely Ginevra as well,” said Maxwell and Molly nodded.

“Percy, do me a favor and see if the package I sent for has arrived yet,” said Dumbledore in a calm voice and Percy nodded, nearly tripping over his feet eagerly, as Dumbledore just looked over behind his desk on the shelf, at some of his most prized possessions. The

Stone, the Hallows, many artifacts belong to Hogwarts founders, all on his shelf, along with several rare and banned texts, detailing the most powerful magic. Naturally Dumbledore had them memorized and had security spells warning if anyone had tampered with any of the items on his shelf. He had spent years acquiring them, through means that many closed minded people would declare questionable means, but it was for the good of everyone. He was not intending to lose them so easily.

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"Trying to find out more about Dumbledore, I see," stated Ginny, which caught Harry off guard.

Harry continued to flip through the books.

"Yes, among other things, before I spring you, I'm trying to find out the simplest of hints about Weasley Manor as it's called," said Harry.

"Those are two words I'd never thought I'd see together," remarked Ginny. "Please do hurry, because I found out something today that disturbed me. Overheard Mum and someone else I couldn't quite know talking over the Floo, it's the person that they're going to marry me off to. He's old enough to be my father and I mean that literally, he's Dad's age. I wanted to throw up when I found out about him. I heard he's going to come over for dinner tomorrow night, but he might stop by later to get to know me better."

"If he lays one hand on you, he won't have any hands to lay on anything anymore," said Harry in a tone that made even Ginny flinch from the other side of the connection.

"Don't do anything irrational Harry, I think he won't do anything too..." stated Ginny as she struggled to find the words to accurately describe her disgust. "Anyway, he think he doesn't want me tainted before I'm married, at least that's what I gathered. Sixty thousand Galleons, can you believe that Mum would sell me to some guy old enough to be my father?"

“Yes considering that you’re worth so much more to me, more than money can buy,” stated Harry as he flipped through the pages. “Fortress designed with the most dangerous security spells in mind, no one is allowed inside without permission, only one person has escaped, even though all rumors of course.”

“Sounds like its impossible,” said Ginny in a despondent tone.

“No, I enjoy a challenge, one person escaped hmm, too bad it doesn’t say who, of course, Dumbledore would have had them tracked down and brought in for, what did he call it, oh yeah re-orientation,” said Harry.

“I met Fred, George, and Ron, the one’s in this dimension,” said Ginny suddenly. “They returned from re-orientation and they weren’t themselves, well not how I know them anyway.”

“How can you tell?” asked Harry.

“Ron didn’t act like an ill-mannered pig when he ate food, only taking small bites and not nearly taking someone’s arm off and Fred and George were quiet, talking polite and they weren’t even finishing each other’s sentences and didn’t crack one joke during the entire hour of dinner,” said Ginny in a worried voice. “Mum seemed pleased, saying that they would be with her forever, it was spooky.”

“This entire world is odd, almost like a distorted version of the world we left,” said Harry before he stopped. “Someone’s coming, I’ll be there as soon as I figure a way inside.”

“Okay, Harry, I’ll hang tight as long as I can,” stated Ginny as she sensed how bad Harry felt that she was isolated from him and the way out seemed to be almost impossible. Of course, Harry had done the impossible more than once before and if nothing else, he liked a challenge.

“Come in,” said Harry as he heard a knock on the door, before it opened, as his sister walked in, with a worried expression on her face as she walked inside and set down next to Harry. “Hi, Jade, how are you doing?”

"Fine, Harry, I wish I could say the same for Mum and Dad," said Jade with a sigh, as she looked at them. "Today's the five year anniversary of well...you know, well actually I don't know if you do or not..."

"What is it?" asked Harry.

"Well five years ago, we lost Sirius, to Dumbledore and his Cult, you know, our godfather," responded Jade as she sat down on the chair next to Harry. "You took it very badly when it happened, but Dad blames himself a lot, even though he doesn't show it unless he thinks we're not around. He's gone though, if it wouldn't have been for that traitorous werewolf!"

Harry was taken aback by his older sister's venomous use of the word werewolf.

"Dad should have never trusted him in the first place," said Jade who was almost sobbing, it was almost as James and Lily were not the only one's who were having a bit of a problem on this day. "He cut a deal with Dumbledore, that filthy half breed Lupin, he did this to all of us..."

"Why would Lupin betray us like that?" asked Harry, curiosity getting the better of him.

"Dumbledore said he'd cure him, say he would never have to suffer a day in his life again, and that was the only true thing Dumbledore ever said, he gave Lupin his wish of never having to live with the monster inside by poisoning him," said Jade with a tone of bitter irony in her voice but her eyes were reddened, as Harry made a motion to comfort her. "Lupin sent a panicked message, saying that Dumbledore's Cult had him trapped and Sirius, Dad, and Peter Pettigrew walked into a trap. Peter was the bravest of them all, he fought off several members of the Cult and had he not done that, Dad would have lost more than his eye. Peter sacrificed himself and Sirius was dragged off, but right before we had to move in the dead of the night, when Dumbledore's fanatical followers torched the house, hoping that we might be inside."

"They must have disappointed when they failed to kill us," said Harry, as he looked at Jade who just nodded.

"Today's a cursed day, not only did that happen to Sirius, but that's the day that they found Mum," said Jade. "Murdered her family and raised her, hoping that she would be a weapon for Dumbledore's crusade."

"She was the only one who escaped," said Harry suddenly.

"Good, something's coming back, maybe this memory loss thing was temporarily but Mum did so because of a combination of luck and circumstances, one in a trillion shot and when that happened, Dad mentioned she was pretty bad off when she was found, a miracle that she survived," said Jade. "Since then, everyone knows they upgraded the defenses on that wretched place, it would take a Master Unspeakable to get inside of Weasley Manor. They wouldn't want anyone to interrupt their little re-orientation of their mindless pawns."

"No they wouldn't but I would bet they would love to get our hands on one of us," said Harry.

"Yes, Harry, they would, especially after what Mum did, but don't worry, we're perfectly safe, there's no need to worry, Dumbledore really hasn't tried anything against us in ages, ever since the incident, but if we give them the chance, some people would like to," said Jade, as she looked at Harry. "Don't worry, the only way they'll get us is over Mum and Dad's dead bodies and I won't let anything happen to you."

"Neither will I," said Harry as the more he learned about this universe, the more he was slightly disturbed by the differences. Some things remained the same, little things for the most part but some big things but the things that did change lead to a rather jarring reality.

Harry knew what he needed to do now, it was a measure of how much he was willing to do to protect Ginny that he needed to do this. Hopefully, they would understand, if he made it out alive that was and

was not turned into a robotized sheep by being force fed Dumbledore's Kool-Aid.

Still this had to be done, Harry had to least try but it was something that he had to do alone.

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"WHAT DO YOU MEAN HARRY'S GONE?" asked Lily in a frantic voice.

"Exactly what I said, I went up to his room to get him for dinner like you asked, but he wasn't there," said Jade as she backed off. "I don't know where he would have gone either, he doesn't like going out in public."

"JAMES!" shouted Lily as she moved forward, before she moved forward.

"I know, Harry's missing, it looks like he took the emergency Portkey," said James, who tried to keep calm, because quite frankly someone had to in this situation.

"You can trace that though, right?" asked Jade.

"I could have if someone hadn't removed the tracking charms from it," said James and Lily gasped in horror.

"I know my son, he wouldn't have just walked out, someone was in the house, one of Dumbledore's, they must have found us again," said Lily in a worried voice, as she looked to be on the verge of having a panic attack but James frowned and picked up a piece of parchment that was under the empty case with the emergency Portkey.

I have something that has to be done. You'll understand if I get out alive. It has to be done, don't bother trying to follow me, I've removed the tracer on the Portkey.

"It doesn't look like it was forced," said James but Lily was not in the mood to listen to reason, rather she moved around.

"Check around, see if there's anything out of the ordinary with the security spells, they couldn't have collapsed, I'll try and get a hold of someone," said Lily. "If he got captured by them...he might not make it out, but I have to try."

Jade just leaned out against the wall, there was something very weird about Harry's behavior today, the fact that he just walked out. What could have to do? He was hiding something but he had always been open and up front about everything to his family, Harry was not the type to hide anything from anyone, especially them. He seemed rather interested in the security workings in Weasley Manor and Jade wondered if he had still thought there was a chance Sirius had been alive. Naturally, with only part of his memories, he would not have remembered that he had been talked out of that twice before. Her parents were running around, frantic and Jade hoped that Harry had a damn good explanation. This just was not like him at all.

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Harry arrived at Diagon Alley, throwing the Portkey off to the side, before he walked forward. It was a one way ticket out, no use, it took a few minutes to reconfigure it anyway and it would crumble to dust if it felt one more bit of magic. He walked forward, it was getting dark but the Alley was still moderately populated.

"Ginny, are you there?" asked Harry

"Yes, Harry, I'm up in my room, nasty stomach ache, perhaps on the account I met my charming suitor," said Ginny with a bit of sarcasm in her voice. "The sophisticated, Maxwell M. Maxwell, I do wonder what the "M." stands for."

"Mutilated if he's tried anything with you," responded Harry.

"No, more because he doesn't want to sour the deal or anything like that," remarked Ginny as she took a deep breath. "He kept looking at me, it was almost disturbing, considering he's old enough to be my

father, he remarked how I looked to be proper for his needs. Shamelessly mind you, it took every amount of self control I had and some that I didn't, to not pick up my fork and stab him with it. He said he looked forward to unwrapping me for my birthday and that's when I couldn't take any more. Molly, there's no way this greedy old hag can be called my mother, was too busy admiring her new jewelry that she bought with the down payment that Maxwell bought. So stomach flu but I'm locked in my room, hopefully he doesn't come in."

"I'm coming for you Ginny," responded Harry in a reassuring voice. "Soon, within the next few hours if everything goes right."

"What are you going to do Harry?" asked Ginny. "You can't get inside without permission..."

"Exactly what I'm going to plan, because the mansion is right where they're doing the Re-Orientation and I know they would love to get their hands on one of those meddlesome Potters," said Harry.

"Oh no," gasped Ginny. "Harry this is..."

"Completely and utterly insane, but hey, it isn't the first time I had to get captured to get in somewhere," responded Harry. "Love you Ginny, see you a bit."

Harry manually closed the link before he could hear Ginny's protests at putting himself needlessly in danger but it was only because she loved him. He walked inside Diagon Alley and plans swirled in his head about how to actually accomplish his goal in getting inside Weasley Manor.

"Fifteen Galleons for powdered newt guts!" shouted Harry in an outraged voice as several people snapped up, backing up from the teenager in fear, looking over their shoulders with fear, some running back towards the Leaky Cauldron to take the nearest Floo out before Dumbledore's men arrived to take care of this peace disrupter. "You know, it's all Dumbledore's fault, I don't know what anyone ever sees in him, it's time for us to take back control of our world and stop living in fear! And his Cult of the Phoenix, what in the hell is up with that? What I am I supposed to call them? Cult of the Phoenix members, not

a name that rolls off the tongue exactly. I think I'm going to call them Flamers, yep, that seems to be accurate. Put down Dumbledore's Kool-Aid and realize that he's just a man, you let him control your lives. Obviously if he was worth anything, he would have ruled over the entire world with an iron fist."

A blast of orange light just narrowly missed Harry as he turned around.

"I think I got their attention," muttered Harry to himself as he faced off with three men, two of them he recognized as two Death Eaters he knew and loathed, in Yaxley and Dolohov. The other man Harry did not know, but he was pretty sure he would hate the man if he got to know him.

"Well, boy, you decided to come out in public, running your mouth about Dumbledore," said Dolohov. "The Phoenix Lord will be very interested, a mind as creative as yours will be better served, when it's re-orientated."

"I think you mean brainwashed, but hey, you say Tah-May-Toe, and I say Tah-Mah-Toe," taunted Harry as he dodged two of the curses before he blocked a third. "This is the best Dumbledore could send on a short notice? What's the matter, he couldn't find a girl scout troop that wasn't busy selling cookies."

The three men continued their attacks and while Harry could beat them in his sleep, he had a mission to do and he continued the fight, to not make it look like he was taking a dive. After a while, he used a conjured cloud of smoke to cover him transfiguring a stick on the ground into an exact replica of his wand. He shoved his real wand up his sleeve, concealed, another trick he learned as an Unspeakable before picking up the fake and allowed himself to get disarmed of that, before another spell knocked all of the wind out of him and suddenly, he was wrapped up in thick cords.

"Shouldn't have mouthed off...this is the Potter brat!" shouted Dolohov in recognition as he raised his wand towards Harry, a murderous look in his eyes. "Let's kill him right now, while the brat's tied up..."

"No, you fool," said the third member of the group grabbing Dolohov roughly around the wrist to stop him from throwing a deadly curse. "The Phoenix Lord would want him alive, he could be a useful tool..."

"Fine, if you want to, but if he causes trouble, don't say I didn't warn you," grumbled Dolohov.

"What trouble can one fifteen year old underage wizard cause?" asked Yaxley, speaking up for the first time. "He's nothing but a pathetic little annoyance who decided to have an angst ridden fit in public. He has no sense of being subtle and besides, once he's been through re-orientation, he will be one with the Cult."

Harry made a show of struggling, but he had to be careful not to actually free himself. He could have escaped these bonds easily but as the three members of the Cult of the Phoenix carried him off, he knew precisely how to play his cards. After he broke the Imperius Curse put on him by no less than Lord Voldemort and then fought off possession, along with other things that appeared to be impossible to fight, this little re-orientation was another impossible mountain for Harry to climb and one that he would succeed.

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"Molly, we found another one lurking around, I think you're be pleased to meet this one," said Yaxley as he roughly shoved Harry forward right towards Molly Weasley. Ginny was right, judging by only the sadistically happy smile on her face and the look of pure triumph in her eyes when she saw Harry.

"Well little Harry Potter," cooed Molly as she looked at Harry. "You have your mother's eyes but I hope for your sake, you're not as resistant to opening your mind as she was. Of course, she won't be her mother anymore, all of those memories of your family will be removed, to make room for loyalty to Dumbledore."

"Give it your best shot," taunted Harry, who had hoped to study the re-orientation, whatever it was up close, because a nice little idea

was brewing in his mind about how he could disrupt Dumbledore's plans even further

"Of course, dear, I will, as you'll find out soon enough," said Molly as she patted Harry on the head, with a smile on her face, that quite frankly made Harry's skin crawl. "The re-orientation room isn't quite ready yet, we're still finishing working our magic on our new friends, but in about thirty minutes we'll be able to adjust it for more advanced minds."

"Of course, we'll just throw this one in the holding cell with the other two that we caught this morning," remarked Yaxley as he moved forward and pressed his wand on a symbol of a phoenix. It lit up, allowing them entrance, where they shoved the still bound Harry Potter inside, his robes dissolving, but he was in a room with no way out. There were no windows, doors; obviously magic had ensured that the only way

"Well, well, well, isn't this a surprise," drawled an unfortunately familiar voice. "I would have thought a Ravenclaw would have been smart enough not to get captured by Dumbledore's Cult."

"Malfoy!" shouted Harry in surprise.

"Yes, Potter, I would say I was pleased that you recognized me, but that would make me a liar," said Draco in a nearly bored tone of voice as Harry was pleased that judging by the way Malfoy was acting, at least some things never changed. Looking towards the third prisoner, a fairly attractive girl with long dark hair and blue eyes who was trembling. "She's been like this since I got here, but she has reason to fear, given who her father is, I overheard them talking what they did to her bodyguards. Since I detest the sight of vomit, I won't really go into it too much."

"Who is she?" asked Harry and this got him a dirty look from Malfoy.

"Who is she? Who is she? Merlin, Potter, you must have hit your head when they got you," said Draco in an exasperated voice. "She's only the most famous witch our age, but can't tell me that you don't recognize her."

"I can, and I just have," remarked Harry and Draco looked exasperated, almost as if he was shocked beyond belief at how dense he thought Harry to be. "Perhaps you're covering up the fact that you don't really know either with your bravado and are trying to make yourself look better."

"Fine you cheeky little bookworm if I have to tell you to prove that I know, I will," said Draco, Harry obviously having hit a rather sore nerve. "Allison Riddle, daughter of Hogwarts Headmaster, Tom Marvolo Riddle, you do know who he is, right Potter?"

"I've heard of him," said Harry, who wondered exactly what else he was going to learn before he had a chance to get out of here, but he braced himself for what was about to happen.

And that will be Chapter Three. The story is beginning to take shape now, as I'm getting the plans in motion. Obviously, by the direction I plan on going, this is not going to be a story with a lot of chapters like the previous one was. I do have a number in mind, but I'm going to keep it under my hat.

Next chapter, well, you're going to have to wait and see, won't you?

Chapter Four: Re-Orientation and Retreat

Harry sat in the holding cell quietly, going over a few extra last minute ideas, thinking of every possible situation in his mind. He had his mind fixed completely on finding a way out of here, as the two other prisoners looked at him.

"There's no way out, Potter, so don't think of trying anything cute," cautioned Draco. "It will just make things worse, they have to be in control of everything and anyone who challenges them will just cause them to rise to the challenge, making sure that there are examples made of the people who tried. Especially such a high profile threat like your mother, you can thank her for the fact that the security is so foolproof, they're making sure no one gets out of here again."

"I suppose she should have just stayed here and became Dumbledore's puppet then," challenged Harry.

"Maybe, because Dumbledore wouldn't have cracked down on his security otherwise, now we'd be lucky to even breath in public without someone challenging our very existence," said Draco in a calm voice, as if he did not fear the consequences of what he was saying to Harry. "She should have been loyal, shouldn't have fought, and I feel it's her fault that we're in the situation we're in."

"Listen here, Malfoy, I don't know where you get off in laying blame when I see the blame is only in the hands of one person," said Harry. "The same person whose Cult has us locked up, ready to mess with our minds with this re-orientation, whatever that is, speaking of which, why in the hell did you get in here anyway?"

"If you must know, while my parents, well at least Mother, Father just dutifully follows whatever she says, are loyal to our benevolent Phoenix Lord to a fault, I have been accused of the crime of having my own opinion and in an unfortunately rare Gryffindor outburst, I voiced those opinions too close to Mother and she called Dumbledore's minions, to have me shipped off to this place," stated Draco in an arrogant voice. "At least, I realize I'm going to make a mistake and realize that it may be my fault that I'm here, unlike

certain people who are here because their mother is a rebellious stubborn Mud...”

“SHUT UP MALFOY!” shouted Allison speaking for the first time. “This isn’t Harry’s mother’s fault that we’re like this, it’s because of Dumbledore. Harry didn’t do anything wrong, other than being a stubborn twit who needs to realize that I don’t need to be coddled.”

Harry just looked at her, with a look of confusion on his face that she seemed to be intensely irritated of.

“Don’t you try and play innocent, it’s one thing to try and push me away for my own good, but trying to pretend I don’t even exist, that’s low even for you, Potter,” spat Allison, as she stared at Harry with an intense glare, as if she would rip into him had she had a wand. “I don’t know what was with the act of not even knowing who I am...”

“My memory is foggy, I suffered a head injury, I barely remembered anything to begin with,” said Harry and Allison just crossed her arms, rolled her eyes, with a sneer on her face, looking away from Harry, muttering something under her breath.

“Potter, word of advice, the amnesia defense never works on women, trust me, I’ve tried,” said Draco and Harry wondered what in the hell was going on here. He decided it would not be the best time to focus on whatever his alternate self did but rather make a few last minute plans. The three left in silence, although Harry could sense a few angry glares in his direction but he had far more important things on his mind. Footsteps approached the doorway and ropes suddenly snaked out of the walls, wrapping around the three under their own accord. Once again, Harry had the perfect means to get out but it was not the time or place. The door creaked open and two armed guards, dressed in bright orange and red robes with a Phoenix stitched on the back of them. They held their wands, even though it was not necessary given the fact that the three teenagers were tied up.

“Alright, I bet you thought you would get away with mouthing off about our great Phoenix Lord,” said one of the guards.

“As a matter of a fact, I thought we did, considering we do live in a free world,” said Harry and Malfoy gave him a look that plainly said, “shut up Potter”.

“You won’t get away with this,” said Allison speaking up and Draco looked as if he would want to put his head in his hands if he would be given the opportunity. He was with two of the most outspoken people that he had ever seen. “Dumbledore’s kind of pathetic, hiding behind all of these people, he doesn’t want to fight his own battles. Given what happened the last time when he and Father fought, I suppose I could hardly blame him. When...”

“We hope your father comes, Miss Riddle,” stated one of the guards with a leer at her. “Our benevolent Phoenix Lord has a score to settle with him, for all of these lies. I can tell you this, your father did not score the great victory you think he did but rather it was a pathetic fluke that he managed to get one shot in on our great leader and all the fools thought enough to remember it. Of course, his attempts to appear more important and great than he really is will be for naught once the Phoenix Lord deals him a crushing defeat.”

“Yet, he’s still here,” responded Allison with a smug look on her face.

“There are more than one way to defeat someone, as you will soon find out in theory anyway because actually you won’t find out,” said one of the guards as they were pushed down the hallway, towards a large set of wooden doors. It appeared to be like any other room from the outside but the inside told a completely different story. “Its amazing that the children of the two people who have caused the most trouble for our great leader, will be re-oriented into the perfect soldiers to advance Dumbledore’s cause.”

“You know, calling someone your great leader means he isn’t really that good at all, if he needs constant positive reinforcement, the sign of a small ego,” said Harry and the guards looked enraged and Draco winced, but Allison gave Harry a brief smile before she noticed she saw him and quickly turned away, adopting a neutral look as the guards roughly shoved them through the hallway. “Watch the robes, they cost more than your house.”

"You'll find that you won't have any more snide comments when re-orientation starts," said one of the guards, looking at them, particularly Allison and Harry, who just responded with self assured smiles, as if they were not letting those comments get to them.

"Look, I've made a mistake, Dumbledore is a great man, I've made a terrible error in judgment, I tend to open my mouth too much," said Draco, as he eyed the re-orientation room fearfully. "Listen, I don't know anything, I can pay you gold, I can tell you of other people who are plotting stuff against Dumbledore, just don't let me..."

"Silence you foolish child, of course you made a mistake and we would not want such a bright young man to make such a foolish error in judgment again, it could be costly," responded one of the guards with a bit of a triumphant look on his face.

"Yeah, Malfoy, whatever happened to the taking responsibility for your mistakes," whispered Allison and Draco just gave her a dirty look, as the three teenagers were pushed to the outside. Judging by the fearful look on Draco's face, it was obvious he knew they were not going to see the outside world ever again.

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"RIDDLE!" shouted Lily desperately as she was in the Floo, having been for the last hour. She decided her best bet would be to contact the Hogwarts Headmaster, because quite frankly, she did not trust the Ministry of Magic. Despite Umbridge taking an anti-Dumbledore stance from time to time, it was only because of his tolerance towards creatures she deemed to be filthy half breeds. She would no doubt allow him to have Harry, as a sign of peace. "Please, I need your help..."

"Lily, as much as I would like to hear what this is all about, now is not the time," said Riddle, who had finally answered. It was a tone of calmness; in fact she had never heard Riddle get emotional, no matter what the emotions were. It was almost like he had purposely shut himself from everything, especially after what happened almost fifteen years ago. "I got a message, one of my scouts in Diagon Alley, saw some of Dumbledore's followers go after my daughter. She was

doing her shopping for Hogwarts this year and they slaughtered all of her bodyguards before taking her.”

“Oh no,” muttered Lily in a terrified voice.

“Yes, but don’t give me any concern, this is my business and my responsibility to get her back,” said Riddle in a stern voice but Lily got the sense that if Riddle ever got his hands on the kidnappers, their lives would be measured in seconds.

“No, you don’t understand, Harry left earlier, without telling anyone, only to leave a note saying that there was something he had to do,” said Lily fretfully as she looked at Riddle. “James is out in Diagon Alley looking right now but you don’t suppose...”

“It wouldn’t be out of the realm of possibility,” said Riddle calmly. “If I hear anything I will pass along the information, but I’m preoccupied with personal matters of my own.”

“I understand, no need for you to apologize,” said Lily who had a good idea.

“And I would warn you not to do anything irrational like storming off to Weasley Manor, it will only make matters worse,” said Riddle calmly. “Your son’s life is not the only one who is on the line now and...”

“Yes,” said Lily but she made a mental note to do exactly what Riddle told her not to do if Harry was not back by morning. She just knew that’s where Harry was and she still had nightmares about the dreadful measures that she was forced under, to get her to become a mindless drone. She forced herself to fight everything, but when she escaped, she was very nearly out the breaking point and she lapsed in and out of a coma when she finally broke free. The unfortunate thing was, she had no memory of her life before Dumbledore discovered her as a Muggleborn witch.

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Right in the room, Allison, Draco, and Harry were forced to sit in nice comfortable chairs. It was almost like if someone had gone out of their way to make them become comfortable. Harry sensed a slight compulsion charm on the chairs, along with a cushioning charm to add to the comfort and no precaution was spared. The room was brightly lit as well.

“Relax my children, there is no need to be frightened, Albus Dumbledore doesn’t want to hurt you, Albus Dumbledore is your friend, he is a friend of all things, but not everyone has been a friend to our benevolent Phoenix Lord,” said a kind, reassuring voice with some creepy undertones. “You have not been a friend to Albus Dumbledore and that is a shame, because it hurts the world we live in. Albus Dumbledore is not an enemy, he is a noble crusader for peace. Why must you fight him? He is only doing what is best, he is the only one that knows what’s best for all of his children. He won’t hurt you and he is going to help you realize the noble aims of our cause, the cause of our great leader, Albus Dumbledore.”

Several mirrors appeared in the room and there was a flashing symbol of a Phoenix. It blinked at a fixed interval, in a hypnotic pattern, along with giving off trace amounts of magical energy that resembled some fusion of the Imperius Curse, along with a powerful Compulsion Spell. A barely visible vapor was pumped into the room, a concentrated form of a suggestion potion, that relaxed the mind and left it opened for the suggestions.

“That’s it, children, you are safe here, secure, just like all of Dumbledore’s people, there is no injustice, no war, no bloodshed, just Albus Dumbledore, Albus Dumbledore is watching over all of you, he is always watching,” stated the voice in the room, calm and reassuring as can be. “Albus Dumbledore is always watching over and you must watch out for Albus Dumbledore. You must devote your entire lives and your entire purpose to the cause of the Phoenix Lord. He is your life, everything. You will put your lives, your own needs and wants on hold for Albus Dumbledore, he is your hero, your savior, all you need to know is Dumbledore...”

The blinking hypnotic Phoenixes continued to flash on the mirrors and the concentrated vaporized Suggestive Potion continued to be

pumped into the room, as the reassuring voice continued to tell the virtues of Albus Dumbledore, repeating them over and over again.

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After pretty close to an hour, the door was opened and several guards moved forward, with smug self assured expressions on their faces, as they entered the room, before they moved forward where Allison, Draco, and Harry sat on the cushioned chairs, blank expressions on their faces as the guards beckoned for them to move forward.

"Come on you lot, out of here," barked one of the guards. "Our great master does not want you to linger in here, you will return for the next round of your re-orientation in fifteen minutes, Dumbledore says that if you're in here for too long, you'll be too relaxed and your bodies will shut completely down."

"No, we wouldn't want that," said Allison with a monotone, a blank tone in our voice.

"We must follow what our great Phoenix Lord says," added Harry in absolute monotone as he looked. "We must follow him, for he is our noble savior."

"Yes, there is nothing in the world but Albus Dumbledore," said Draco.

"Not even gold?" asked one of the guards in a way to test them. "Not even your friends and family."

"Nothing in the world but Albus Dumbledore that is important," responded Harry in a monotone.

"Yes, move it you meddlesome brats," barked one of the guards as he pushed them forward. "Dumbledore wants you inside this room, until we prepare to further re-orient you into our perfect world. We must preserve everything for Albus Dumbledore."

"Yes, you must because Albus Dumbledore is..." said Harry in monotone before his eyes snapped open and a smile spread across

his emotionless face. "The employer of the stupidest minions ever to fall for such an obvious ruse."

The guards had little time to react, as stunning spells blasted right towards them, but much to his surprise, Harry was not the only one to react. Allison had kneed one her captors right in the groin and stolen his wand, before she had knocked him out.

"What, do you think I would have been put under their control when you weren't?" asked Allison in an irritated voice but Draco advanced on them, wand drawn as a guard had slipped away.

"You must surrender, why must you hurt the great and powerful Phoenix Lord like this?" asked Draco as he held his wand, pointing it towards them. "Do not make me hurt you, I only wish to help your realize the error of your ways."

"Well it's the shame you're the only one who feels that way," said Allison as she flicked her wand. A loud magically created sonic vibration struck Draco, knocking him into the wall. Draco's eyes flickered open as he looked at both of them.

"Must you reduce my eardrums to applesauce, Riddle," grumbled Draco.

"He's back but how did you know it was going to work?" asked Harry.

"I was trying to kill him," said Allison in an icy voice. "But I suppose we could use him..."

"As what?" responded Harry

"A human shield," answered Allison before she looked at Harry. "I don't even know why I'm bothering to speak to you..."

"What did I do to you anyway?" interrupted Harry.

"Don't play dumb with me, I know you're smarter than that," said Allison as she turned as she heard a magically created alarm and several footsteps moving forward. "But this is not the time or the

place, that guard that slipped away...I think if we play our cards right, we might be able to slip through the side exit that I saw when those goons grabbed me but...HARRY JAMES POTTER WHERE IN THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING!"

"I have something I have to do before we decide to make a heroic retreat, I have to find someone," said Harry, as he moved down the hall drawn.

"You just can't do anything the easy way, can you Potter?" asked Allison as she grabbed Draco by the wrist as he tried to run for cover and dragged him down the hallway. He was pleading.

"Look, I don't even have a wand," whined Draco.

"That's not my problem you have a weak will and got yourself hypnotized or didn't even bother to grab one of the wands of the guards that Harry and I dropped," said Allison as she dragged Draco.

"That's my arm, you stupid bint!" shouted Draco.

"It will be your arse if you don't start moving more quickly, I'm not getting killed because you're being a whiny little bitch," hissed Allison in Parseltongue, which intimidated Draco despite the fact he did not understand what she said, as she roughly yanked Draco towards the door, as she saw Harry up at the top of the stairs. If they got out of this alive, she planned on killing him.

"If you're going to come, hurry, we only have about a minute," said Harry as the two had move up the stairs.

"Do you mind explaining why we're going further away from the nearest exit?" complained Draco as he reached the top of the stairs, panting like he was out of shape as Allison just looked at the bottom of the stairs.

"Because, I said so," said Harry in a tone of voice that left no room for argument what so ever as the guards of Weasley Manor attempted to move up the stairs but Harry flicked his wrist as the stairs were turned into a slippery slide causing them to fall down the stairs, landing with

a thud at the bottom, several complaining about broken bones. They moved forward, before seedy looking man moved forward, throwing a spell towards Harry but Allison quickly deflected it, before she blasted him over the banister. Harry moved forward, before he shot out several thick cords, wrapping around the man's legs. Harry magically suspended him in the air by the ropes, like some sort of demented puppet.

"Why did you save him?" demanded Allison. "It would have been one less guard for us to worry about, the fall would have killed him, especially without his wand."

"Information," said Harry as he looked at the guard.

"Listen, here, I don't know anything about anyone, I just work here, I'm an honest man, please don't kill me, I'm just following orders," said the man as he shook, as Harry swung the ropes, causing him to move from side to side.

"You know, when a person is in danger of landing right on his head from three floors up, he tends to learn things pretty quickly," said Harry. "So you tell me what I want to know and I pull you straight up, allow you to live another day. Refuse and you land right on the back of your head. What it's going to be, pal?"

"Yeah right, you won't do anything, you don't have the guts," said the man, hoping to call Harry's bluff but suddenly the ropes vanished and the man gave a brief scream as he fell but Harry magically slowed his descent halfway down, before he wrapped the ropes around the dangling puppet's legs.

"That's strike two, strike one was trying to throw that spell on me in the first place," said Harry as he looked down with an intense voice. "You better give me the information I want or next time, it ends. If you thought the fall was bad, it's nothing compared to the sudden stop. Do we understand each other?"

"Yes, yes, yes, of course," trembled the guard.

"Where is Ginny Weasley's room?" demanded Harry.

"I don't know, that demented old bat will kill me if anything happened to her, she has a sixty thousand Galleon deal going..." responded the man but Harry jerked the ropes, causing the grip to loosen and the dangling guard to soil himself. "Fourth floor, third hallway, sixth door on the left, can't miss it, I swear to Dumbledore I'm not lying."

Harry jerked the man upwards as Allison looked at him with a disapproving glare, but that was before a banishing charm had sent the man over the banister and to his doom.

"I said he'd live, but I never said for how long," responded Harry as he waved the two down the hallway, as another alarm was raised and it was obvious that more guards would be on their way momentarily. He ignored the inquiries of Draco and Allison about why he wanted to know the location of Ginny's room. They moved up another floor and attempted to locate the location of her room.

"Ginny I'm here, I'm on my way," said Harry.

"You actually got inside?" asked Ginny.

"Of course I did, did you have any doubts?" responded Harry.

"No, not really, but it was the condition that you would be in before you reached me that worried me," said Ginny.

"Providing that we don't run into any more trouble, we should be here to get you, it's getting you out that might be the problem," remarked Harry.

"I have faith in you Harry" said Ginny. "I'll see you soon."

"Don't look now, but we have trouble," said Allison, as she stiffened, seeing a group of guards on either side of the hallway, blocking their further progress as Draco backed off, as Harry looked around as they were surrounded by all sides. "So, Harry, you seem to have taken charge. What are we going to do now?"

"I tell you what's not going to happen, I'm not leaving without what I have to do, if you want to leave, fine, but there are things that have to be done," said Harry. "Go ahead, I'll draw their fire, find an exit...."

"Good idea, let's go Riddle," said Draco but Allison grabbed him by the robes, nearly gagging him.

"No, I'm not leaving without you," said Allison in a firm voice as she held her hands on the wall. "We need someone to draw their fire long enough for us to...do whatever it is you want to do."

"Malfoy," responded Harry firmly.

"Malfoy," agreed Allison.

"Potter," stated Malfoy but the two pushed Malfoy right into the oncoming group, while sending a few well placed stunning spells, as they moved forward. Harry remembered the door as more kept coming, their attempts at a diversion were not going as plan but they were going so close. When Harry saw how capable Allison was as a duelist, he turned to her.

"Watch my back, I'm going to get her," said Harry and left before Allison even had a chance to ask him to elaborate. Sighing, she managed to take out two of the guards, despite having a wand that was a rather ill fit for her.

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"HARRY!" shouted Ginny as she dove off her bed and threw her arms around his neck, kissing him passionately, a gesture that Harry so eagerly returned. "I'm glad you're alright, I can't help but be worried for a minute..."

"I know, I was too for a few moments, but we're together once again," said Harry as they shared another kiss, but they were prematurely interrupted by the door crashing open to reveal the form of Maxwell M. Maxwell, whose eyes were widened in absolute rage when he saw Harry and Ginny in the middle of a very intimate act.

“YOU!” shouted Maxwell as he moved forward, wand drawn towards Harry. “You decided to move in on my investment, trying to corrupt her mind, well I put a lot of time and function and she’s going to serve me well, I’m not going to let some teenage punk try and corrupt her.”

“Corrupt me, as if, here’s a newsflash Maxwell, I love Harry and I wouldn’t be caught dead with a lecherous look man like you,” said Ginny but Maxwell moved forward and back handed Ginny right in the face.

“Unfaithful witch, it’s time I taught you some manners right before I take care of him to teach you a lesson,” said Maxwell but Harry quickly blasted him backwards before he could even make one movement. He landed on the ground and Harry held his wand, before securing him in a full body bind and began stomping his groin, with a transfigured shoe with a metal bottom.

“This is for thinking of using Ginny for your own sexual gratification, this is for disgusting me for going after a girl that is young enough to be your daughter, this is for slapping her, this is for paying such an insulting low amount for a girl whose worth couldn’t even be measured in galleons, this is for having the same first and last name, this is for forcing me to get captured and to spend time in an enclosed room, Draco Malfoy,” said Harry as he continued to stomp Maxwell’s crotch, blood soaking from between his legs, splattering to the floor. “And this is because I don’t like your face.”

Maxwell gave a pained moan as he deflated into a fetal ball and Harry decided to take pity on him by knocking him out. Ginny moved forward and wrapped her arms around Harry, giving him another kiss.

“Have I mentioned how much I love you today?” asked Ginny.

“Probably, but I never get tired of hearing it,” said Harry with a grin, as they held each other in their arms. Seconds later the door opened and two guards stepped inside, wands pointed at Harry but before they could even begin to curse them, they were dropped down by having a dagger impaled right in their spinal column. Allison stood there in the doorway and her eyes rested on Harry and Ginny, arms wrapped around each other. Perhaps Harry was being paranoid but it

looked like for a second that she wanted to impale a dagger right in Ginny's back as well by the look on the girl's face.

"Malfoy got dragged downstairs, I don't even know where, but we have to go, there's not enough time to save him and given the fact he tried to cut a deal to save his skin again you'd be a fool to try, they called for more security, so if any brilliant plans, please do and try to do them immediately," said Allison as Harry moved forward and began to rifle through the pockets of the guards robes.

"Just as I thought, they have emergency Portkeys on them, taking them straight to a predetermined location on the off chance the Manor does get attacked," said Harry, as the two girls looked at him. "Still using this model I see, well this one shouldn't be that difficult to reprogram to a more safer location than one that Dumbledore had chose."

"Wait, you know how to reprogram Portkeys now," said Allison in what was a mixture of surprise and admiration. "Where did you learn how to do that?"

"Harry will explain everything soon enough but right now he needs complete and total concentration," said Ginny as she looked at Allison. It was not unnoticed that every time the other girl looked at her, it was with apparent intentions that she wanted to rip her head off.

"Just about got it, just a few more minor calibration sand we'll be good to go, right now, this should take us right to Hogwarts, I believe that should do it," said Harry. "I'm under the impression that Hogwarts is still safe."

"Yes, but that Portkey won't work, only my Father can create Portkeys that go in and out of Hogwarts, not even Dumbledore could get around that," said Allison.

"I know it will work, if not it will dump us right outside of Hogsmeade, close enough for us to move quickly and get inside the safety of the castle," said Harry as he grabbed the hands of the girl on either side of him, before they touched the Portkey. "Hang on, because this might hurt just a little bit."

The new guards broke down the doors just a second before the Portkey taking Allison, Ginny, and Harry had pulled them towards their destination. The guards were confused and knew that Dumbledore would not be happy. Molly Weasley would be even less happy when she had realized what happened.

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"I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS!" shouted Molly Weasley as she stormed into Dumbledore's office, with Percy looking up at his mother, with a disapproving and quite disappointed glare.

"Molly do calm yourself, I can't have you causing a scene and wrecking my office, that wouldn't be conducive to the peaceful world that I am trying to achieve," responded Dumbledore. "Now I do understand that there was a situation where two of our guests who we tried to show the error of their ways escaped the hospitality of Weasley Manor. It is unfortunate, but curious, as I wonder how they managed to shrug off the re-orientation process. It was introduced when Lily Potter escaped after all and no one who has been brought before us has escaped."

"Yes, the Riddle and the Potter brats, they mocked you, Albus and then, they cost me sixty thousand Galleons, and if we don't find that daughter of mine, I have to pay back gold that I've already spent plus more," said Molly in an frantic voice.

"It is worse than that, I have reason to believe that your daughter is not as nearly as faithful to the cause as you would have liked to believe, she may have become swayed by young Harry Potter," said Albus and Molly looked like she had been just slapped in the face. "This is just a theory, but with the knowledge she might have picked up, there is a chance that she could cause damage that will set the work we have achieved back decades."

"When word gets out about this, she won't be worth one Knut to any perspective member of the Cult," said Percy as he looked at Molly. "What are we going to do then?"

“She’ll die once I get my hands on her,” said Molly with pure malice but Dumbledore could care less about Molly’s outrage. He was more interested in Allison Riddle and Harry Potter, how they managed to figure out a way bypass re-orientation.

Yay! Another chapter, as the story is picking up steam. Join us again soon enough for the fallout and some questions get answered, but those answers will cause even more questions.

Chapter Five: Umbridge's Meddling.

A loud crash could be heard throughout Hogsmeade and all through Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. The protections around Hogwarts were basically shoved open, to allow a Portkey to transport three people inside the walls of the school. Harry crashed on the ground with a solid thud, as the two girls on either side of him landed more gracefully on the ground. Allison made a show of checking to see that all of her fingers were there, but she looked impressed when she saw that Harry had somehow, by the slimmest of margins found a way to get them inside Hogwarts.

"Well, I don't know how, but you did it and got us here in one piece," said Allison as she looked at Harry as Ginny was just regaining her bearings. She forgot how much of a bitch that circumventing the Hogwarts wards were. "Or not."

"Harry!" shouted Ginny in shock as Harry was just struggling to get up to his feet, grabbing onto the edge of the wall.

"Fine, just need a minute or two or ten to regain my composure, I forgot how hard it was to get around the wards, maneuvering through the right holes at the right times, the Portkey crumbled to dust when we just made it, a second sooner, and we would have been stuck through the maze that is the magic at Hogwarts," said Harry as he coughed and Allison moved over as well, but Ginny was already helping Harry up. "Of course I had to cheat a little bit but the thing is we're here safe and sound..."

"You used your magic to punch through the wards at the end, didn't you?" asked Ginny and Allison rolled her eyes.

"Of course he did, he had to, do you want to be stuck in magical oblivion forever?" asked Allison as she sighed and Ginny opened her mouth but Harry gave a slight moan of pain as he struggled to even stand on his feet. "Look, he did what he had to do, don't even know why he's even bothering with you after what you've done in the past, but that's not important. He needs to get the Hospital Wing right away."

Ginny nodded, but she was confused, wondering what the girl was saying but Harry managed to struggle to convey a message.

"It's best not to say anything," remarked Harry to Ginny. "We'll find out all we need later, hopefully we can get out of here sooner rather than later and back home."

"Who is she anyway?" asked Ginny.

"Allison Riddle," said Harry and he could almost sense Ginny gasping. "Yes, I know, I find it hard to believe, but if it was Lord Voldemort, I would be even more surprised. Remember, it's Tom Riddle..."

"He was a murderous little psychopath when he was sixteen though," argued Ginny.

"Changes, besides judging by everything else in the world, there are more than a few differences that might have lead Riddle to find love," said Harry. "Allison does seem to be a bit irritated with me right about now but she looks like she wants to rip your throat out as well."

"Well isn't it obvious?" asked Ginny in a half amused, half irritated tone.

Before they could continue, Allison cleared her throat to get their attention. She was looking at them with a forced calm expression. It was eerie how much she was acting like Ginny when she was trying, often times in vain, not to lose her temper. Still she was looking at them, before they took a deep breath.

"I sent a message to someone, they should be able to help you to the Hospital Wing, to get the help you need, Harry," answered Allison as she looked at Ginny, before she nodded towards the girl, and then continued softly. "As for you, Miss Weasley, you will be coming with me, to Father's office, so he can figure out what your intentions are in this matter."

"Fine, I'll play your little game," responded Ginny as she was agitated. The last thing she needed to do was to cause a scene. "After, I'm

sure, Harry's safe and sound, then we'll all go up to the Headmaster's office together."

"If you must, but you're not going to be in the Hospital Wing, you'll wait outside," said Allison in a cold tone of voice that left no room for argument. She was looking at Ginny with utter contempt and her hand was on her wand at all times, if daring for Ginny to make one false move. Harry tried to stand but his little manipulation with the Portkey had left him rather drained. He was unable to really move and do anything if tempers were to flare. Ginny had a noticeable temper control problem when she was pushed too far and Allison looked as if she was looking for an excuse to push Ginny that far, to cause a fight. As footsteps got closer, Harry breathed a sigh of relief. He was going to get the medical attention that he needed and then he was going to talk to Riddle, to see where exactly the counterpart of his old enemy was like in this universe.

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"Bellatrix, for some odd reason Harry was insistent that this one was to be rescued," muttered Allison outside the Hospital Wing to Bellatrix who nodded and Ginny stood there, annoyed that she could not go inside. "Smells like a Dumbledore trick to me if there ever was one."

"I think you might be right, Allison," agreed Bellatrix as she kept her eyes on Ginny. "There is a chance that she could..."

"No, but I'll give her a chance, if she's trying something on behalf of Dumbledore, Dad will find out," answered Allison as she glared at Ginny who responded with an equally irritated stare. "Just keep her out of the Hospital Wing and away from Harry, then we'll figure this out. Has Harry's family been contacted?"

"Yes, Lily seemed rather relieved when she got the news and they're on their way," said Bellatrix and Allison nodded, being the Headmaster's daughter; she had several benefits as she moved into the Hospital Wing to check on Harry. Until when she saw him captured at Weasley Manor, this was the first time she talked to him since the end of the school year. They had been friends since they were seven and the friendship had grown from there. So much that

they had began to date halfway into their fourth year. Sure, they had their disagreements, all friends did, but Allison did not make friends easily. Most of the people who tried to befriend her were pathetic sycophants who were just sucking up to her because of who her father was. It made her want to gag. Yet, Harry was different; there were many times where she thought he was the only one who was there for her. Sure her father made sure she had everything she wanted but Allison could always sense some emotional distance between them. Most times, Allison sensed that her father had only raised her out of obligation to her late mother and nothing more. He had spent more time wrapped up in his work then before and their reactions were merely formal at best. Not to say that her father did not love her but after what he lost, it was not something that he would allow himself to get emotionally invested in.

There was Harry but something happened during her fourth year. What caused Harry to decide to break up with her for her own safety was something she had not been to figure out but the way he was with that Weasley back at the Manor, Allison began to put the pieces together. At first she thought it was noble idiocy, but something more sinister was beginning to form in her mind, ideas of why Harry would have suddenly broken up with her to be with someone who he had barely spoken with during his Hogwarts years. It just did not add up in her mind and she was determined to figure out the reason of the sudden amount of attention that Harry was paying her.

“He’ll be fine, he’s just magically exhausted, a couple of hours of rest, and he’ll be as good as new,” responded the healer. “He’s a naturally quick healer, but it will be a bit of time before he is back up.”

“Fine, but could you check him for any love potions or compulsion charms or anything that might be causing him to act erratically?” asked Allison as she looked at Harry, who had went down to sleep and the healer gave her a quizzical look. “Just the way he was acting was off and I need to know if something has happened to him that might be causing this.”

“Right, I understand, Miss Riddle,” said the Healer as she continued to use every charm, but was surprised by what she found on Harry. “Very interesting...”

"I knew it," grumbled Allison.

"No, there's nothing that has been done to him, in fact, this is amazing, I've never seen anything like this in my life," said the Healer in amazement. "I've treated many students in this school and I worked at St. Mungos before then but never have I..."

"Just tell me and get it over with," said Allison and the Healer nodded.

"Your friend here has an immunity to love potions, in fact any kind of potions that can control the emotions of the body, and a very high resistance to the Imperius Curse as well," answered the Healer and Allison's eyes widened. "Most of this is through mental training, but some of this is just naturally gifted."

Allison did not respond with anything but a nod as she sat on the chair next to Harry's bed, as she looked out in the hallway, where Ginny was standing, with Bellatrix keeping an eye on her. It explained how he managed to survive the Re-Orientation process at Weasley Manor. Granted, she did as well, but one more minute and they would have broken her. What she did to Malfoy had managed to break the conditioning, not that it did them any good. However, it could have just as easily killed Malfoy as easy as it brought him to his senses.

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Harry laid in his bed about an hour later, just waking up. Everything was just coming back to him, how he had decided to get himself captured into Weasley Manor. How Riddle had a daughter? He overheard bits and pieces of conversation when he was out but not enough for him to actually piece together what was going on here. His eyes just opened up enough to see Allison sitting in the chair right next to him. A part of him felt irritated, Ginny should have been in that chair.

"Harry, good you're awake," said Allison calmly, trying to hide her obvious relief that she was okay. Just because the Healer had told her he was, she still was not convinced. "Your parents and Jade are

in my Father's office, if you pass your check up, we can get up there together to meet them, they were very worried with what you pulled."

"I'm sure," said Harry before he decided to take a deep breath before asking about Ginny. "What about..."

"She's outside, I don't know what she told you and maybe she has turned over a new leaf, I don't know," said Allison but it was obvious that she was only voicing this possibility for Harry's benefit alone. "I don't know what you were thinking going into that place for me, it was very lucky you managed to find a Portkey and reprogram it, how did you manage to do that anyway? The Ministry tends to keep an eye on any books they put out and I would think they would guard this information closely. Especially considering people could abuse it as a way to kill people so..."

"I can't tell you that," said Harry as he waved his hand in her face.

"We used to share everything Harry," said Allison. "I don't know what's happened to you lately, I can see you're the same, but you've changed as well. I can't even begin to describe what you are after last year. Do you think I give a damn whether or not I'm in danger? Do you remember who my father is? I was in danger from the moment I was born before you even met you, for Salazar's sake. My father is the only person who ever stood up to Dumbledore, who beat him if the historical accounts. Why can't you see that I'm not a little girl who doesn't need to be coddled?"

"Because I barely even remember you in the first place, because as I told you, I suffered memory loss," said Harry stubbornly. "Ask my mother if you don't believe me..."

"There's something more that you're not letting on," said Allison as she looked at Harry, their faces with almost an inch apart. "You owe me the truth..."

"Do I?" asked Harry calmly.

"I've never lied to you Harry," said Allison, as she turned away briefly. "Look, if you didn't want to be with me because you liked someone

else, that would be fine because that's your decision. Would I have been mad? Yes, I would have for a while but I would have gotten over it. Maybe we wouldn't have worked out in the long run anyway. But to break up with me for some flimsy reason for my safety..."

"If I explain everything, will you be happy?" asked Harry calmly.

"Yes, but why do I have a feeling I'm not going to like this," said Allison as she looked at Harry.

"Because you probably won't," answered Harry. "If I was in your position, I wouldn't believe what I'm about to tell you either..."

"Save it until later, we'll sort it out then, your family's been kept waiting too long," answered Allison as she held up her hand, before she offered a hand to help Harry get up but Harry declined, it had finally clicked in his mind what had happened and why she was so mad at him. Or rather the other him, this made his head hurt trying to keep all of these things straight in his mind.

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"We were dating, apparently, before I decided that it was too dangerous for us to be together," explained Harry.

"Hmm, that sounds familiar for some reason," said Ginny.

"I'm going to have to tell her everything, hopefully I'll make things less awkward, whether or not she'll buy it, I don't know," said Harry.

"Let me know if I can help convince her," answered Ginny.

"Best if you just stay out of it Ginny," replied Harry in a stern tone of voice. "I don't think she likes you to begin with and she likes you even less when she saw us kissing. Given the fact that despite my counterpart's attempts to shove her away for her own safety, she obviously still likes me and will force the issue sooner or later. I'm guessing she thinks that I overreacted to whatever situation happened here just like you did when we briefly broke up after Dumbledore's death."

"No matter what the universe, you're attracted to stubborn hot tempered beautiful girls with a slight listening deficiently problem," said Ginny, using a phrase that Harry had once described her when they were hunting the Horcruxes. "I do wonder what I did to raise her ire."

"Maybe your counterpart is a miniature version of Molly?" suggested Harry.

"Could be, I would hate myself as well if that was the case, one version of her in this universe is enough," said Ginny.

Right now, they had reached the Headmaster's office, with Allison walking close to Harry and Bellatrix on their side, separating them from Ginny, partially to keep an eye on Ginny but mostly to keep a duel from breaking out with the two girls. They moved forward and before they knew it, they had entered the office of the Hogwarts Headmaster. Harry braced himself, he was moments away from getting his first glimpse at the alternate universe counterpart of his enemy. As they moved forward, Harry only got in the office, before both of his mother and sister sprang up and moved forward. Both of them had hugged him right at once, as Harry struggled to find a way to breath.

"Harry, I can't believe...I thought you were...well it doesn't matter, you're fine right now," said Lily in a relieved voice.

"Yeah, we thought something happened to you," added Jade as he saw Ginny looking slightly amused by this discomfort. "When you left and we thought that Dumbledore might have..."

"He did, but I won't be all that fine if I'm not able to breathe," gasped Harry and they released, as James snickered from behind them, patting Harry on the back before they withdrew, the Potters with each other once again.

"Mind telling us what happened, Harry?" asked James calmly and Lily, now other her relief, was looking at Harry as was Jade, all wanting an explanation.

"Yes, I'm sure that is an explanation we would all love to hear, Mr. Potter," said a voice softly from behind the desk and Harry looked, seeing Tom Riddle, in the flesh. To be honest, he looked like a fifty year older version of the image that came out of the diary in the Chamber of Secrets. He had the slightest hints of greying hair and he was thinning on the top, but the look on his face was as calm and focused as any look Harry had met when he had dueled Lord Voldemort in the world that he called home. "Judging by the fact that my daughter was most certainly captured, given the fact that the guards that were assigned to her were murdered and she was captured, it was likely she was taken to Weasley Manor. I do want to thank you for any role you played in my daughter escaping from that place with her life intact."

"It was no problem, Allison was great as well," said Harry as Allison gave a triumphant smile towards Ginny but her triumph was short lived. "Without her help I wouldn't have gotten Ginny out of there..."

"GINNY!" shouted Lily in a surprised voice as she realized who was in the office for the first time. "Ginny Weasley, what's she have to do with this? What did she do to Harry?"

"Pardon me, but I did nothing to Harry," said Ginny in a defensive voice but Lily had ignored her and Jade and James were both looking at her with distrustful looks.

"Wouldn't be the first time she tried to slip someone a love potion, she gets it from her mother, trying to force potions on people?" muttered Lily under her breath.

"She didn't give Harry one, I had him checked in the Hospital Wing," said Allison firmly but she decided to keep the information about Harry's recently acquired immunity to such things a secret until she gave him a chance to explain everything. "No Imperius Curses, or compulsions or nothing, not that this isn't a trick..."

"It could be," agreed Jade as she looked from Harry to Allison, eyes just brushing across Ginny.

“Wouldn’t put it past Dumbledore to use one of his people to get close to one of us,” added James.

“Look it’s nothing like that, no one twisted my arm to rescue Ginny, I chose to do so,” said Harry.

“We know that, but she could have given you some sob story about how she had made a terrible mistake,” said Allison. “One of the things about you Harry, is that you’re too nice for your own good and you would buy something like that...”

“Enough,” said Riddle calmly, who hoped to get involved in teenage relationship angst as little as possible. Harry felt shivers down his spine, as Riddle reminded him of the Voldemort he knew and loathed with the tone in his voice. “Perhaps we should allow Miss Weasley her side of the story, it is only fair, there could be more to this issue than we are seeing. If she is deceiving us in some matter, on behalf of Dumbledore, than we will take the appropriate measures. Still, she may very well know something that could be helpful in pinpointing what Dumbledore is up to as he has remained illusive as of late.”

“I understand,” answered Allison but before this matter could go much further, a frantic face appeared in the fire.

“Headmaster, Umbridge has just gotten news that Mr. Potter and your daughter has been missing and Molly Weasley had filed a kidnapping report to the Ministry, claiming her daughter has been kidnapped,” said a voice from the other side of the fireplace and Ginny looked absolutely mortified, she did not want to back there and Harry put a hand on her shoulder to calm her, much to the disdain of another girl in the room.

“Exactly how much time do we have?” asked Riddle, adopting a business like and quite indifferent tone of voice.

“She’s just arriving at Hogsmeade right now, she took the first Portkey out of the Ministry, she’s coming up to Hogwarts within a few moments,” said the person in the fireplace in a frantic voice. “She looks like she intends to make some arrests to maintain the peace.”

“Remain calm, I will take care of everything,” said Riddle. He did not want that woman to find the Weasley girl and bring her back to her mother. He needed to know what was happening, whether it was for better or for worse. It could have been the key in taking down Dumbledore once and for all. Riddle turned to Bellatrix, who awaited an order. “Bella, take the girl to your office, Umbridge should have no reason to go there, she wants to speak to me, and be discreet about anything.”

“At once, Headmaster,” said Bellatrix with a nod as she motioned for Ginny to follow her and time was of the essence. Harry sat in the office, as he waited. Perhaps it was just his first impression, but this Umbridge looked to be trouble much like the one from that he knew and loathed. Sure enough, there were footsteps and the door opened, as the Potters, Allison, and Tom stood, waiting, watching, as Umbridge, along with four Aurors. Judging by how inattentive they looked, Harry wagered that he could defeat them with one hand tied behind his back.

“Hem, Hem,” said Umbridge and that little noise still annoyed Harry to no end. “Professor Riddle, it has been too long since we have talked. Some interesting rumors have reached my desk and I wish for them to clarify.”

“Depends, which rumors do you want to clarify?” asked Riddle in a soft voice, which told Umbridge that he was going to dictate the terms of the conversation whether she liked it or not.

“Rumors that these two children,” said Umbridge, with a brief nod acknowledging the presence of Harry and Allison. “Got into a bit of an altercation with people who follow Dumbledore, the Cult of the Phoenix if I’m not mistaken, they can be a bit fanatical about supporting their hero. This could have been avoided if they had minded their tongues in public about Dumbledore but I’m sure this could have been avoided if they had gotten proper parental discipline. It was plainly obvious that Molly Weasley took them in for a few hours, to try and shield them from the more dangerous members of Dumbledore’s Cult, and try to impress upon them about the dangers of speaking out against someone like that. I have had my share of disagreements with Dumbledore but this fiasco borders on something

that could dangerously disrupt the harmonic balance, which is shaky to begin with.”

“I see,” said Riddle calmly, as it looked like Lily was this close to giving the Minister of Magic a piece of her mind for basically criticizing her parenting skills. “Your interpretation of today’s events is rather lacking knowledge and are a fountain of misinformation.”

“Very well then, Professor Riddle, why don’t you tell me what you think occurred,” said Umbridge in a sickly sweet and sugary voice.

“My daughter was out doing shopping for her year at Hogwarts, and most likely Dumbledore’s followers spotted her and decided to make an example out of her, it would be the perfect revenge for my defeat of Dumbledore all those years ago...” stated Riddle but Umbridge interrupted.

“The Ministry of Magic’s stance on this matter is that Dumbledore was on vacation during the time you believed to defeat him and who you defeated was likely a double used to maintain the illusion that Dumbledore was still inside the country, so his enemies would not attempt to weaken his base of followers,” said Umbridge.

“As I was saying, it would be a perfect revenge from when I defeated Dumbledore, to turn my daughter against me as a weapon and given Lily’s past, the same thing applies to Harry, we are among the few to escape the hold of Dumbledore and perhaps the only one’s I know of who have lived to tell the tale,” said Riddle as he ignored Umbridge’s protests, as she was getting very upset that this was not going her way. “They were lead off to Re-Orientation, where I assumed they escaped, just as plans were being made to verify that they were taken to Weasley Manor in the first place...”

“The Ministry of Magic was never informed of these kidnappings,” said Umbridge.

“Dumbledore has spies all over your Ministry, they are positioned properly to misdirect any attempts to gather evidence against him, including the kidnappings of hundreds of Muggleborn children throughout the last fifty years,” responded Riddle.

“Never been proven, just rumors being spread, just like the Re-Orientation that many speak so fearfully of,” said Umbridge, who had the gall to say this when Lily Potter was sitting in the room. “The real issue is Dumbledore gathering up groups of filthy half breeds and training them as his army. Rest assure, that Ministry legislation is being made to impose sanctions on these groups.”

“Yes, let’s just drive the magical creatures to Dumbledore faster,” said Allison in a bit of a sarcastic tone of voice.

“Girl, this is none of your business quite frankly, you have no right to criticize the Ministry of Magic in such a manner, we know what’s best for the Wizarding World,” responded Umbridge in a suddenly cold voice before she turned to Riddle. “Professor Riddle, I would highly recommend to teach your daughter some manners and to hold her tongue in the presence of her betters.”

“I have and she has done quite well, she has never talked back to one of her betters,” said Riddle calmly, without blinking as he looked at Umbridge before she just decided to get things back on track.

“This brings us to the next matter, Molly Weasley filed a kidnapping report on her daughter, who was due to perform her duties as a pureblood witch and marry a nice young man to ensure future generations of blood purity,” said Umbridge as she looked at Allison and Harry, with a greedy grin on her toad like face, as if she thought she had them. “She has told me that you two are the kidnappers...”

“Pardon me, Minister, but we never kidnapped her,” said Harry as he looked straight in the eye, daring her to accuse him of being a liar. One of Harry’s regrets was that he never got revenge on his universe’s Umbridge for what she put him through during his fifth year.

“Molly Weasley has filed a report, saying that you and Miss Riddle attacked the guards at Weasley Manor, before breaking into the room and attacking young Ginevra, before taking her against her will, by a Portkey to Hogwarts,” said Umbridge.

“Come on, Minister, get your facts straight, anyone should know that only the Headmaster can create a Portkey that goes inside the Hogwarts walls, even the Ministry of Magic can only get outside the gates at Hogsmeade,” said Allison with a smug expression on her face and Umbridge looked annoyed.

“I’m afraid my daughter is right Umbridge, I think it is just a mere coincidence that my daughter and her friend escaped captivity, around the same time when the young Weasley girl left,” said Riddle. “Unless you offer solid proof, an eye witness account proven under Veritaserum that the girl was taken, you have no case.”

Umbridge looked right towards the Aurors for support but they could offer nothing other than blank stares. It was obvious that if the two brats had done what they were accused of, they were covering their tracks rather well.

“Very well then, but I hope that this matter can be smoothed over, Dumbledore’s followers will not take this lightly,” said Umbridge.

“Smooth all you want, Madam Umbridge,” said Riddle.

“That’s Minister Umbridge now, Headmaster,” replied Umbridge in an irritated voice.

“Of course, Madam Umbridge, I’m sure you have a busy day ahead of you, as Minister, so I will allow you and your Aurors to find your own way out, but next time, I hope you remember to have the courtesy of sending a message before you come over,” said Riddle softly.

Umbridge just nodded in a stiff manner, looking at Allison and Harry, who both adopted similar innocent expressions that was causing Jade to barely be able to hold in her laughter. Those two were priceless together, it was a shame that Harry decided to break up with her for her own protection or whatever reason he had. There had to have been more to Harry’s reasoning that he was willing to let on as she turned her attention to Umbridge leaving the office with her tail tucked between her legs.

“Technically we weren’t lying about her being kidnapped,” said Allison.

“Yeah, can’t kidnap someone if she willingly comes with you,” answered Harry. “Once we’re sure Umbridge has left, we should bring Ginny back, I suppose it’s time that everything is explained...”

“What is explained?” asked James.

“You’ll see,” answered Harry calmly. “You might not like what you’re about to hear but let us finish before you ask questions. It’s best that this is told all at once.”

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“I’m on my way back now, Harry,” said Ginny through the link. “You’re really going to tell them everything?”

“Yes, everything, it’s no use in trying to pretend for too long, but there are still certain things that I don’t even know how I’m going to explain,” said Harry. “Like I’m not even sure how we would even get back or even there is any way that we could get back or if the our counterparts haven’t been destroyed. I need to get my hands on a Pensieve to be able to watch what happened with the artifact in detail and maybe get closer to solving this mystery.”

“Just one thing at a time, we need to explain to all of them what’s happening,” responded Ginny. “This will be a bit complicated.”

“Yes, but it has to be done,” said Harry.

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Albus Dumbledore sat in his office with a pleased expression on his face. Sure the Riddle and Potter children escaping was an unfortunate occurrence. They would be useful tools in swaying their family members to join up with Dumbledore, to show them the error in their ways. It hurt Dumbledore when Tom had decided to turn his back, to spread anarchy and uncertainty in the world. Much like others, he failed to realize that Dumbledore had to do these things for their own good. And Lily showed potential, but it was a shame that it

could not be used for the right side. And Molly was on the war path, about her daughter and most importantly sixty thousand Galleons being lost.

Of course, Dumbledore loved nothing else better than getting his hands on a brand new magical artifact. He felt like a child opening a brand new gift at Christmas time, he had gotten his hands on several magical artifacts over the years, some powerful and some just important because of who they belonged to. Many of them had a place of prominence on the shelf behind him but he had two whole rooms elsewhere in his home filled with magical artifacts.

This newest artifact on the other hand, well it intrigued him to say the least.

“What do you think it is, Phoenix Lord?” asked the man who had brought it towards him. He was a young man, an adventurer, who dug in tombs to find magical artifacts and sell them to the highest bidder. Thanks to his wiser business investments throughout the year, including manipulating the Muggle stock market by magic for his own profit, Dumbledore had been the highest bidder more often than not.

“Ancient Magical Rome for certain, they had a knack for creating magical artifacts before their time and in fact that they have created many that have not been replicated since their time,” said Dumbledore as he looked over the small object. On the sides of the object, Dumbledore noticed that there were small hour glasses, with microscopic words etched on the side of the box in a language that Dumbledore could vaguely make out but it would take some careful translation to determine the meaning of. In the front, the object contained what could in theory be a mirror, but the problem was that it gave no reflection whatsoever. “Intriguing, it should be interesting to see what magical properties this object has if any and how it may serve the noble world I’m building. Your payment of two thousand, five hundred Galleons will be ready within the next hour to be transported to your Gringotts vault.”

The adventurer just nodded, it would give him the gold to fund more missions to find more artifacts to sell to Dumbledore, with the demand getting higher and the prices getting steeper.

And that's...Chapter Five already. Damn, story is picking up as next chapter, all the cards will be laid out on the table by Harry and Ginny and that's about all I'm gong to say.

Chapter Six: Awkward Explanations.

Dolores Umbridge was in a foul mood. She was the Minister of Magic and it detested her that she was basically mocked by two children. The fact they were correct that she had no proof that the girl was kidnapped other than Molly Weasley's word just added to her growing irritation. The fact that she had problems in the Ministry of her own, mostly inherited from the previous regime, but it still prevented her from carrying out her noble crusade. The crusade that all proper witches and wizards should undertake, stamping out dangerous half breed creatures, the fact that they still existed to poison the landscape of the Wizarding World. At least Mudbloods had not been a concern as they were, as very few of them were located for enrollment at Hogwarts. She did acknowledge the rumors of what Dumbledore was doing but they were only rumors. There was no conceivable way that he could have located the Mudbloods before Hogwarts could have to offer them enrollment to befoul the landscape of the Wizarding World. Besides, she was not about to ask any questions that she did not want to learn the answers for. Right now, as she undid the canister of Floo powder, she had to make a call to Molly Weasley, as she requested a report but it was painfully obvious she expected her daughter to be returned to her yesterday.

"Weasley Manor!" shouted Dolores and the face of Molly Weasley appeared, with a scowl and irritation.

"Well did you find her?" asked Molly in a cold voice.

"No, Mrs. Weasley, she hasn't been located," responded Dolores in a calm voice.

"Well, it is those Riddle and Potter brats, they took her to poison her mind, to try and turn her into one of those radicals, those revolutionaries, she is already befouled to the gentleman that had invested his gold to her, not that he would be able to have children after what that Potter demon spawn did to him," said Molly in an enraged voice, without bothering to attempt to take a breath. "Find the brats and take them to Azkaban. I want to see their souls sucked out at least, even though my daughter is not salvageable."

"I just interviewed those two children," said Dolores. "They claimed that they did not kidnap Miss Weasley as you have charged them..."

"THOSE BRATS ARE LYING, I'LL KILL THEM IF I EVER GET MY HANDS ON THEM!" shouted Molly, losing her patients. "It is my last chance to serve..."

"To serve what and whom," said Dolores but Molly clammed up and refused to answer, annoyed with herself that she had said too much.

"They are lying, I know it," said Molly with conviction in her voice, laced with venom.

"As much as I hate to take the side of those two, they appeared to be telling the truth, they were adamant that your daughter was not kidnapped," said Dolores. "In fact, she might have gone with them willingly..."

"HOW DARE YOU BEFOUL MY DAUGHTER'S NAME BY SUGGESTING SUCH A THING!" shouted Molly and Dolores winced, her ear drums would be throbbing for a long time afterwards. "WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?"

"I'm the Minister of Magic and I would kindly ask you not to shout at me," said Dolores sweetly. "Otherwise, I might have to look a bit closer into certain allegations, I'm sure a few laws that are being broken that the public might not be considered..."

Molly managed to not respond, but it was a constant struggle. The Wizarding Public had no right to be able to think for themselves. Only Dumbledore knew what was best for them and everyone who disagreed with his plans was pure evil. Still, she glared back at Umbridge, she should realize how lucky she was that Dumbledore allowed her or anyone else to have power. Ministers could be and have been replaced. It had happened before, as Umbridge might have heard with her predecessor but she did have her share of supporters, as there was a group of people in the Ministry of Magic who were disgusted with Dumbledore's tolerance for half breeds, as they called them.

"I think we do have an understanding," said Dolores in a calm, sugary sweet, tone of voice. "Just remember, that I can only look the other way for so long and I may not be inclined to be distracted by other elements of the Ministry of Magic all of the time. Right now, whatever Dumbledore does or does not do is not as big of a concern as many feel to the overall agenda of the Ministry of Magic. Don't make it a big concern. Do we have an understanding?"

"Yes," said Molly in an agitated voice, as she was only willing to allow the matter drop for a short amount of time. She was not done with Umbridge yet, not by a long shot, Dumbledore would have to deal with her.

"Good, if any word comes about your daughter, I'll be sure to send it along as soon as possible," answered Umbridge in a sickly sweet tone of voice. "Otherwise, don't bother the Ministry of Magic again unless it's an emergency."

Molly nodded coldly, not believing the nerve of this woman for dismissing her. Umbridge turned with a smile, she still wanted to do something to implicate Riddle but the problem was anything that he was involved in, he was adept in covering up his tracks. He had treated both sides equally as Hogwarts Headmaster, even those children who supported Dumbledore. Still, Umbridge felt threatened by his presence, even to a great extent than Dumbledore's. The Potters were also a concern but they only had a minimal amount of political power. They had lost a lot of stature with the important people in power at the Ministry when James Potter married a Mudblood.

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Harry and Ginny looked around, having taken a Portkey from Hogwarts, through a cavernous, underground tunnel. Allison, Jade, Lily, and James all arrived as well. Judging by the landscape, it was apparent that this was used as a base of operations for any resistance against Dumbledore and his Cult of the Phoenix. Based on his first observations, it seemed to be rather secure, but Harry had not had a chance to implement the regular security checks that were necessary in determining the base.

"I apologize for keeping you waiting, I had to ensure that no one had found this place since the last meeting," said Riddle calmly, as they all took seats on a moth worn chair in the darkened room, with Riddle quickly lit with a flick of his wand. Several candles lit up, giving them enough light. "This location is secure, as I had guessed that the information that you intend on giving us is something that you do not want to be unheard by certain parties and is best kept between a few individuals for now."

"To be honest, you hit the nail right on the head," said Harry calmly as Ginny sat right beside him, giving him an encouraging look, prompting him to continue. "Now some of what we're about to say may seem strange but I hope none of you freak out until you get the entire story..."

"Already we're off to a lovely start," muttered Allison but she was quiet immediately, she wanted to hear what was going on. Any number of explanations came to mind but she had a theory that none of them was going to match what they were about to learn.

"The story starts when we were both twenty five years old, happily married for six years, and working at the Department of Mysteries as Unspeakables," started Ginny, to a couple of gasps, but she quickly began talking, hoping to avoid any awkward lines of questioning to the end. "We had just concluded a war, with several battles that taxed us both physically and emotionally. Harry and I had nothing but each other and that looked like it was not going to change. In our dimension, the Wizarding World was ripped to shreds, in shambles after the war."

Ginny paused, letting that sink in. To say they were shocked, would be the understatement of the century. They were completely flabbergasted beyond all belief. Obviously, an obvious question came to mind and Harry knew it would have to be answered.

"All will be explained in time, as best as I can explain it anyway, but keep in mind, there are mysteries that even we have yet to solve," said Harry in a calm voice, as he could see from certain parties, there

was a great deal of effort to keep them from freaking out. “During our work, we were asked to take a look at a rather curious artifact. Odd, peculiar, I’ve never seen anything like it in my life and we racked our brains trying to figure out what it was. It was made by the Ancient Roman Magical people and was powerful, but exactly what powers it held, wasn’t something we could easily find out. Apparently, and without proper study of the artifact we can’t guess how, but somehow we triggered one of the powers. A burst of magical energy was released and the next thing we knew, was that we were in the bodies of the Harry and Ginny in this world, a drastically different world.”

“Where is he?” asked Allison calmly as she looked at Harry. “What happened to him?”

“I don’t know as I said, but I do have some theories and I have wondered time and time again whether our little trip to this world was an accident and I don’t even know if there is a way to reverse what has been done, the only thing I can think of is get our hands on the artifact,” said Harry calmly, as he could sense her irritation. “If there is a counterpart in this dimension that is...”

“If there is, Dumbledore will likely have it,” inputted Lily. “He has an obsession with getting his hands on every magical artifact he can, including one’s that he is no way entitled to, as James would happily explain to you.”

“Well not too happily, he stole a priceless Potter family heirloom, the Invisibility Cloak, of course, he might have claimed that his transaction was legal, as he had a thousand Galleons transferred into the Potter family vault, but that’s nowhere near the value the Cloak is,” said James. “Especially when you consider how long it has been around and what it’s likely to be...”

“Of course, Dumbledore believed those rumors, he wouldn’t have taken the cloak otherwise and he’s likely to have all three of them,” said Lily.

“So Dumbledore may or may not have the artifact, if it exists,” summarized Harry thinking out loud. It was too soon for a face to face

confrontation with Dumbledore. "The problem is, I can't even begin to guess what rock Dumbledore might be hiding underneath."

"That's precisely the point, no one knows where Dumbledore is likely to be, until his followers summon for him," said Riddle calmly. "Even the members of his Cult, most of them have never met Dumbledore or if they have, they had barely exchanged more than a few words with him. Dumbledore likes to keep his dealings exclusive, bringing as few people into his base of operations at any given time as possible. He also has avoided public appearances in the past fifteen years, deciding to remain with a low profile."

"Still," said Jade thoughtfully as she looked at Harry. She was fooled, given how much he did seem like the Harry she knew, but with some time to think, the explanation that Harry and Ginny gave them was right. "Given the fact that you had won in the previous universe, you defeated Dumbledore before, perhaps there is someone who..."

"I never defeated Dumbledore, the Albus Dumbledore in my universe was not the malevolent force that the one here appears to be," corrected Harry. "That's not to say he was the shining beacon of uncorrupted light that many thought him to be. He had many flaws and stuck his nose in people's lives where it was not welcomed. Still, for better or for worse, often worse, we found ourselves fighting on the same side, until he got killed. We had few problems when he was alive, most of my problems for him were after he died. When I realized how much he kept from me, taking to his grave, that I could have used to help save lives. As I watch the people I cared about one by one, as I got jaded, with Ginny the only person that I had. When Ginny said we only had each other, she wasn't kidding at all. Had we not had each other, we could have turned into something cruel and disturbing. But no, Dumbledore wasn't the evil that I had to struggle against. The name of my pain was an individual by the name of Lord Voldemort."

"Lord Voldemort?" asked Riddle in surprise, obviously amused by this name for some reason. "As you may find out soon enough, I'm rarely so blunt, but that does seem like a ridiculous name, it was a wonder that anyone took him seriously."

"Ironical, isn't it Ginny?" asked Harry as Ginny snickered and everyone looked confused.

"Yes it is, but I doubt our Headmaster will be amused by the next part," said Ginny with a smile before she allowed Harry to continue.

"Well that wasn't the name his parents gave him, it was a name he adopted to strike fear into the hearts and minds of the people of the Wizarding World," said Harry. "He was the most feared dark wizard in some time and may hold that mantle for sometime. I do admit that there was times that Voldemort erased his past as a young half blood orphan by the name of Tom Marvolo Riddle."

This got exactly the reaction that Harry expected. Stunned disbelieving silence, followed by looks at Harry and Ginny who just shrugged. There was an unreadable expression on Riddle's face, as he intently studied Harry and Ginny, before he gave him a calm nod.

"You're kidding me right?" asked Allison in a disbelieving voice but Harry and Ginny sat there, looks on their faces, not smiling, not moving, just staring back at them. "You're not kidding, I just don't know what could have..."

"A change of circumstances could make anything possible," said Riddle in a cool, calm, and collected voice. True enough, there were times that he felt like he was on the edge of everything, just one misstep and he could be about as dangerous of a threat as Dumbledore was. In fact, there was the chance that he could be even more dangerous than Dumbledore was. He recalled the one time they had a duel, how he pushed himself to his limits but always in the back of his mind, there would be a chance that he could go further and there would be consequences. He tended not to think about it too much, as it was a foolish waste of time to talk about what might have been. "My counterpart in that universe could have had that one event that pushed him to become this...Lord Voldemort."

"Well you were adopted by Dumbledore in this universe and that never happened," said Harry and Riddle's expression grew cold and irritated, reminding both Harry and Ginny of the Voldemort they knew once again.

“Yes, but that is not necessarily a good thing, considering I was one who saw most of what Dumbledore did to gain a great deal of his power and followers up close and personal, although writing my tell all book did not open up as many eyes as I would have liked to before the Ministry had it banned,” said Riddle as he looked at Harry and Ginny, with a serious look on his face. “Trust me, one thing that you must know about the Dumbledore I know is that he can be your best friend, providing that you share his opinions and agree with him without any argument whatsoever. Otherwise, he will do anything to make you agree with him. I managed to get out from under his influence, although we danced around each other for years, before we had the infamous duel.”

“Did you really kill him?” asked Harry.

“As much as people wish to not believe that Dumbledore brought himself back from the dead, then yes, I killed him, the body was not moving and in hindsight, I wish I would have had time to take it with me, but his Cult was on the scene and the odds were something like fifty to one, not exactly a fight I may have won,” responded Riddle in a crisp tone of voice. “Dumbledore was back a short time later, as if nothing had happened. You may ask why I knew it was Dumbledore and not a body double. He had several mannerisms that could not be duplicated. That twinkle in his eye, many have tried it to mock Dumbledore, but no one has come close to duplicating it without failure. He did come back and why has to do with the fact that he and Grindelwald worked with Nicholas Flamel, before his mysterious death and the rumors about what Flamel had...”

“The Philosopher’s Stone, the Elixir of Life,” said Harry suddenly and Riddle nodded.

“Very good, it’s nice to see that you’re well researched and some things have not changed,” said Riddle.

“Well Harry only had to save it during his first year from Voldemort,” said Ginny and Riddle just looked on. “Dumbledore had it protected with all sorts of traps, but Harry, my brother Ron, and Hermione Granger got past them, before Harry stopped Voldemort.”

"Traps that a trio of first year students could easily get past?" asked Riddle with amusement. "I would have been insulted and I gather that I might have been at any rate. It seems to me that Dumbledore was just a slightly more benevolent version of the one I knew and loathed."

"Yep, that about covers it I think," responded Harry before he tried to get back on track. "The point being is that Dumbledore looks to be a problem here but he wasn't my problem...until I escaped his little re-orientation process and saved Allison and Ginny. Then I've become his problem and anyone who has a problem with me is my problem. I hoped to keep a low profile but now..."

"It might be very hard to do," commented Allison as she looked at Harry. It was obvious that Harry was conflicted. A part of him wanted to return back to the world he knew home, but to what she did not know. If it was as half as bad as those two were claiming, she would not have personally wanted to go home. Then again, Allison was worried about her Harry, even though she would deny it if asked. However, again, this Harry was not that different from hers, a few minor differences and much as she did not want to admit it, he was a bit better. Once again, this Harry was obviously very much in love with Ginny, who was most certainly improved from the version she knew and loathed. She would be someone that she might in time consider to be a friend and female friends were something that she did not have. It was all very confusing, with all of these conflicted thoughts, and she needed time to properly think about it.

"Precisely," agreed Ginny with a nod, as she looked at Harry. She could tell that Harry had conflicts, as he was struggling, believing that it was not right to take someone's life and also not wanting to get emotionally attached to anyone, because of all he lost and the fact that he would return home. "I think if we break down what happened, in a Pensieve memory, we could find something that would reverse what threw us back."

"That might be a problem," voiced James suddenly and Harry raised an eyebrow. "I don't know how rare Pensieves are in your world, but

they are in this world, I believe only three of them exist that we know of.”

“And three guesses who owns them and the first two don’t count,” remarked Jade and Harry and Ginny exchanged looks.

“Dumbledore, it would have to be Dumbledore,” sighed Harry, the old man had reared his head over and over again.

“It always is,” remarked Lily.

“Time travel is not a branch of magic I have bothered myself in,” remarked Riddle. “Inter-dimensional travel is something that there is even less on but...”

“It’s a crapshoot, the time turner can only go back eight hours, anymore, and having two of the same person causes the time stream to become unstable,” said Harry and Riddle nodded. “Inter-dimensional travel even more so, ours is the first recorded case and given the instabilities, our minds were transported into the bodies of our counterparts. What happened to the minds of our counterparts or our bodies, we could only begin to guess.”

“So there could be no hope that he could come back,” summarized Allison grimly.

“Always hope, but the chances right now are very slim, something that might be done by a fluke like it was in our universe,” said Ginny.

“Well let me know if I can do anything to help,” said Allison, who decided she did owe Harry, this Harry, for helping her escape. She might not have been able to get out of there without Harry’s abilities to reprogram the Portkey.

“Thank you,” said Ginny graciously, as it appeared Allison had softened to her when she realized she was not that Ginny. Ginny picked up enough to realize that her counterpart had not been the nicest person and would have some people who hated her. Especially considering the female role model her counterpart had in this universe.

“We’ll all help,” said Jade but she worried about her younger brother and where he might have been. It was a magical fluke that had upturned many lives.

Lily on the other hand was thinking hard. Harry had experience with dealing with the most dangerous wizards and might be what they were looking for. They were not getting closer to defeating Dumbledore but then again, it was wrong to expect someone who was not even from this world to clean up their messes. Besides, despite the fact that this Harry was technically not her son, he was very similar in many ways. Getting himself captured to save someone he cared about would be something that her son would do.

“Yes, thank you for the information and I will see what I can do,” remarked Riddle, as they felt this was their cue to leave. He was cutting it rather close to a meeting with an informant of his. This man claimed that he had information on one of the many plans that Dumbledore had but it would only be time whether it would be something viable. It seemed like the Cult of the Phoenix and the Rebellion was going around in circles very often, with the Ministry of Magic stuck in the middle, hopeless to find a way out. Once again, they were not getting any closer to defeating Dumbledore, then he was when he had apparently killed him.

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“Excellent Percy, these security reports are in order, you must thank our contact on the inside, but perhaps we should allow those who had foolishly allowed themselves to get captured rest in Azkaban for a bit longer,” said Dumbledore in a tired voice. Unfortunately, Percy had not brought him all of the information he wanted, the exact location of the Riddle and Potter children, along with where they took the Weasley girl. It was obvious that they were under Tom’s protection and perhaps back home by this time. Despite his efforts, Dumbledore had not been able to pinpoint exactly where the Potters lived, which was a shame as he wanted them to see the unfortunate error in their ways. Tom was a tragedy as well, Dumbledore wondered where he went could have went wrong. They were due to have a conversation sooner or later. Dumbledore hoped that his son would get over this

rebellious disrespect of trying to fight his attempts to have a peaceful world. He only had the best for everyone in mind after all.

“Anything to please you, Mr. Dumbledore,” said Percy, who was absolutely gushing with enthusiasm, as he beamed at Dumbledore. “It is just a shame that I couldn’t find any hint where Ginny was, or those two that kidnapped her, quite unfortunately, with all the hospitality we offered them, to show them the error of their ways and bring them over to a side. The Minister is being difficult, the foul woman...”

“Now Dolores has certain grudges towards my efforts to reach out to the long suffering races of magical creatures,” said Dumbledore. “Her only fault is her bigotry, but she fails to see a much bigger picture than I do. She has tried to not take any side, in this conflict between the Cult of the Phoenix and those who rebel. I suppose we should count our blessings for that but I do wish she would not fight us.”

“No, I can see why you would wish that,” said Percy and suddenly an object on Dumbledore’s shelf behind him began to vibrate. “Sir what’s...”

“Oh, that, well it is just a reminder to undertake a yearly ritual of mine,” said Dumbledore off handily and Percy looked at him with a quizzical look. “It is nothing you should be concerned about, just a fact of life, has to be done, but I cannot be disturbed. Why don’t you go home, it is getting close to the time Molly fixes dinner and I’m sure she would be worried if you do not show up on time.”

“Of course, if you say so, sir,” said Percy, who did not look forward to returning home after the war path his mother had been on but when Dumbledore gave someone a direct order, no one argued with him. “Contact me if you need anything.”

“Don’t worry, Percy, I will,” said Dumbledore as Percy left and immediately, the doors shut, as Dumbledore got up, feeling an ache and pain in his hip. It could not sooner, he was starting to feel the cumbersome signs of age again, he looked at a mirror and his face had wrinkles and his hair was white as snow once again. He walked over to a book shelf, removing a book before he opened it to a page

that had a large octagon shaped hole in the middle of it. Touching his wand, the book lit up and the bookshelf dissolved, a fake to allow Dumbledore access to a secret room that he only knew of. He looked at the pride and joy of his life, a giant metal chamber shaped like a Phoenix. The opening recognized Dumbledore and allowed him entrance. Dumbledore took a brief moment to look over the statue, it was a marvel of engineering and trapped inside a clear, fireproof beak, had the power source. "Hello, Fawkes, I must say your burning day could not have come at a more appropriate time."

The phoenix just looked at its master with a forlorn expression and that was not because it was burning day. Dumbledore frowned, Fawkes should not be giving him that look, as if he had done something wrong. Phoenixes were creatures of the light and Dumbledore saw himself as the ultimate agent of the life, with anyone who opposed him as a force of darkness that must be redeemed at all costs through re-orientation. Besides, his enclosure was charmed to give him the proper nourishment, so Dumbledore did not see a problem.

"The Elixir of Life will be pumped into the chamber within sixty seconds, giving me enough time to get ready," remarked Dumbledore with a smirk, as he looked at Fawkes, who hung his head sadly. Dumbledore flicked his wand, removing his robes, before placing a bubble headed charm on his head and stepping inside the chamber. Restraints shot out, strapping Dumbledore into place, to keep him from fidgeting and ruining the entire ritual. It would work for up to a year, depending of course how much Dumbledore exerted himself. He tested its limits during his infamous duel with Tom. While Tom had thought he had killed Dumbledore, it really placed him in a catatonic state for several months, as the Elixir in his system slowly healed his broken and ravaged body after he had been recovered by his loyal Cult. Dumbledore laid back, as the Elixir of Life, a white, thick, fluid, was being pumped into the chamber, submerging Dumbledore completely inside, as he felt his loyal phoenix heat up from behind. The climax of his cycle was at an end, he was about to burst into flames and begin his burning day.

The Elixir in the Chamber had began to heat up, as Fawkes burst into flames. When it reached a premature temperature, the Elixir, super

charged by the phoenix fire, would saturate his skin, giving him enhanced endurance, invulnerability, and a quicker reaction to healing magic. Dumbledore felt a rush, as the Chamber vibrated, as the ritual had reached an end. The Elixir, now a bright and quite hot orange, was soaking into Dumbledore's skin, the effects of aging were vanished, Dumbledore was feeling much younger. Five years off of his life, ten years off of his life, fifteen, twenty, twenty five, and so on, until the process started. At first, Dumbledore could only knock five or ten years off of his life but now as he had gone through the ritual more times, his body had been able to take a clear advantage of the process and he had gotten up to fifty years. Of course, he would get all of those back just as fast when his time had come to a close.

The last drop of Elixir soaked into Dumbledore and the restraints released, allowing Dumbledore to feel young and vibrant again. Naturally, no one could really know, as his age had caused many of his enemies to underestimate him. A few glamour charms to ensure that he remained aged and he would be ready to go. Dumbledore flicked his wand and his robes appeared on his body, as he looked up, to see Fawkes being reborn from the ashes, with a nod.

"See you next year, Fawkes," said Dumbledore cheerfully as he walked off with a spring in his step, ready to resume work on unlocking the secrets of his newest artifact. With a younger perspective, he should be able to complete his work in no time.

And that will be that chapter. The story is rolling, as now most of the pieces are in place, but there are still a couple of twists in the road to the end yet to come. Suspect that fifteen to twenty chapters will seem about right for this story, but that's just a rough estimate based on how things are going a few chapters in. Doubt it will be too much longer, definitely not as long as Aspirations was(given the fact that could have been able three separate stories, had I chose to go the route.)

Chapter Seven: The Cult of The Phoenix

"I need to find Dumbledore, see if he has the artifact, take it if he does, take him out, shut down his little re-orientation and find a way to undo it, eliminate the Cult of the Phoenix," muttered Harry as he jotted down items on the list, locked in the library at Potter Manor. "Find out how to return us home, if it's possible..."

Harry continued to write on the piece of paper. Studying the re-orientation up close had given him an accurate idea of how it worked but finding a way to reverse the effects, especially the long term effects would be a painstaking process. He always assumed that they would be heading home, but for the first time, he had his doubts that it was possible to reverse what was done. The more he went over it in his mind, the more it appeared to be a one in a trillion magical fluke. He decided to keep these from Ginny as much as possible, because he needed all the help possible in finding the way. Besides, there were times where Harry wondered if he actually wanted to return home. Out of some misguided sense of loyalty to the world that he left and the fact that there was a strong likelihood that his counterpart was trapped in a strange world as well, Harry would plug away to the very bitter end.

The door pushed open and Harry quickly bounced to his feet, pointing his wand towards the doorway but he did not relax it when he saw Allison standing right there.

"Haven't you ever heard of knocking?" asked Harry as he looked at Allison with an annoyed expression but she just gave him a little smirk.

"Of course, I've heard of it, but it's not something I make a common practice of doing," responded Allison as she looked at Harry with a frown. "Took me almost twenty minutes to figure out your unlocking charm and another ten to figure out how to remove it, in case you were wondering, most would give up in that amount of time. I'm the patient sort, but I decided to see what you were up to. You've locked yourself in this library for three hours."

“Planning what I’m going to do with Dumbledore,” stated Harry in a nonchalant voice, as if this was the most common thing in the world. “If he has the artifact, I have to get it back and...”

“And go home to what precisely?” demanded Allison as she looked at Harry, intently studying him, as if she was trying to figure out if he just enjoyed inflicting suffering on himself.

“When I have an answer to that question, you’ll be among the first to know,” said Harry as he looked at the list, as he began to formulate a plan with what little information he had. “Besides, what about...”

“At first I was angry with what happened, losing him like that, and if we could get him back, great,” said Allison in a nonchalant tone of voice as she looked at Harry. “I would tell you that none of this is your fault, but I won’t waste my breath. I get a feeling that you get that a lot and tire of hearing it.”

“You better believe it,” said Harry in a detached voice. “Ginny and I...”

“Are not obligated to do anything for us, don’t try and be a hero,” answered Allison. “You got Ginny, great, good for you. I must admit, I rarely am pleasantly surprised, but this girl is so different from the one I know and hate, that it’s like night and day. The artifact, it may or may not be here and with Dumbledore, I don’t know. I do know that you’re here right now and it’s your choice what to do. Don’t try and do any favors for a world that will vilify you once they get bored of praising you. This world is nothing but fickle, one week they’re outraged with Dumbledore and the next week the public is blaming the Ministry for not trying to compromise with him.”

“At least some things are constant in all worlds,” said Harry to himself, more to the girl on the other side of the room.

“Ah yes, stupidity is a constant, precisely what I was afraid of,” said Allison as she turned to walk on Harry. “I’m surprised Ginny’s taking this so well, but then again, she’s not taking it as well as she should be. She’s worried that you’re obsessing about something that you have no control over and let’s face it, you...”

“Ginny knows how I work better than anyone else,” interrupted Harry. “She learned all too well, to the point where I refused to give up, when I probably should. I do wonder if I’m all that different from that Harry, given...”

“Well there are some differences, you’re a bit more jaded than he was, it’s amusing that I’m the optimistic one, but you’re a bit better handling yourself in a duel, not that he was hopeless with a wand,” said Allison. “Harry, the other Harry, his parents, have tried to keep him shielded from the horrors of the world. It didn’t work but that’s not the point. He always did have an air of a rich kid who was a bit spoiled and got the best of everything in life, even though he did care for his family and the few friends he had. You on the other hand, you were flung headfirst into the horrors...”

“I could have run, but the problem was that trouble followed me everywhere,” said Harry. “Would he have dared to face Dumbledore?”

“Given the proper motivation, he might have, but he really liked to keep a low profile,” said Allison. “He did have a temper on him when his friends were pushed around and he hated to see anyone get hurt. It was just so sudden when he decided to break up with me for his own good. I wonder what made him do it and now I’ll never know.”

Harry just remained in silence. There was no easy answer to his dilemma. Not that there ever was an easy answer to anything. Returning home would be returning to that, but staying would upturn so many lives. Once again, Harry found himself trying to work a miracle to appease everyone but he wondered if this was the one time he really should be thinking about what was best for him. He looked at Allison, she kept her emotions well hidden, but Harry expected that she was thinking about thing. Harry wanted to keep the emotional drama to an absolute minimum, but he knew how well that had worked the first time.

“Dad’s onto something, hopefully Dumbledore will be brought down soon, and you won’t have to do anything,” responded Allison after a moment’s time but the lack of conviction in her face was obvious. Riddle had gotten close during his one battle with Dumbledore and he

was not getting any closer, simply because Dumbledore had learned from that one mistake. It was a novel concept, the villain learning from his mistakes, but there you were.

“One can only hope,” said Harry, who decided that he had a list of what he needed to do but the problem was actually carrying it out. It took nearly a year to find all of the Horcruxes and destroy them, even with Ginny’s help. Even with all of the information they had and it was more than he had right at this moment, which was not really saying much.

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Knockturn Alley was a place that only the most hardened wizards should venture into. It was full of individuals that preyed on the weak and the vulnerable, along with a slight trade of dark magical artifacts and other Ministry restricted items. Technically, done under the table, but with the right amount of gold and patience, some rather valuable items could be found.

Not to mention, information, as Tom Riddle found out, walking through the alley, where one of his many contacts were waiting. With each step, he was on high alert. Despite all of the precautions, a trap was always inevitable. Members of the Cult of the Phoenix were lurking everywhere.

Tapped on the shoulder, Riddle nearly turned around, a deadly curse on the tip of tongue, but relaxed only slightly when the hooded figure who tapped him on the shoulder, backed off in fear.

“Riddle, that can only be you,” said the hooded figure, in a shaky voice.

“Information, you have it,” said Riddle shortly, wishing to get this over as quickly as possible. He had a couple of close calls in recent time and always managed to just cover his tracks with doing something above Ministry Laws.

“Inside quickly, I don’t know how long I can stick around, my life could be in danger for what I’m doing, I just barely shook off someone,” said

the informant and Riddle followed him, casting a spell that would reveal any concealments down the empty street but found nothing. The hooded wizard motioned for Riddle to walk inside and the doors locked behind him.

"The information if you please," prompted Riddle.

"Information, agents of Dumbledore have been taken a lot of trips overseas to the United States of America, I don't know why, there magical economy is virtually in shambles and they have nothing to offer, without much of a government to speak of," said the informant and Riddle just looked back thoughtfully.

"They are in desperate need of gold and Dumbledore is in desperate need of bodies to further his agenda," said Riddle, as he pieced together everything. "Not to mention the American Magical prisons are overcrowded and Dumbledore could take those prisoners off their hands..."

"Yes, yes, of course, and at bargain basement prices, given the value of the money over there, he's been working on a new and improved re-orientation process as well lately, to use on older witches and wizards," said the informant, as he clutched his hands together, fingers digging into his knuckles, darting towards the boarded up windows.

"This information is most disturbing, but I thank you," said Riddle.

"No problem, but I have to leave, they might be onto me," said the informant and Riddle nodded, before slipping some gold into the informants hand and leaving, with a light pop. The informant held his hands together, nervously as he walked forward, out of the front entrance of the building and three figures in bright orange robes with yellow hoods pulled over their heads, a stark contrast to the dark atmosphere of the Knockturn Alley, stood out, wands held in front as the informant, who backed off in fear, but he was surrounded.

"Hello, Walters, long time no see," said one of the members of the Cult. "You've been acting like you had a dirty little secret lately and now we know why."

“One would think you were a Seeker on your house team at Hogwarts, because you’re nothing but a snitch,” said another Cult member, a female this time.

“N-now, it’s not what it looks like, I swear,” said Walters.

“Sounds like you were selling information about our glorious leader to Riddle, to make a little pocket change,” said the female Cult member. “It’s a shame such a bright young wizard like yourself has to turn traitor. The world needs more young people to he shape it, the Phoenix Lord is only doing what is best for everyone...”

“I used to think that but now after I saw what he does...” stated Walters but one of the Cult members silenced him with a wave of his wand.

“Dumbledore will understand when we purge a weed from the perfect garden he’s trying to grow,” said the female member of the Cult as she raised her wand. Walters tried to get out of the way, but he was paralyzed. “You’re one of us until death and since you’re no longer one of us, that is the release you’ll get. Now you’ll know what a Phoenix goes through during their burning day but you will not rise from the ashes of your betrayal.”

A blast of fire from all three wands engulfed Walters. He screamed in agony. The flames had consumed his body and he did not quite die before the pain had reached its most excruciating. The three members of the Cult had sorrowful looks on their face as they hit him with the spells. Walters was reduced to virtually nothing because of the magically enhanced fire, as the three members of the Cult watched his remains.

“A shame when goes astray from our cause but we have done our noble duty,” said one of the Cult members in a slightly saddened voice. “The traitor has been removed from the world, just one of the many elements that will be purified by our great leader.”

“Walters never deserved to live in a peaceful world that Dumbledore will give us,” said the female Cult member as they walked off.

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"This shouldn't be too different from our normal work," summarized Ginny as Harry had just completed his explanation of his plan to her and Allison, who insisted that if Harry was planning on doing something stupid, she got included in it as well. Harry sensed some frustration that she got kept out of the loop so often by her father, only telling her what she needed to know. "We just keep an eye out for anything strange and peculiar and if we get our hands on any of the members of the Cult, modify their memories so they don't expect a thing is amiss and hope that one of us will know where Dumbledore is."

"A nice theory, but I doubt more than a few people are even allowed in the presence of the great Albus Dumbledore," responded Allison in an irritated voice.

"Didn't you say that Percy had some kind of job where he worked directly with Dumbledore?" asked Harry.

"Yes, I almost forgot about that, I don't know how I could have, with the fact that the couple of days I was there, he constantly brought up the fact that he was one of the few to be in Dumbledore's main base of operations," said Ginny. "Mostly to gain Molly's acceptance I think, she always made snide remarks about how disappointed she was with her sons..."

"Given how the alternative version of you was, they must have done something that made your antics acceptable to her," said Allison. "Given the rumors of how she was like, I think she was proud that you continued her noble legacy, but enough about that. Percy might work with Dumbledore, but does he actually know where he's going?"

"That's a good point, isn't it?" asked Harry as Ginny nodded. "Given the number of Death Eaters that Voldemort had and maybe only half of a percent knew where his main base of operations of. They were summoned through their dark marks but I'm not going to go into how that worked."

"I just wonder if that Portkey you reprogrammed was one that lead to Dumbledore's base," said Ginny.

"Might be, but it won't be easy to track," said Allison as she looked at the shelf of books, mostly to give herself something else to look at other than Harry and Ginny sitting close together.

"I love a challenge," said Harry and Ginny nodded, she was the same way. "Still..."

The door opened and all three leapt up, wands drawn, but Jade walked into the ring, shielding her hands.

"Doesn't anyone knock anymore?" asked Harry.

"No, but you should know that Mum and Dad are going to be a bit late getting back and by a bit late, I mean a lot late," responded Jade. "They found one of Dumbledore's bases of operation, at least what they think is a base."

"Any chance you know where it is?" asked Harry hopefully and Jade shook her head.

"No, they didn't mention it, probably afraid that we would go after anything, you'd think they would let me know, because I technically am of age," said Jade.

"They know you would let Harry know," said Allison wisely and Jade nodded her head, as she sat down with the group.

"What are you three working on anyway?" asked Jade.

"A plan to find out where Dumbledore's main base of operations is," answered Harry.

"Really?" asked Jade in a surprised voice. "You don't think you could even come close to finding it."

"That's what I told them, Dad's been looking for years, he's never been there and he was Dumbledore's adopted son," said Allison in a

hopeless voice. "But Mr. and Mrs. Master Unspeakable think they can find it."

"I have a good idea how we might find it and by finding it, the sooner we can...the sooner we can do what needs to be done," said Harry as he looked at Ginny, who nodded with a confident expression on her face.

"Well I said that I would help you to find anything that you need and I stand by that," offered Jade as she looked at the three teenagers. "The problem is, trying to do this without Mum and Dad finding out."

"That's not too much of a problem, my father on the other hand, that could be a problem," cautioned Allison. "He's a hard person to fool, yes Harry, I know you defeated what he was in your world but..."

"You don't give me enough credit, the amount of times I've won fights against people who thought I couldn't," said Harry. "Just like I got past all the traps through the Philosopher's Stone, even though it's a gesture that grows less significant with each passing year, given how blatantly the traps were fixed to our strengths. Second year, my finest moment, not only did I save Ginny, but I defeated a Basilisk..."

"WAIT A BLOODY MINUTE!" shouted Jade in surprise. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DEFEATED A BASILISK?"

"Exactly how it sounded, Harry, since no one else had a clue, had to come down the Chamber of Secrets because of something I did when I was young and stupid," answered Ginny swiftly, causing the other two girls to look at them quizzically. "Long story, really one I have no interest in reliving ever again, especially since I could have gotten Harry killed."

"Ah, I wondered if the rumors were true, with the Basilisk in the Chamber," remarked Allison. "My Father might have found where it is and it would be the perfect security measure of Hogwarts."

Harry and Ginny nodded, it would have been, if the Headmaster happened to be a Parseltongue. If Riddle was half as cunning as he became as Lord Voldemort, he would have held that little talent.

“So a Basilisk....” stated Jade weakly but Harry had cut her off.

“Yes, as much as I just love to talk about the times where I nearly died but I didn’t,” answered Harry as he looked at Ginny, who nodded. “We have an important job to do and I know you two will want to be included into this, but I warn you that if any of you are in danger, I will force a Portkey into your hand and send you to a safe place.”

“What about Ginny?” challenged Allison as she looked at the red haired girl but she looked back with a calm, cool, and collected expression. Jade just leaned back, ready to get in the middle should things get a bit ugly, but fortunately, Harry was ready to exercise some careful damage control.

“I can trust her, I barely know both of you, I’m sure you’re capable, but this needs to be done, to get things back the way they should be,” said Harry in a firm tone of voice. “And I know exactly where we might find some answers, the place where Albus Dumbledore took his first steps to what he became today...”

“You don’t mean...” said Jade as she suddenly had a far off look, as if some pained memory was brought up.

“Godric’s Hollow, yes, that’s exactly what I mean and we’re start there, and start right away, because we have a lot of work to do,” said Harry, as he created a Portkey. It took a lot less power to reprogram a Portkey, than create one from scratch, but Harry managed to take the worn book on the table. “Okay, everyone grab on, the Portkey leaves in fifteen seconds.”

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The resistance against Dumbledore and his Cult of the Phoenix made their way outside of a large building, a tall building, with weeds growing everywhere and the building in great disarray.

“Are you sure this is the place?” asked one of the members of the Resistance.

"Yes, Rosier, this is the place," said Riddle in a calm tone of voice.

"Doesn't look like a place that someone like Dumbledore would spend time at," stated Rosier.

"That's because the place is charmed to look like it's ran down, it's really fairly nice, but it appears to be abandoned," said Lily as she cast a few spells and sure enough, the weeds disappeared and the building looked a little less worn. "Wait, no, someone is moving inside."

"Who is it?" whispered a voice from behind her as James moved in.

"Moody, Alastor Moody," responded James as he recognized one of the legendary Aurors. "He's a member of the Cult of the Phoenix."

"Doubt it very much, Moody doesn't seem like the type to mindlessly worship someone, must be looking around like we are for his own reasons," suggested Bellatrix. "Still we should be on our guards..."

"No kidding, Moody's the type to hex first, ask questions never," responded another member of the Resistance.

"Potter, you know him the best, go talk to him, but do be on your guard, in case this is a Dumbledore scheme," said Riddle calmly and James nodded, before he held his wand, nodding, before he walked inside as the other members of the Resistance moved back a bit, being in position to help but far back enough so Moody did not feel there was something up. James knocked on the door and it swung open on his own accord. He walked inside of the building, as there were portraits of Dumbledore on the inside walls and bookshelves that have long been cleaned out.

"Hello," said James but suddenly, Moody spun around and sent a cutting curse right at his wand hand. James blocked the attack, he did not need to lose any more body parts and Moody stepped back, before he nodded.

"Potter, long time no see, I would ask you what you're doing here, but I don't want to know," said Moody as he looked at James, taking in

the eye patch with amusement. "Still going with the patch, eh, Potter, even though it looks ridiculous. Have ever you thought in investing in a magical eye?"

"Believe me, Moody, if I could have, I would, but a nasty allergic reaction put a stop to that," said James and Moody nodded, as he walked forward for a bit, before he decided to speak.

"A shame, really, with two children, a magical eye can be a must have," said Moody as he looked at James, before he turned his back, walking off. "I let this building go long enough with taking a look at. Dumbledore must have cleared everything out, he has his snitches in the Auror Department, but Crouch refuses to shove Veritaserum down everyone's throat, saying it's against the law. His going by the book is going to get all of us enslaved by Dumbledore not that Riddle is much better. If he's the one we have to rely on to do someone we have to rely on, we're in trouble. Don't trust him, not at all, a bit too shifty for my tastes."

Moody continued his walk down the hallway, to a set of wooden doors, with a door knocker in the shape of a Phoenix. He studied it, casting a number of spells on it to determine what it was.

"Rigged, for the floor to cave in if we open the doors, Potter," remarked Moody.

"Nothing here then, another dead end," responded James as Moody looked at him, before he brushed his wand across the walls, looking for a secret switch or door, that would reveal him a hidden room.

"Times like this I wish I had a magical eye," growled Moody as he found nothing, not even a small piece of parchment or a broken piece of a magical artifact or anything that would give him an accurate hint of Dumbledore's plans. "Blast it another dead end, they knew that I knew and cleared everything out. Damn Scrimgeour for hovering over me like a bat."

"Really thought there would be something here," said James who had the task of reporting back to the others that the building had been cleared out.

“Of all the people to practice Constant Vigilance it would have to be Dumbledore,” grumbled Moody as he gave one last look around, overturning a table but in this case, a table was just a table. James decided this would be the best time to take his leave but Moody’s eyes widened. “Potter you fool, stop your stepping right into a rigged...”

Moody did not finish his sentence, before James had stepped on a floor board that had caused the other boards to vanish and cause the floor to collapse beneath them, before they landed on a floor. It was a stroke of luck that Moody was ready with the cushioning charms and they hit the ground with a thud. Moody winced as James looked, he could have hit himself for stepping right into a trap and they were quite a ways under ground. Moody took a peak around, noticing a cabinet, obscured by a thick layer of dust. He walked over to pry the cabinet open and found several slightly discolored but still legible rolls of parchment.

“Potter you are both really brilliant and really careless,” said Moody as he shook his head, unrolling the parchment, before he frowned. “A map, and some blue prints, but none of them combine together or do they. These locations don’t make sense, but they must to Dumbledore, that’s a park and a Muggle shopping mall and one of those places where Muggles fly those ridiculous winged contraptions to one place to another, an airport if I’m not mistaken. These locations are clearly marked.”

“It’s lucky that something was down here,” said James but that brought Moody to his senses.

“Too lucky, Potter, much too lucky,” said Moody. “Almost if Dumbledore was deliberately leading us somewhere, but making it look like he was hiding what he was doing. Clever, of you, Albus, I never said you weren’t smart, most would fall for this ruse, and...what’s this?”

“What’s what?” asked James curiously.

“Never you mind Potter, I have to take these back to Auror Headquarters for further study, there are a few people that I do trust, but Crouch must not know what I found,” said Moody. “Once I find a way out of here, these underground tunnels always have an exit somewhere, but stay sharp Potter.”

James nodded, he was to report right back and now he was trapped underground with Moody, not exactly the most pleasant person to spend time with in a dark cavernous tunnel.

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“We’re here,” said Harry as they dropped off right at Godric’s Hollow, right in front of the Potter Home or what was once the Potter home. It was nothing but charred rubble and debris as Jade took a look at him, taking a deep breath, as Harry and Ginny looked at her.

“We lived here, until I was six and you were three, then Dumbledore’s Cult found us and tried to torch it to the ground, with us inside,” explained Jade, as she was revealing bad memories. “We just barely escaped, for that’s the first time I remember us having to leave a home and it wouldn’t be the last. Don’t worry, I’m alright, I got over it a long time ago, but it’s just a shock seeing it here.”

There was an awkward moment of silence that Ginny broke.

“Correct me if I’m wrong, but Dumbledore’s childhood home should be close by,” responded Ginny.

“Yes, a few houses down to the right of the Potter home, if I remember rightly,” said Harry, as the group moved forward.

“How do you know, I mean it could have changed?” voiced Allison but Harry shook his head.

“Reading over Dumbledore’s history and by extension, the history of the world, everything up until a certain point happened as it did, but given what I learned, I know the exact point where the timeline split,” said Harry and Ginny nodded.

“Well do share it with us Harry,” prompted Jade.

“Well you know what happened to Dumbledore’s younger sister?” asked Harry and the two girls nodded. “Well she was murdered when she was six in this world. In our world, the Muggle teenagers who attacked her did not take it that far, just assaulted her. She suppressed her magic inwards, but she was still alive. Here, she died and everything fell apart for the Dumbledore family. Dumbledore still befriended Grindelwald, completing a path he just barely began in our world. “

“She was also the trigger to make Dumbledore stop and think about what he was doing, when she was accidentally killed in a fight involving Dumbledore, his brother Aberforth, and Grindelwald, but when she died earlier, he continued down the path with Grindelwald and history speaks for itself,” concluded Ginny as Harry moved around, seeing the Dumbledore home. The other three got a closer look but it did not look like it had been lived in for many years, decades even, since Dumbledore had left for his tour with Grindelwald.

Appearances, however, could be most deceiving as the group walked forward, wands drawn, as they walked towards the house.

“No one touch anything yet, I want to see something,” said Harry as he waved his wand and the door knob illuminated, with fingerprints all over it, fresh one’s too and several sets, all the same person. “Just as a thought, Ginny, take a look at this and see if you see what I see.”

“Someone’s been entering this house often and regularly, I’d say once every couple of days it looks like,” summarized Ginny as she studied everything.

“You can tell this how?” questioned Allison.

“Unspeakable trade secret,” said Harry calmly, as the door clicked open and they walked inside, but Harry stopped, as they remained on the worn rug right in front of the door. “Footprint and once again, someone’s been here rather recently. Let’s go.”

Allison, Jade, and Ginny followed Harry deep inside the house, as they all held their wands out, a good practice, as they moved inside. The drapes were a little too new for Harry's liking and there were several other inconsistencies for a house that was said to be abandoned for decades. Entering the sitting room, Harry saw a fireplace with a jar. Opening it, he found Floo powder.

"New, purchased within the last six months or so," said Harry, as he tapped his wand on the fireplace. "Used within the last week or so as well and it's only connected with one fireplace, but the access is blocked, a password that we need, I'm guessing."

"Well, I'm not an Unspeakable, but even I know this looks familiar," said Allison, as she had just unfolded a crumpled up piece of parchment and shoved it into Harry's hands. "Does that room look familiar to you or anything?"

"The room we were sent to with Re-Orientation, of course, but this one, the one detailed in the picture appears to be a prototype model, different in many ways, but similar enough that it would be a valuable tool to have," commented Harry as he slipped the parchment into his pocket as he looked around, before they looked around the house. The forgotten Re-Orientation Prototype drawing was the only thing they found, other than a few worn pieces of furniture and old faded books that lent credibility to the fact the house had been unused in that many years. In fact, there was one place to check and that was the basement. Harry moved forward and twisted the knob, but found it immobile. "Locked but it shouldn't be a problem. ALOHOMORA!"

"Okay this could be a problem," said Ginny but Harry just shrugged, as he motioned for them to stand back, so he could blast the doors down. Several powerful spells just were absorbed by the doors.

"He made it impervious to magic, I see," remarked Allison as Harry continued a few more tricks but he found it was a no go.

"I'm going to get into that basement one way or..." said Harry before he trailed off as they saw a figure lurking outside the window. Allison had seen him too and she bolted outside, wand raised, as she chased what appeared to be an eleven or twelve year old boy, before

she blasted him in the legs. A loud crack echoed and he was dropped to the ground, as she stood over him, wand at his throat.

“Alright, talk, you little brat, what were you doing lurking around the window, spying on us?” asked Allison as Jade, Harry, and Ginny moved forward, as she had his wand at the child’s throat, who was shaking in fear.

“I didn’t mean to, they made me, the older kids who come here, they said they would hurt me and my little sister, if I didn’t watch this place for them, they said it was my duty to him, to tell them if anyone is snooping around,” said the boy, who was absolutely scared to death, at the cold, murderous look in the older girl’s eyes.

“Let up on him, Allison,” said Harry in a stern voice and Allison just shot him a glare, rolling her eyes slightly, before she backed off. “Your duty to whom?”

“Don’t hurt me, I’m not one of them, my parents are squibs, both of them, but I’m magic, the only reason I haven’t been re-oriented yet is because I’m not a Mudblood...” stated the young boy who was trembling and Jade and Ginny had scowls on their faces, at the boy’s blatant use of the “M-word”. “They said if I stepped out of line, they would hurt us, before bringing us to her, the bad place, Weasley Manor and I’m sorry that I have to do this, but I don’t want to go there.”

The boy managed to pull out a wand and send a magical flare into the air, in the shape of a bright orange phoenix. Allison held her wand, but Harry shook his head.

“We have bigger problems on our hands,” said Harry as several figures dressed in the bright orange robes of the Cult of the Phoenix walked forward, a young group of witches and wizards, from ages fourteen to about eighteen, all with wands trained on them. They were outnumbered about thirty to four.

“Well isn’t this a bonus, two Potters and a Riddle, and I thought this would just be a bunch of Muggles snooping around where they shouldn’t be,” asked a girl with long straight brown hair but the voice

sounded very familiar to Harry and Ginny, even if she did not have her normally bushy brown hair.

“Hermione?” asked Ginny in a surprised voice, but the cold, callous look on her face, made Harry and Ginny realize very quickly this was not the Hermione that they knew before she died at the hands of Lucius Malfoy.

“And the traitor’s here too, brilliant,” said Hermione as she turned to the rest of the group, who looked at Ginny, along with Jade, Harry, and Allison with contempt. “Your mother would like to have a word with you, Ginevra, about you not fulfilling your duties by running off with these two. Honestly, you should have known that no one could escape their duties for our noble Phoenix Lord. However, if you come with us, our great leader may show some mercy for your misguided actions.”

Harry waved his wand and a bright blast of light blinded their opponents, but it only served as a distraction long enough for them to get into position. As spells began to fly through the air, Harry felt this could have been worse. At least they were fighting inexperienced witches and wizards, but the number’s game did kind of paint a grim picture of their chances but Harry did enjoy a good challenge from time to time.

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“Looks to be the end of the tunnel,” grunted Moody as he reached a hatch at the end. James moved forward to open the door but Moody blasted his hand away with his wand. “Think Potter, such an obvious exit may be rigged with traps.”

Moody picked up a rock and flung it towards the door. The moment it touched, a blast of magical energy incinerated the rock into nothing.

“See Potter, that could have been your hand,” lectured Moody as he held his wand, before he carefully managed to deconstruct each and every security measure placed on the door. It was a delicate process, as he did not want to trigger any secondary security measures placed on the door. After he checked his work a total of five times, he turned

to Potter. "Keep your wand ready at all times but the door is as safe or as safe as anything will be."

Moody opened the door and they climbed inside, walking into another chamber. James hoped this would not be another tunnel and there would in fact be a way out, but suddenly several torches lit and footsteps appeared. Moody pointed his wand and sent a stunning spell right down the hallway. A groan and a figure thumped to the ground. More figures moved forward and suddenly James and Moody found themselves surrounded by a group of wizards in bright orange robes with the Phoenix stitched on the back of them but judging by the additional patch on the right side of their chests, they were not any run of the mill members of the Cult of the Phoenix.

"Dumbledore's Elite Security Force," breathed James in a surprised tone.

"Come quietly or we'll be forced to use force," said a balding wizard, but Moody just partially amused and partially irritated.

"Potter, I hope you've come ready to fight," said Moody gruffly as he attacked first, knocking another wizard out with a stunning spell before he blocked an organ shredding curse and repelled another wizard into a wall. "Because we're in for a hell of one right now."

And that's the end of Chapter Seven and I have nothing of value to add to what you've just read.

Chapter Eight: Secrets Unlocked

“So, a plan, was there a plan here by any chance?” asked Allison as she blocked a cutting curse from one of her enemies, before she knocked him backwards with a mere flick of her wand. He struggled to his feet, but a spell shock right in his throat. He crumpled to the ground, immobile and she dodged another attack.

“Of course I have a plan!” snapped Harry in an irritated voice, mostly because he had to deal with three opponents at once and saw that Ginny was having problems with a particularly skilled adversary and needed a bit of assistance. Unfortunately, Jade and Allison were both having their own problems as well, in their own battles against several of the Cult members. “Of course there would have to be an attack but we have to fight, take them out but don’t kill them.”

“Why?” demanded Allison as she swiftly avoided the attack of her opponent before she took him out. A loud crack echoed throughout Godric’s Hollow, as several bones snapped. The wizard groaned, he was still alive, even if in pain and unable to reach his wand, as another spell had knocked him completely unconscious. Just as she caught her breath, Allison was forced to fight another opponent. She was a bit hopeless, only there to make up the numbers, and Allison dispatched her with ease.

“Information, they may have something about Dumbledore!” offered Ginny frantically, since Harry was too busy fighting against three members of the Cult of the Phoenix, which now became two, as one of the had been blasted right through a fence and Harry flicked his wand, causing the fence to wrap around his adversary, trapping him. Ginny pushed her opponent back, as he deflected most of her spells. Gritting her teeth, she focused on putting this enemy down for the count for good. She weaved out of the way of the spell, before two stunning spells, serving as a distraction, were blocked, before she send a vicious bone breaking curse right at his wand hand. He gave a pained grunt, as the curse connected with three of his fingers. A loud shatter of broken bones and she spun her hand, before the wizard was knocked right off of his feet, folding up on the back of his neck like an accordion. Nearby, Jade, after some effort and some decent dodging, manipulated the attacks of two uncoordinated, but vicious,

opponents against each other. The spells ricocheted off of each other and an explosion knocked them off of their feet. Jade had little time to regain her bearings, before she was nearly barbecued by a flame spell that was just barely avoided. It scorched the ground where she once stood.

“Come on, focus!” screamed Hermione in a defiant voice, as she stood in the background, shouting orders. “There are only four of them and you have the will of the Phoenix Lord, our benevolent leader Albus Dumbledore, we have to defeat them. We can’t let Dumbledore down, after the perfect world he has created for us! You can’t be weak, failure is not an option we have, especially if it is for Dumbledore! It would be bad reflection on him!”

Ginny took out another of the Cult members, before she looked at Hermione. She had a clear shot on the older girl and judging by the way she was talking, she lead this group. If there was information about Dumbledore, she was the one to capture. Ginny sent a paralysis curse at Hermione but much to her surprise, the girl blocked the powerful spell easily and sent one back at Ginny at a near blinding speed. She was knocked off of her feet, her head felt like it was splitting and she saw a blurred, double vision of everything around her. It was unbearable pain and she was screaming, this was as nearly as bad as the Cruciatus Curse. Hermione walked towards her with a predatory smile, as the battle continued around her, with each sound, her head throbbed in absolute pain, she could not even stand.

“The little traitor, I have you at least, I’m going to send you home to your mother and you will have a nice chat about betraying Dumbledore,” said Hermione as she began to pull a Portkey from her pocket, set to Weasley Manor. “I’m sure you’ll enjoy being...Re-Oriented into Dumbledore’s perfect world.”

“GINNY!” screamed Harry when he realized what happened and he knocked down two Cult members with a burst of emotionally charged magic. They fell to the ground, one of them having their neck snapped from the impact, another only having his shoulder several cut up where blood was gushing out of it. Harry rushed forward and

blasted the Portkey out of Hermione's hand. She turned around to Harry. "She'll be going back there over my dead body!"

His spell was blocked by Hermione, using cat-like agility and reflexes that he was not used to seeing from her. The fact was, the Hermione in his dimension, while smart and good to find even the most obscure information in any books, was only average in a duel. Not hopeless, but not able to hold up a fight with anyone good, as her final battle with Lucius Malfoy. Harry dodged her spell and sent one back at her, but the shield she put up had absorbed the spell, before she twisted the attack back and repelled Harry's own assault back at him as they continued to duel.

"Your dead body, Potter," mused Hermione thoughtfully as she blocked his spell, pretty good for someone who had not accepted the will of Dumbledore, she grudgingly admitted, as he managed to keep up, as the other members of the Cult were just barely held up. "That could be arranged before long and I pity you if Molly Weasley ever gets your hands on her for corrupting her daughter, turning her against her duties."

"Yeah, to be sold as a personal toy and a means for breeding for an older wizard, some duties," said Harry, as both spells collided with each other in mid air, causing shockwaves to move through the air. Looking over his shoulder, nervously, Harry realized that they had to get this battle into more open grounds, to have a hope in winning.

"We all have our purpose in life and that was hers, but you had to ruin it!" shouted Hermione as she continued to fight Harry, her frustration slightly mounting. She was unaccustomed to failing at anything. She was the leader of the junior members of the Cult of the Phoenix for a reason and right now, this Potter was frustrating her. The duel continued, as Hermione watched several of the less experience and less skilled members of the Cult of the Phoenix be picked off, as Riddle and the Potter girl had fought their way, as Ginny slowly got to her feet, barely able to stand, but she summoned all of the strength she could to get back into the fight, despite her head being racked with pain.

James winced, as there was a hole in the wall from a spell that nearly took his head off. He never appreciated how difficult it was to duel in an enclosed area and there was always the threat that too much magic would cause the room to collapse, killing everyone inside. Somehow, Moody managed to use this disadvantage as a distinct advantage.

“Stay sharp, Potter!” said Moody as he managed to blast one of his attackers off of his feet. Another attack was blocked but there were many members of the Cult in this tunnel and it was a never ending struggle. “Don’t bother to breath, because I guarantee you that will be your last breath.”

Moody did well in fighting while talking and James struggled, winded, not to mention the cracked rib he felt he had suffered in the battle was slowing him down. It was amazing that Moody, despite being many years older and through many tough battles, was not even fatigued at all while James was beginning to suck wind from the constant maneuvering and dodging. His shield spell managed to hold up for seconds at a time, before his adversaries blasted down the shields. James found himself pushed against the wall but he fought out much like a corner animal, kicking at his opponents as much as throwing spells, just hoping to hit something.

“Fools, you can’t hope to win,” said one of the Cult members before Moody mowed him down with a powerful magical attack, knocking him completely unconscious.

“Hope is for fools,” growled Moody as wasted little time in attacking another member of the Cult. One tried to sneak up on him, a mistake, as he found himself take out with a blast of orange light to the stomach. He rolled over, hacking up blood as Moody once again dodged. “Potter, don’t just cower in the corner and kick like a little girl. Keep fighting, boy.”

“Don’t know how much I have left, just keep coming!” said James, but he managed to back off his opponents long enough to get out of the corner and give him some room to maneuver.

“Fight until you drop dead Potter and then you better get up,” responded Moody coolly and if they had not been in a perilous situation, James would have asked him how it was possible as the attacks continued. Moody was good but even he looked to beginning to feel the fatigue of fighting so many skilled opponents simultaneously. Each attack was getting more brutal.

“Take down the Auror, capture Potter,” ordered someone and Moody was blasted with four stunning spells simultaneously, managing to block the attacks slightly, as James moved over, but a loud bang and a net wrapped around him, tying him in place. Moody fell to one knee but struggled to his feet. One of the Cult members moved forward, thinking that Moody would be easy pickings, especially since his wand had been lost but Moody grabbed the ankles and pulled him off of his feet. The Cult member landed, his head bouncing off of the floor. He moved forward for the attack, but one of the Cult members opened a hatch above and the tied net, containing the trapped form of James Potter, was dragged up. Once the members of the Cult that were still conscious moved up, the last one tapped a Rune on the wall. Moody rushed over, but red lines appeared in the wall, as the chamber began to rumble and the hatch above them was closed, as it caved in.

Moody managed to pick up his wand, blasted piece after piece of debris away, as the chamber caved it around him but it suddenly became too much for one man. Disapparating would be no good, with these many distractions around him; it was highly likely that he would get splinched, as the chamber and the tunnel behind him collapsed, beginning to bury Moody in the rubble, despite his best efforts to fight off everything as it collapsed around them.

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Outside of the building, the members of the Resistance stood, with Lily moving forward, wand raised, leaving their position, approaching the building, with a determined intense look on her face.

“Where do you think you’re going?” demanded Bellatrix.

"It's been over an hour that he's been in there, without any report, I'm going in," said Lily in a firm, defiant voice.

"You know Moody, he's likely to look over every crack in the wall for curses and James is smart enough to realize not to do anything that would make Moody suspicious, I would wait at least a few more minutes before we barge inside" remarked Riddle but Lily just turned, before she shoved the door open.

"I wasn't asking for permission," muttered Lily under her breath as she entered the building. Riddle sighed, before he motioned for the others to follow her, in case this was a set up and James was in fact in trouble. He lead the way, with Bellatrix and others closely behind as they moved into the building. It was abandoned, or at least that was how it appeared. Wands were raised as they continued their movement inside of the building, before they stopped. Lily looked down at the rubble, in the large pit in the center of the building, eyes widened before she found her voice. "Everyone give me a hand at clearing this stuff up, James could be down there for all I know!"

Without waiting for an answer, Lily manage to vanish each and every piece of rubble, to help clear a path down to wherever they were. The other members of the Resistance looked towards Riddle for their next move.

"Give her some assistance," ordered Riddle and everyone jumped in to give some assistance, trying to find their way down as quickly as they could manage, which was a race against time to get the job done no matter what the cost.

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"Just give up Potter," said Hermione through gritted teeth, as she continued her battle with Harry, after directing the other members of her attack team to deal with the other three, this was one she felt she had to win.

"Would if I could, but it's funny, I have a problem, where you know, I can never give up, no matter how many times people advise me not to," answered Harry, as he blocked an organ shredding curse. "Come

on, really, if this is the best that Dumbledore can offer me, than he must be even more pathetic than I thought.”

“DON’T YOU DARE CALL DUMBLEDORE PATHETIC!” shrieked Hermione, as she fired more attacks at Harry, some of them borderline deadly. Harry had obviously hit a sore spot with Hermione, but he looked, Allison and Jade were holding their own, with the occasional assist from Ginny, who was at only a fraction of her usefulness because of the curse that Hermione had thrown at her. The same curse was sent right at Harry, but he lazily blocked the attack. “Dumbledore is someone you should respect, he is the greatest wizard that ever lived! If you joined him, just imagine how good your abilities would be and they would serve a great purpose, other than being in vain. Right now you are destined to failure, to fail at everything you do, nothing but failure, and the Phoenix Lord pities your very existence, as it is a splotch on his perfect world. I don’t because your nothing but a revolutionary who needs to be put down for good! I will take you out and teach you a lesson about opposing the great Phoenix Lord!”

“Geez, Mione, switch to decaf,” responded Harry and that got the exact reaction that he expected, the same reaction that it got when Ron called the Hermione of his universe that.

“DON’T YOU DARE CALL ME THAT!” shouted Hermione, as she sent three conjured razor sharp daggers but Harry blasted them to dust. “My proper name is Hermione, you are not to call me anything other than that! You better learn that quickly, because that is the name of the person who will teach you to respect Dumbledore!”

Harry kept up the fight, she was a skilled duelist, he would admit but in his mind, Harry was just that much better, in the fact that he was too stubborn to admit defeat under the direst circumstances. In the background, Allison, Jade, and Ginny kept up the battle against the other junior members of the Cult, at least the one’s that were still conscious. They managed to weed out the weak rather quickly and now they could focus on the most skilled, but Harry had little time to assess how well their efforts were going, due to the bone shattering curse that was sent right at his head. Hermione continued to move forward for the attacks.

"If you surrender, I might be in a good enough mood to ask Dumbledore to go easy on you for corrupting one of his most valuable assets," said Hermione but given the fact that her tricky opponent continued to fight, she was insulted that her generous offer to allow him surrender was so casually dismissed. She felt as if she was spit right in the face.

"Nope!" said Harry, as he sent a headache hex at his opponent but she blocked it. He needed to wrap this up pretty soon, as he wondered why Hermione did not call for more back up. Not that he was complaining, but he was just curious, as the junior members of the Cult in the background were being disabled.

"KEEP FIGHTING, I CAN'T LOSE!" shouted Hermione as she sent a blast of yellow light at Harry, that was deflected onto a nearby plant. The plant wilted, dying from the strain of the magic hitting it. Two curses bounced off of each other and Hermione turned to her adversary, teeth gritted, fists clenched, as a sphere of black light aimed towards Harry, but a shield blocked it, before a spell blasted out from behind the shield. Hermione crouched down and the spell shattered a window, causing several people inside the window to scream.

"Damn it, don't these people ever give up!" said Ginny in an irritated voice, as her head was beginning to feel better but the battle continued, despite at least half of the junior members of the Cult being taken out from various means, they kept fighting, it was quite frustration.

"I'm afraid they don't," said Jade grimly, as her opponent was knocked out of the running, just giving her a tenth of a second to catch her breath, before she fought another member and then another came from the other side, that Allison just barely blocked a painful looking hex in time.

"Yes, this would go a lot faster, if someone didn't want them alive," stated Allison, who was this close to blowing off the heads each of the Cult members, Harry's words be damned. She was nearly struck from behind but Ginny jumped in place, putting up a shield, blocking

the attack, before her spell propelled through the air. The attacker was struck right on the jaw.

The Cult had their own problems, as one moved towards Hermione.

"We have to get out of here and get reinforcements," said the Cult member anxiously towards Hermione but she turned to him with a cold, indifferent look which temporarily distracted her, in the fact that she by the narrowest of margins barely avoided getting hexed by her opponent.

"No, we won't," said Hermione in an icy voice as she put up an illusion spell to buy her some time. "You might be the oldest member on this team, but Dumbledore put me in charge and we fight until we capture all four of them, especially the traitor!"

Hermione turned back, as her charm was disabled and more spells fired towards her. She refused to lose, she never failed and wasn't about to start. The member of the Cult who questioned her had looked towards the others, who were beginning to get frustrated and tired, they only had a little bit of experience working as a team, only maybe about five or six missions all together. Despite the fact they were fighting for Dumbledore, Granger's obsession was going to be an embarrassment for their leader. She continued to fight Potter, with her recklessness growing slightly with each passing moment. The cult member turned to deal with Riddle, as she had just knocked out two members with one spell and needed to be dealt with immediately.

Ginny gave her head a slight shake, mostly cleared from the spell that Hermione had caught her with. With the opponent she was dealing with, she needed her wits among herself, as while the forces had been sliced in half, everyone else knocked unconscious or otherwise disabled. It was unfortunate this was the good half but the battle continued and the four still held their own, despite fighting overwhelming odds. Her opponent was knocked down by a magically created gust of wind. Not an attack, but more of a distraction and the arms and legs snapped together, causing him to be secured.

"THIS....IS....HOPELESS!" shouted Hermione as she continued to try and take out Harry, who had a smirk on his face, emphasizing

each word with a curse send right towards her opponent. "WHY....WON'T...YOU...GIVE...UP!"

"BECAUSE...THAT...WILL...BE...TOO EASY!" shouted Harry, matching Hermione's tone as he blocked it before he stopped. "Wow, that is kind of annoying..."

Hermione looked smug as she caught a spell. Harry staggered, before he was winded and she held her wand, ready to subdue her adversary.

"Harry, hang tight, I'm coming!" called Allison and Ginny's eyebrows raised, when she realized exactly what Harry was doing.

"Wait no..." stated Ginny but she was too late, Allison sent a spell right at Hermione. A loud crack echoed and Hermione dropped to the ground, wand arm broken, blood splattering as she groaned and the Cult Member who had tried to get Hermione to show reason, had decided to take matters in your own hands, as Hermione tried to fight back against Riddle, despite her wand arm being broken.

"Portkey evacuation, code phrase, from the ashes," muttered the Cult member and Hermione's eyes widened.

"NO, WE'RE NOT RUNNING LIKE...." started Hermione but it was too late, as she felt a pull of the Portkey, pulling her back to Weasley Manor. Others had vanished but many others lost their evacuation Portkeys during battle. It was no loss; they were just liabilities that would be purged from Dumbledore's perfect world. Several pops echoed, with shields appearing to prevent anyone from stunning them. There was one more annoyed shriek from Hermione before they vanished, leaving only a few downed members, that looked to have been killed in the battle at any rate.

The moment they were gone, Ginny turned to Allison, eyes narrowed as she looked at her.

"What in the hell was that all about?" demanded Ginny in an agitated voice, as she could see Harry move over.

"I was saving Harry from getting finished off by Granger, in case you couldn't tell, your husband was this close to being hit with Salazar only knows what," responded Allison, eyes narrowed in anger, at Ginny daring to question her. "I wonder if you..."

"You weren't paying that much attention, especially for a Slytherin," answered Ginny sharply as she held her hand around her wands. "It's a common tactic, he was luring Hermione into a false sense of security."

"False sense of security, my foot, he was struck point blank with one curse to the chest and he was about ready to get hit with another, sounds to me like you were just covering your arse because you didn't get there in time to save Harry," responded Allison hotly.

"Actually, Ginny's right," said Harry coolly. "I was tricking her into thinking she actually got on a shot in on me. I was about three seconds away from stunning her, disabling her Portkey, and hauling her off, so we could grab whatever information we could from her mind. Don't think I would have been unable to block such a completely obvious attack."

"Well it looked like you were hurt," said Allison defensively. "She doesn't need to get on me for something that anyone could have been fooled by..."

"Well, admirable as your actions were, you allowed Granger to get away!" yelled Ginny angrily. "She might have lead us right to Dumbledore, you heard her bragging..."

"Yes Dumbledore put her in chare, I heard her," said Allison calmly before she turned towards Harry. "It would have helped if someone would have told us what in the hell he was doing..."

"I would have, had I not come up with the plan more than ten seconds before I done it and had some way to communicate to you," responded Harry calmly and Ginny and Allison turned, still glaring at each other, but Jade cleared her throat.

"I hate to break up what I'm sure is a stirring debate, but we have a live one right here," answered Jade and they turned, as a young wizard, about fifteen or sixteen, did a very poor impression of faking dead, his shattered wand right by his side and Harry moved in, binding him.

"We can't stay here, they might have left, but I bet you they'll be back sooner or later with reinforcements," answered Harry. "Fortunately, I know the perfect place, providing it exists..."

"Where?" asked Allison as Harry picked up a rock from the ground and turned towards them.

"You'll know when you'll get," said Harry cautiously, who was afraid of any eyes and ears that might still be lurking around. That child spying on them earlier had got him on edge. He all motioned for them to touch the Portkey, grabbing a hold of his captive with his free hand and they were pulled to the location, to gain some answers.

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"I think I'm finding some signs of life!" shouted Bellatrix, as she managed to blast several rocks, before clearing them out of the way. Sure enough, as they reached the bottom of the abyss, they saw several fingers wiggling, holding a wand that was illuminated, just levitating the debris enough over him to give some room to breathe.

"JAMES!" shouted Lily as she walked over, and cleared the debris out, before she stopped and was a bit disappointed when she saw that it was Alastor Moody buried under the rubble. Moody could barely move, his legs were crushed but he was still conscious, despite all logic saying different.

"Moody," stated Riddle calmly and Moody showed some signs of recognition. "What happened down here?"

"Walked right into a trap, with Potter, The Elite Security Force of the Cult of the Phoenix," grumbled Moody as he took a pained breath. "Bastards fight dirty; they tried to kill me by collapsing the tunnel on me..."

"Where is James?" demanded Lily in a frantic voice as she looked at Moody who could barely breathe.

"They dragged him out, just before they tried to kill me, they wanted him alive for some reason, don't know why, never bothered to ask when fighting for my life," grunted Moody, as he was helped from the debris, but he swatted away all attempts, despite his ankle being twisted at an awkward and completely gruesome angle and Lily looked at him, shaking with anger, unable to speak.

"Calm yourself, you're going to cave in this tunnel even more than it is," said Riddle in a calm voice, but Lily just turned, glaring at the wall. She struggled to keep her temper with the incident involving Harry, the switch, the fact that she would never see her actual son again, but rationalized that it was beyond her control. This one, however, had driven Lily to the point of feeling hopeless and kicking herself. She should have insisted that she come with James. While she could only begin to guess how well she would have helped, at least the odds would be increased and the chances of survival would be increased.

"Did they mention anything that might help?" asked one of the members of resistance.

"If they did, that's information I need to investigate personally, to properly figure out Dumbledore's intentions," said Moody but Lily rounded upon him, a look of pure rage. "I would tell you if they gave any hint where they were taking him but the thing was they wouldn't. Right now, what I did find it is nothing you need to know."

"You should let us in on anything you found out Moody, we could help you," said Riddle softly.

"It is not a matter of your ability to help me, but my inability to trust certain people standing before me," said Moody, as his eyes shifted over Bellatrix, Riddle, and a few others, still unable to stand and still refusing any help. The fact that he was able to talk showed his toughness "Rest assured that I still have a few people in my department that I can depend on and I will do everything in my limited

power to get Potter back. Just don't do anything stupid that will back Dumbledore into a corner and cause him to lash out even more at anyone who he feels is a threat. Umbridge is already pushing the magical creatures into his arms."

Lily just bit her lip, refusing to even respond.

"Moody is correct, you should get home immediately, get some rest and we'll do everything that can be done," said Riddle, as he looked at Lily, obviously not in the mood for any argument and she just responded with a nod, that was extremely forced. Without another word, Riddle turned to Moody.

"I'll find my own way out Riddle, I suspect once the tunnel collapsed, so did any enchantments around it," said Moody as he pulled himself up, dragging his feet, before he disappeared with a loud crack.

"Say what you want about Moody, but the man is one tough bastard," muttered one of the younger members of the Resistance.

"Indeed," said Riddle, as they prepared to take their leave, Dumbledore was getting more bold, he suspected this trap was intended for more than James Potter, but as a Level One Threat to the Phoenix Lord, he would have to deal for now. Once again, he continued to go around in circles, never gaining any headway with Dumbledore, only several false starts along with false hope.

Lily stood, having the inevitable task to tell her children that their father had gotten captured by the Elite members of the Cult of the Phoenix. Even one of them technically had the mind from her son from an alternate dimension, it was still her son and he needed to know.

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Hermione dropped down, arm cradled, as Molly Weasley, along with several surly wizards, dressed in the colors of the Cult of the Phoenix walked forward, as several of the other junior members walked forward.

“What was the cause of the disturbance in Godric’s Hollow?” asked Molly coolly, paying no mind to the fact that Hermione looked like she had been through hell, with the broken arm being the most obvious thing. “Who was snooping around Dumbledore’s house?”

“It was Potter, actually Potters both of them, and Riddle and...” answered Hermione as she looked at Molly, who stood, with the other guards, humorless. “And it was your daughter...”

“You dare come back here without dragging that traitorous bitch by her hair with you,” stated Molly in her coldest tone of voice. “It would be bad enough you let the other three walk all over you, but she...”

“It is just as Dumbledore suspected, she’s been turned by Potter,” offered Hermione and Molly held her wand, looking ready to blast the girl’s head off of her shoulders. “It wasn’t my fault, it was Steward, he was the one who activated the evacuation code on the Portkey, pulling us out and overriding my direct orders, I would have had both Potter and Riddle, to bring them back...”

“Is this true, Mr. Steward?” asked Molly calmly and the boy gulped, knowing now there was not going to be one person to back him up, with six qualified wizards, equally dangerous, holding their wands on his throat, as Molly Weasley awaited his answer.

“She wasn’t...she was going to get us all killed with her obsession with beating Potter,” said Steward in a definite voice. “Dumbledore made a mistake in putting her in charge...”

“You foolish boy, Albus Dumbledore does not make mistakes,” said one of the Cult members and they turned to Molly. “I think the boy might need a little stint in re-orientation to make sure his priorities are straight...”

“No, no, please not that!” begged Steward as he backed off, but several wands were pointed at him and he was deprived of his. “I made a mistake, I shouldn’t have spoken out of turn, not re-orientation, I’m loyal to Dumbledore, I don’t deserve this...”

“Any mistakes you make reflect badly on Dumbledore and you made an error in questioning his judgments,” said Molly coldly as half of the guards dragged a petrified Steward away for his re-orientation as she turned to Hermione. “You better be truthful with me, did they reach the basement?”

“They were right outside the door, trying to figure out a way in, when our look up summoned us,” said Hermione in a firm voice and Molly studied her before she nodded.

“Good,” stated Molly in relief, if that basement door was opened, all would be compromised. “You’re dismissed, I will report to Dumbledore of your failure to capture four teenagers despite having overwhelming numbers. It’ll be up to him what he decides to do with you.”

Hermione nodded stiffly, angered at the word failure being directed towards her. She blamed both Riddle and Potter of her failure and her embarrassment in front of the army she was trusted to lead. She was made to look weak and that was an embarrassment that reflected badly on Dumbledore. Next time she ran into those two, she would eliminate both of them and gift wrap their corpses for Dumbledore.

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“JADE, HARRY!” shouted Lily as she arrived home, to a darkened house, a bit later than she would have liked to and she moved around. When she did not hear any signs of her children, she quickly stiffened and was on high alert. She moved forward, looking around, there were no signs of foul play or a struggle, but that could be magically cleared up. Then again, if it was Dumbledore, he liked to leave a little sign that he had gotten to someone. She moved forward and saw a note magically attached the kitchen wall. She detached it and smoothed it out on the table.

Dear Mum:

Gone to do something that might be considered stupid, be back when we find Dumbledore’s main base of operations. Ginny and Allison went with us; see you a bit, hopefully.

Harry and Jade

Lily sank down in the chair; she could just feel her hair going grey from what happened today. She moved forward towards the fireplace, to contact Riddle immediately, even if was being the bearer of bad news that his daughter had went along for the ride.

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The young member of the Cult of the Phoenix woke up, shackled to a chair, in a darkened room, with nothing but a magically created spotlight on him and he saw a pair of soulless green eyes from the shadows, as Harry Potter approached him.

"If you think, you're going to get me to snitch on Dumbledore, you've got another thing coming," said the prisoner in snide voice. "I won't tell anything I know and that's if I know anything. Dumbledore will take care of you for soiling his perfect world..."

"You act like you have a choice in the matter," said Harry as he silenced the prisoner, as Allison, Ginny, and Jade looked on from the distance. He looked his captive right in the eyes, moving through his mind. Layers upon layers of Dumbledore propaganda filled his mind, this one appeared to run his mouth and had been thrown into re-orientation many times to teach him a lesson. He saw something vaguely resembling free will buried deep within his subconscious, but finding information was like weaving through a maze.

"Please tell me to find out something," said Jade hopefully.

"Very little, this one gets his orders from Hermione who gets her orders from Molly, who gets told by Percy what Dumbledore wants accomplished," said Harry with a sigh as he attempted to dig for any information that would help him.

"Just an extra wand to make up the numbers," summarized Allison and Harry nodded.

“Got the wrong one, he doesn’t know anything,” said Ginny as she shot a look towards Allison, as if she blamed her.

“Actually...hang on just a second...this one does know something, he’s hiding it behind some shoddy Occlumency shields, shouldn’t be too hard to crack these,” answered Harry as he pushed through, despite the attempts of struggling of his captive. The captive gave a pained grunt but his shields were completely destroyed, as Harry completely fished through his memory, finding a few nuggets of information that the little fledgling had overheard. “It’s a good thing we didn’t find the key to Dumbledore’s base of operations...”

“So he knows where it is,” said Allison but Harry shook his head.

“He only knows what Hermione told him and that’s that we had to be stopped, from finding everything, so there was something, if we searched around longer,” responded Harry.

“We won’t be able to go back any time soon, now that they know we were there,” muttered Ginny in a hopeless tone of voice but Harry raised his hand, as he managed to pull another piece of information from the confused maze of scrambled thoughts, buried in the Dumbledore propaganda.

“The Cult is working on a brand new Re-Orientation room, more powerful than the last one,” concluded Harry grimly as he looked at him. “Some bloke named Caruthers is involved with the entire project; he’s meeting with several high ranking Cult Members in two days.”

“Would help if we knew where,” said Ginny in a deflated voice. “Still a name is more than we had to begin with.”

“Not to mention the prototype re-orientation chamber design,” added Allison. “Between that and the memories that Harry and I both have, we might be able to figure out something that could disrupt Dumbledore.”

“Hopefully,” agreed Harry as he looked at the prisoner. “This one, he’s been through the re-orientation so many times, I’m afraid he’s beyond our help. I’ll modify his memory and gift wrap him outside of

Umbridge's office and then we need to leave to try and plan our next move."

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"Molly, tell Hermione that she will be allowed off with the warning on this time, as there was no damage done, but let her know that she cannot be this careless again, as Harry, Allison, Jade, and Ginny were much too close to discovering something that would jeopardize everything we worked for to shape the world into a peaceful paradise," said Dumbledore calmly, as he looked back at the image of Molly Weasley. "It is a shame that your daughter has been lead over to the wrong side of this conflict, but at least she doesn't know anything of value."

"Thankfully," agreed Molly as Dumbledore turned, seeing a shackled James Potter, blindfolded, being dragged into the room.

"I would love to continue this chat, but duty calls, good bye," said Dumbledore as he turned before he moved over to greet his Elite Security Force and the gift they had returned with. He moved over, casting a number of spells on James to ensure that there had been no charms or items that could compromise their location. Roughly, his Cult members threw James roughly against the wall, with the shackles bolted against the wall. They leaved and Dumbledore stepped back before a wave of wand caused a jail cell to appear around James, just large enough to accommodate him. Another flick had erected a clear wall right across from Dumbledore's desk and another wave and James's blindfold vanished. He looked at Dumbledore, through a narrowed eye.

"You," said James through gritted teeth.

"Hello, James," said Dumbledore in a cheerful voice as he sat down at his desk, like a teacher surveying a troubled pupil. "I hope you are well."

Dumbledore looked at James, who did not respond to his comment but he just stared back at him.

"It is a shame really, James, that your rebellion against me would lead to this level, you were sorted into the noble house of Gryffindor, a house that served me this noble vision but you decided to not only turn your back on all that was your duty but marry a traitor to our cause," said Dumbledore in a disappointed tone of voice.

"Your cause, Dumbledore, it's your cause, I never did nor will I ever follow whatever ideals you claim to be your vision," said James but Dumbledore just looked at him with a calm, almost resigned expression.

"Minds can be changed James and you may find yourself coming around to our cause soon, I just hope you are not a lost cause," said Dumbledore in a calm voice. "I only have the best interests of the world in mind, Muggles and Magic Users alike. Some must perish and I mourn the necessity of it every day. You are of some interest, but there are others that interest me and when the time is right, they will find themselves realizing the error of their ways."

Dumbledore sat down and continued his work with the artifact he found, he had nearly unlocked its secrets, at least partially. He saw James squirm in the cell, a bit uncomfortable by his confined predicaments.

"I do hate to see someone suffer like that," remarked Dumbledore in a remorseful tone before he rose to his feet and tapped his wand to the clear wall. It turned to a solid stone wall, completely obscuring James from Dumbledore's line of sight. "There, now I'm much more at ease."

Dumbledore sat down and he continued to tap at the artifact, before several images appeared, magically projected above it. His eyes widened, as he saw an image of the Earth rotating, splitting in half, with hourglasses spinning beneath it. A few more tests told Dumbledore exactly what he needed to know.

"Interesting my friend, manipulation of time and space, quite a potent and rare magical artifact and without the limitations that time turners have but I have a feeling you may be hiding something," responded Dumbledore as he looked at the artifact, who knew that once he found out the full extent of the artifact's powers, he may be able to

erase undesirable elements from the past to help reshape the world into his own vision of a peaceful magically ruled utopia.

And that's the end of this chapter. Nothing for me to say really that has not been said in the chapter.

Chapter Nine: Double Dealing

Lily was pacing around the carpet on Riddle's office frantically, with Bellatrix and Riddle watching.

"I understand your concern," said Riddle calmly after a few moments pause as he looked at Lily, with Bellatrix looking on, trying to maintain a calm expression. "But it wouldn't be a good idea to work yourself..."

"Aren't you the least bit concerned that your daughter might not be coming back?" asked Lily through gritted teeth.

"Yes, but I also know that my daughter can handle herself and will not do anything too entirely stupid, besides the other three are capable enough," remarked Riddle in a cool voice. "Let's not forget that in the other world, your son was an Unspeakable and that's not a job that easily gets handed out. The Weasley girl is as well and I've seen your daughter, she got top marks in her year and was fairly good. I think if I they don't run into trouble, they should be fine until we manage to track them down."

"I just don't hope Dumbledore doesn't find them first," said Lily as she sank into the chair, with James captured and Jade and Harry off doing who knows what, it was becoming a day that she wished she could forget.

"He won't, we'll find them," said Bellatrix in a reassuring voice, but she did wonder if the quartet wanted to be found. "What are they up to?"

"That much is obvious," commented Riddle. "Dumbledore's base of operations they want to find it and I don't even know how successful they will be. I mean, I couldn't find it, and I was raised by him. I was never allowed inside, Dumbledore always kept me in a home that he purchased under an assumed name. It is a closely guarded secret and knowing Dumbledore, the few that are allowed inside are forced to take an Unbreakable Vow, to guard it even more. Careful and paranoid but I'm making some contacts, telling them to look out for the children, in addition to James. They will be found."

“Hopefully before Dumbledore finds out,” stated Lily but Bellatrix shook her head.

“I think he already knows, but whether he’ll find them...that won’t happen,” amended Bellatrix carefully, as Riddle moved over, to make some contacts. His daughter missing was not the first time she ran off to do something, a simple act of teenage rebellion most times but something told him this was much deeper this time.

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In the early morning of the Ministry of Magic, the building was quiet, with the exception of a few security wizards who had drawn the short straw and a few ambitious high ranking Ministry officials, wrapping up some early morning paper work. Little did they know that four other figures had joined them, creeping around the Ministry of Magic building.

“Easy part is getting in,” whispered Ginny as she looked around, the hallway was silent and eerily quiet.

“Hopefully the place we’re looking for is around the same area,” said Jade anxiously, as she held her wand, expecting someone to come out of every corner, but the quartet moved down the hallway, as Allison looked over, as Harry held up his hand, before he waved his wand, disabling a silent security ward. There were traps all over the Ministry, including the entrance they used, which took five minutes to disable. This one was simple to disable but difficult to detect other than the trained eye.

“Sneaking around the Ministry after hours, not exactly the safest thing in the world, surprised we haven’t ran into something,” muttered Allison, as she bit her lip and turned to Harry. “Are you sure this Caruthers bloke even works at the Ministry?”

“I’m pretty sure, trust me on this one, if he does, the Department of Records will have the information,” explained Harry quietly and quickly, as they moved around another corner. “All the Ministry employees past and present, their addresses, family members, school exam marks, all on file here. Including any investigations that

the Ministry of Magic officials might have been involved in and in some instances, scandals and other juicy information that can be used for blackmail material. It might have been covered up by the press, but it still is there, nothing ever gets removed from the magical records.”

“Guard,” hissed Ginny, and Harry’s eyes bolted up, looking at a very sleepy and slightly surly looking guard, who looked like he was just there to collect his paycheck and nothing more. Allison sent a stunning spell and a silencing charm. The stunning spell knocked him out and the silencing spell deadened the fall, before they moved forward and Harry stepped forward, before he looked at a door, waving his wand, creating a mist effect that revealed a number of interconnecting spells.

“We’ve found it,” said Harry in a quiet, yet, triumphant voice as he studied the spells, looking to see what he needed to disable first, without triggering any of the other defenses around the door. It was a stroke of luck that it was in about the same place. Now was the matter of figuring out a way to get inside “Watch my back please; take out anyone who comes down the corridor.”

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Albus Dumbledore was both pleased and slightly annoyed. This curious artifact had all kinds of magical properties, distorting the fabric of time and space. He was sure it had the capacity to travel further back in time than the time turner and its limitations. Also, it could travel through a seemingly infinite number of alternate dimensions. The thing that annoyed him was that Dumbledore could not help but notice that there was something he was missing that would tell him the full scope of the magical properties of this interesting artifact. Also, actually getting it to work seemed to be a mystery but Albus Dumbledore was nothing but patient, his vision of how the Wizarding World should be was nearing completion.

A knock on the door brought Dumbledore out of his work and he cleared away the artifact.

“Enter,” said Dumbledore in a cheerful voice, as the door swung open, to reveal a very frantic Percy Weasley, with Dumbledore putting silencing charms around the containment area of James Potter, so his prisoner could not hear one word on the off chance he escaped. “Yes, Percy, what can I do for you now?”

“Sir, the werewolves are in a tizzy, Greyback is stirring them up about you, they seem to think you’re not being sincere,” said Percy as if he was disgusted by the fact he had to relay something negative about Dumbledore. “Greyback is saying that any werewolf that he sees aligning with you, he’ll kill on the spot, it was lucky my contact managed to pass the message along. He seems to paint you with the same brush as the others, humans that are not worthy of his attention...”

“Calm down Percy,” responded Dumbledore raising his hand before he sighed. “It is unfortunate that some will not understand my vision, it is not a failing that is exclusive to humans. Greyback appears to thrive on his own power and it will be power that he can’t no longer have. People fear him, which is unfortunate, as he is nothing but a vicious cold blooded monster without one shred of decency.”

Percy nodded quickly, that it would be of no surprise if his head came off of his shoulders. Dumbledore just tapped his hand on his desk; the werewolves were an important key to his overall plan. If he had eliminated the vicious attacks on humans that were common among werewolves, he would show that he was only doing what was best. For that, he needed to put the werewolves under his control. He would prove that his method was more effective than countless mountains of Ministry legislation. He already had tentative alliances with the giants and the goblins, which really amounted to neutrality truces which would be fine for the mean time. The giants were nearly extinct anyway and the goblins were content with not stirring up the pot as long as they were not swindled by humans, something that Dumbledore had no intention of doing.

“Get in touch with my contact, but make sure Greyback gets word of it, I wish to have a chat with him personally to impress upon him the dangers that is continuing stubborn attitude will bring on his people,” said Dumbledore as he looked at Percy who nodded eagerly. “Get it

done within the day, I have an important matter that is of utter most urgency that needs to be addressed.”

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“In, finally,” said Harry as they slipped inside and Jade, Allison, and Ginny closely followed, it was a stroke of luck that they only ran into the first guard. “Everyone on your guard still for any surprises that might be in this room...yes, the cabinet should be around here somewhere, the file for Caruthers...”

“If he exists,” said Allison in a skeptical voice but she did hope that Harry would find it. The sooner they found out anything that could lead them to Dumbledore, the sooner they could find the artifact, and the sooner that they would know without a doubt whether or not things could return to the way they once were.

“He will,” responded Ginny in a firm voice as Harry tapped the file cabinet but other than a small security spell that he easily removed, there were no surprises.

“Wizard arrogance, the people who developed the security precautions inside the room are rank amateurs,” muttered Harry in an amused tone of voice.

“How can you tell?” asked Jade.

“Because there are none,” offered Ginny, as Harry pried open the cabinet and began to look through the files. It took several moments before he found what he was looking for. The only Caruthers listed in the Ministry and Harry brought up the file, which was rather thick. Thankfully, Harry had the ability to read through everything rather quickly and found some important information.

“Adrian Caruthers, born May Nineteenth, Ninety Forty Nine, finished Hogwarts with “Outstanding” marks in his Nastily Exhausting Wizarding Test exams, unmarried, no children,” read Harry as he looked forward. “Multi time dueling champion, Unspeakable Supreme...”

“What is that?” interrupted Allison in confusion.

“A fancy and slightly elitist way of saying that someone is the head of the Department of Mysteries,” explained Harry quickly. “Or rather the senior Unspeakable, outlasting the rest, really lasting more than fifteen or so years is really good. The fact remains that, well being an Unspeakable is not a long living line of work.”

“No kidding, the fact you might get killed because of magical secrets you may or may not have,” added Ginny.

“Did you know that before you took the jobs as Unspeakables?” asked Allison and Harry and Ginny nodded, before she turned, shrugging, they apparently had a bit of a death wish and that really was not any of her business but Harry looked at the file, flipping through, finding more interesting information.

“Investigated many times because of unethical experiments on Muggles and Azkaban prisoners alike, never convicted, believed to have ties Albus Dumbledore, never proven, heir to an immense family fortune,” read Harry as he looked forward. “And here’s what we’re looking for, the address...just a matter of planning and catching him by surprise.”

“It won’t be easy, he’ll be more paranoid than Alastor Moody,” offered Ginny.

“Is that even possible?” asked Allison skeptically and Harry just responded with a stiff nod, as he combed over the details of the file for another moment, looking for anything he might have missed, as he created the Portkey that would lead them to their latest lead.

“Portkey leaves in five minutes, please, everyone be ready for everything and anything, his house will have all kinds of traps and protective enchantments,” stated Harry as everyone nodded, before they each touched a finger on the Portkey and it pulled them to their destination, just right outside of the Caruthers residence, on their toes for anything that he might have in store for them.

Hermione sent a cutting curse right at a practice dummy that was charmed to look exactly like Harry Potter. The events of the previous day haunted her greatly, it was the first time she had ever failed at anything. She was given a job, to capture the people who were snooping around the old Dumbledore home at Godric's Hollow. The fact that it was those particular people that had caused her this embarrassment made her even more determined to make up for her failures. In fact, she was pretty much obsessed with erasing them that one cutting failure. The Potters were always on the top of the list of people that were a threat to Dumbledore. Allison Riddle was always a threat, always as spirited as her father and refused to believe that Dumbledore was the best. Then there was the traitor, she had a duty that Hermione would kill to have, what she was required to do to help ensure Dumbledore had several powerful individuals to help ensure his legacy for generations to come. Since she was a lowly Mudblood, the place she was right now was the best she could hope for. It was only because of her own natural skills and intelligence that she got to the position. As she blew off the head of a second practice dummy that was charmed to resemble Riddle, it ate her upside inside how well Ginny had it and how the ungrateful bitch threw away everything.

"Hermione!" shouted Molly Weasley in a shrill voice as she entered the room, without knocking or even bothering to ask if she was there. "Our new children are ready; I don't have to tell you what to do."

"Yes, Mrs. Weasley," said Hermione in a forced politeness voice, but in her mind, she envisioned taking out Molly Weasley and taking her place. It was such a glorious image, she was much better suited for the role to serve Dumbledore. It was about time that Molly Weasley got put out of pasture, all she did was order everyone around and threaten people with re-orientation that did not toe the line. The only reason that anyone took her seriously was because Dumbledore put his full support behind her. Dumbledore had his reasons. Hermione walked out, keeping the look on her face neutral, as she walked out. The last thing she wanted to do was spending her day babysitting a bunch of irritating brats, but it had to be done. Her time would come soon.

"You're kidding me right?" asked Allison in half disgust and half amusement. "This is the place, really?"

"I didn't make a mistake," said Harry, as he saw the most ridiculous house ever. It was painted a shocking pink with multi color spots. It was giving him a headache even to look at him as he moved forward. "Not something I would expect an Unspeakable Supreme to live in but I think that's the idea, everyone on your toes."

Jade was the first to move forward and she reached the welcome mat but Harry sent a spell right around her. It struck the welcome mat and spikes erupted from it.

"Just as I thought, traps everywhere, the door, the windows, the floor, is rigged," said Harry as he looked around and a loud growl was heard from inside the house.

"And what is that?" hissed Allison, as the growls were something that she had never heard in her life and another growl, this time more urgent echoed from inside the house. "Not too friendly, whatever it is."

"There has to be someway inside the house," stated Ginny desperately and Harry moved around the house, before he looked, waving his wand, careful not to trigger any traps before he shook his head. Each and every window, even those leading down to the basemen, had been triggered to ensnare any visitors. Caruthers knew the way in but he would be damned if anyone else would be allowed in his own home.

"Keep looking we will get in this house or die trying," remarked Harry, almost too casually for Allison's liking as she turned to Ginny.

"He was kidding about that last part, I assumed," said Allison but Ginny just responded by turning and assisting Harry in trying to find the slightest crack in the security measures. "A little positive reinforcement would be nice you know."

Fenrir Greyback had a young werewolf, he perceived to be a traitor to their kind pinned down, his yellow teeth bared as he looked down at him, snarling. The young man was shaken, sickly from the full moon that had happened only days ago. Of course, only weaklings who had not fully embraced the wolf had to deal with this, Greyback never felt better after he transformed into his superior form.

"You fool," growled Greyback as he looked at him, hands wrapped around his throat. "Selling out your brothers to Dumbledore, for what precisely, he doesn't give a damn about you, you're just a tool to further his own agenda...."

"Dumbledore wants to make a better world for us all, werewolves included," gasped the young werewolf, struggling against the grip of Greyback, who looked as if he wished to rip out his captive's throat.

"No human can make it better, they try and eliminate our rights one by one, we can't just succumb to them, we have to lash back, make them fear us, for we are superior to them, our strength is resistant to their magic," growled Greyback as the young werewolf realized that the pack leader looked like a monster even without the transformation. "Dumbledore is a coward that will take down any of his fellow humans that he perceives to be a threat..."

"Would a coward have personally met up with you, Fenrir," said the calm voice of Dumbledore and Greyback turned around, still keeping one hand firmly around the throat of his captive.

"Dumbledore, what a delicious surprise," grunted Greyback as he eyed Dumbledore. "A rare appearance beyond your headquarters, I'm honored."

"I'm sure, Fenrir," said Dumbledore as he looked at the crazed werewolf who looked back, with a predatory glare. "Now, I understand you have been making some difficulties for the truce I have extended towards the werewolves getting them help to control their problem..."

"It's not a problem!" growled Greyback suddenly, as he raised his hands, showing claw like fingernails. "It is a gifted, given to us, to ensure we're superior to humans, they fear what they can't have and

they try to have us eliminate. If Umbridge had her way, we would all be rounded up and executed like mad dogs. The humans will learn that they can't just shove us out of the way with legislation."

"Now, Fenrir, I'm only trying to help, get you werewolves a better deal, prove that you can be viable members of the magical community," said Dumbledore in a pacifying voice, as he moved forward, with the young werewolf getting to his feet. Greyback advanced on Dumbledore, licking his lips.

"That Riddle was such a weakling not to be able to finish off an old man like you," growled Greyback. "I will enjoy tearing into your throat and having a taste of your polluted blood. Then my pack will hunt down your inept little Cult and rip them to pieces either. We're going to prove we are the dominant species."

"An admirable goal Greyback, but one you won't succeed in," said Dumbledore, as he pulled a vial of liquid silver out of his robe pocket. "I don't want to do this, but it is for the good of wizard and werewolf relations...."

"You won't do that as a dead man, Dumbledore," said Greyback as he pounced towards Dumbledore but he took a quick step that caused Greyback to land away. The werewolf turned around as Dumbledore tapped his wand to the vial and threw it at him. The vial stuck to Greyback's chest before it burst and the liquid silver quickly absorbed into his own skin. Greyback gave an inhumane shriek, before he dropped down to the ground.

"Fenrir, you have a few weeks to live, until the next full moon, where you will die," explained Dumbledore cheerfully, as Greyback's eyes were glazed over. "I would tell you get your affairs in order but given the fact you'll be catatonic until you die, it won't do anyone any good."

Dumbledore turned to the young werewolf, who looked anxious and smirked at Dumbledore.

"You've done well, my boy, but there are still some things to do, it is now time to arrange the next stage of my plan," stated Dumbledore and the young werewolf nodded eagerly, looking at Greyback's limp

form, foaming at the mouth. "A meeting between your fellow Werewolves and Tom's misguided resistance. It should prove to be enlightening."

The young werewolf nodded, as he did what he needed to do. He was optimistic that Dumbledore would help werewolves get a better deal and completely eliminate the prejudice that the Wizarding World had towards them.

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"I found something!" shouted Harry in a triumphant voice as he looked at the house, where a section of it was unguarded by any spells, at least from first glance. The three girls moved over, to get a better look at the house. Sure enough, there was one guarded part of the house, that would be difficult to see, but there it was. Just wind enough for them to slip inside one at a time. "Blast it open!"

Four wands pointed towards the place that Harry indicated and it was blasted open. Bits of wood flew everywhere and they slipped inside one on one, not bothering to put their wands down as they entered the house, walking around. They took several steps forward and they heard a loud grunt from inside. They froze in their tracks as the door burst open, to reveal a shadowed figure. Quickly, they pointed their wands and threw stunning spells at the figure, but it kept moving from the shadows.

"Hit it with something stronger!" shouted Harry as Allison sent a jet of black light through the air, connecting with the figure which only stalled it for a moment, before several vines shot forward. They managed to knock the first attack away from cutting curses. The vines dropped to the ground and the second time, vines blasted in the air, right towards them, wrapping around them.

"What in the hell is this thing?" demanded Ginny as she struggled to breathe, as the shadow moved closer, into what light they had.

"I don't even know if I want to know," gasped Allison as she looked at the creature they had to fight, the sound of the growls that were

outside the outside, as the vines tightened and they came face to face with their captive. "And as usual, I hate being right."

"What in the hell is that thing?" asked Jade as she looked at it.

"A sin against both nature and logic," responded Harry as he came face to face with their captive, with its sinister, red like slits for eyes. For lack of a better description, it was a giant sentient potato with vampire fangs. Harry had never seen anything that was both disturbing and absurd at the same time. Unfortunately, his wand was slightly out of reach and he could not shift his positioning at the present time, without breaking his bones.

"Father will be pleased that some guests dropped by," said the monstrosity in a gluttonous voice as they got a look at its green, moldy tongue. "I do hope you four will be sticking around for dinner."

Harry rolled his eyes slightly at the clichéd line, despite their situation and he looked at Ginny, who looked dubious as well. Allison and Jade struggled as well. Harry briefly wondered if he had been transported into the middle of a 1950s B horror movie when he was not looking.

"Ah here he comes now," growled the monstrosity as discolored yellow drool dripped from its lips and a figure dressed in black with a hood pulled over his head, the only part visible was yellow eyes.

"Unspeakable Caruthers, I presume," gasped Harry as he struggled to breath.

"If only I can reach my wand," thought Harry to Ginny.

"Yeah, we can do that spell," agreed Ginny, before the connection broke, it was hard to keep it open when they could barely breath thanks to the grip this beast had on them.

"Yes, child, that would be correct, rather perceptive of you and I offer you my congratulations on getting this far," stated Caruthers in a soft voice, that you had to listen to hear. "I see you've met Kenny."

“Kenny?” asked Harry as he raised an eyebrow.

“My son, well not by blood, he was once a neighbor child who came over to get his ball back,” said Caruthers calmly. “I decided to invite him in for a drink. He refused at first, citing some tripe about his parents telling him not to accept anything from strangers. Kids these days, eh? Fortunately, I convinced him to take a drink by pulling him in a full body bind and pouring it down his throat. Unfortunately for him, not for me of course, it was a new serum based on the blood samples of several magical creatures that had some intriguing side effects, turning him into this creature right here, I might have included a few plants in my concoction the more that I think about it.”

Harry looked, in an attempt to free himself. By Muggleborns in the past, Unspeakables were compared to scientists, which was true in its simplest forms. There were many similarities but even more differences. The facts that magic tended to laugh in the face of science and science doing the same for magic, they were two things that never under any circumstances should mix. However, with the comparison in mind, this guy was the Unspeakable equivalent to a mad scientist and once again, Harry wondered if he had not been transported into that 1950s B-Horror movie.

“As Unspeakable Supreme, I get the chance to work with so many interesting experiments, some of them not morally ethical,” said Caruthers calmly. “I did begin work on a spacious trunk, that would contain a seven room mansion but there never seems to be enough time in the day to complete such an endeavor.”

“Just when you think there isn’t something more absurd than the giant, vampire potato, he springs this on us,” muttered Allison and the other three nodded, that was completely absurd and magically implausible to create such an item. In an instant, Harry turned to Caruthers, with an accusing look.

“Look, can the small talk, I know what you’re up to,” said Harry as he tried desperately to get his wand, which was just out of reach.

“You’re going to have to be more specific, boy, I’m up to a lot of things, I am an Unspeakable,” said Caruthers.

"The new and improved Re-Orientation Chamber, for Dumbledore, you know the Phoenix Lord," responded Harry and Caruthers looked at him, before he nodded.

"Oh him, well it's nothing personal to anyone against Dumbledore or for Dumbledore, it's just when I'm paid to do something other than the low amount of gold that the Ministry gives me, it's an opportunity I jump on," said Caruthers in an unfeeling voice as he looked at his captives, as if determining what precisely to do about it.

"How can you willingly do something like that?" demanded Allison. "Give something to a bastard who will use it to mind rape people and turn them into his little obedient soldiers and carry out whatever..."

"Fifty thousand galleons is how I can do it," interrupted Caruthers as he looked at the girl. "These experiments that I do cost money and even more bribing those close minded fools at the Ministry to look the other way, so they don't make a stir about everything being unethical. Besides, what Dumbledore does with whatever I design him is his business. If he wants to use it to solve world hunger, fine. Disturbing that he would squander my genius with something like that, but some people are sick that way."

"Father, food, I need food," growled Kenny as he looked at his captives.

"Not now, my boy, it is so rare that four guinea pigs have stumbled into my humble home, I can't just have you snack on them, as I have a few experiments that they can take part in," said Caruthers as he looked at them all with greed through his visible yellow eyes. "I stopped getting neighbors years ago because of the fact they...well they kept dying."

Caruthers chuckled darkly, before he surveyed each of them, his eyes moving from Harry to Ginny to Allison and then to Jade, before he nodded.

“Now which one of you children will be the first to help Uncle Adrian with his experiments,” said Caruthers with a sickening smile on his face.

“None of the above,” spat Harry as he managed to finally grip his wand, before he cut each of them free and a combined effort managed to blast Kenny backwards into the wall. The monstrosity hit the wall, and all of the moved forwards.

“Subdue him my son,” ordered Caruthers as he stepped back but Harry and Ginny turned to each other, nodding.

“Bubble headed charms right now, we’re going to try something!” shouted Harry urgently and two girls behind them agreed, doing as they were told, as Harry and Ginny lifted their wands, before conjuring a large loud of green dust. The giant vampire potato moved but they banished the cloud. The cloud blown right into the creature causing him to scream in horror, as it began to poison him, reducing him into a disgusting puddle of mush.

“Magically created herbicide?” asked Allison and Harry and Ginny nodded. “Dare I ask why you know such a spell?”

“Well, it did come in handy,” offered Jade as Harry brushed off the question before they turned to Caruthers whose yellow eyes narrowed in anger underneath the hood of his robe.

“You killed Kenny,” hissed Caruthers.

“Yeah, I know, I’m a bastard,” responded Harry calmly. “Now it’s your turn.”

The spell that Harry sent quickly had passed through Caruthers. He paused, looking at the Unspeakable Supreme as he laughed before his image flickered out of reality before he disappeared.

“Blasted illusion charm,” said Ginny angrily and Harry nodded, before he turned to them.

"Take a look around for anything, I doubt he would be careless enough to leave anything around, but if he is, we need to find it," said Harry quickly without taking a breath, as he moved around, beginning to dig through every corner of the house, to find anything that would give them the slightest hint but right now, they would be running into another dead end.

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"Lily, I wouldn't get your hopes up, but I think we might have found where Dumbledore is keeping James," said Riddle calmly.

"Really, that's great!" said Lily in a relieved voice but she got over her joy when she realized that this might be false hope and she looked at Riddle. "How do we know?"

"Anonymous tip, by someone who saw members of the Cult leading James inside," said Riddle calmly and Lily looked at him, with some hope but yet some skepticism as well. "A trap, the thought did cross my mind, but if it is, we're not going to be the one's who get rapped, I'll calling in all of the wands we can find, we'll leave within the next ten minutes."

Lily nodded, her children were still missing and that was of most concern as well, by finding James, if this was legitimate was a step in the right direction. She just hoped it was and if not, they could get their hands on someone that might hold a vital clue to where Dumbledore was right now.

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"You sure this is the place?" asked one of the members of the Resistance and Riddle, nodded, before they blasted their way indoors, wands drawn, as they looked around, before they saw a slumped figure on the ground. Riddle moved over and rolled him over, seeing the sunken eyes of a very familiar individual.

"Greyback," said Riddle calmly. "Poisoned, catatonic, doesn't have much time left?"

The group looked at each other, wondering why Dumbledore would lead them here, but a figure moved in the shadows, Riddle turned and stuck his wand right into the throat. The man trembled.

"Who are you, what are you doing here?" asked Riddle softly, as the young werewolf staggered, trapped at wand point but several more pops echoed, right on schedule and the door opened, with the werewolves that were summoned walking inside.

"Well get it over with, kill me like you did with Greyback!" shouted the young werewolf in a spirited voice and the Resistance turned, seeing the group. "Yes, these assassins have slaughtered one of our own in cold blood and now they're trying to do the same to me to cover up their misdoings. You're not going to just lie down and let them run over us!"

While not transformed, the werewolves looked angry and turned towards the Resistance, those who had not completely abandoned their human ways pulling out wands, as both groups faced off. Riddle dropped the young werewolf as he turned, realization coming around him what that crafty old bastard just did.

And there's the chapter, an interesting and quite strange romp through writing. There were a couple of instances where I was writing things purely to amuse myself. Chapter Ten to come in the not too distant future.

Chapter Ten: Web of Time

The werewolves surrounded the Resistance, some of them looking very angry, as the young werewolf turned away, hiding a triumphant expression that appeared on his face. Dumbledore would be pleased for sure as the Resistance had no choice but to pull their wands out in case of an attack from the werewolves, who had been stirred up against them right now. The image of Greyback lying near them, in a lifeless, catatonic state did not help matters all that much.

“Explain,” demanded one of the werewolves roughly, as while he still had a wand, his features resembled Greyback slightly, as he was slowly using his humanity and looked more ragged and wolf like even in his human appearance.

“A simple misunderstanding,” commented Riddle, but he had his wand, he was in no mood for games, the werewolves had always been a problem. Dumbledore could easily sway some of them with promises of a cure or a better deal among wizards. That’s what happened to Lupin and others fell to the promises of Dumbledore. Umbridge helped matters little with her attitude and her slowly pushing legislation through to force the werewolves to lose more and more rights. While he did not shed any tears over Greyback’s death, the man was insane and responsible for enough bloodshed that he even gave Dumbledore a slight run for his money, it still did a number on werewolf and human relations.

“Misunderstanding, you humans must think we are stupid,” growled another werewolf who had no wand but looked to be equally dangerous without one, powerful enough to snap a man’s neck with his bare hands given the effort and motivation. “There is no misunderstanding about this you fools, you killed one of our fellow werewolves, you were seen with the body.”

“He’s lying!” shouted one of the members of the Resistance, pointing to the young werewolf who cowered in fear.

“Why would he be cowering from you humans if he was lying?” asked an older werewolf gruffly. “You killed Greyback in cold blood, and that

could have been any of us, including him, but we're not going to give you a chance to have any more werewolf blood on your hands."

"Listen, we were lead here, to believe my husband was held here," said Lily who held her wand, as the werewolves advanced on them. Riddle's source was being fed some false information, leading them here and now the group of werewolves was attacking them. Several loud bangs had produced ropes trapping some of the werewolves, but others pounced on the attacks, incapacitating several of the werewolves until their fellow Resistance members jumped in, knocking them down, trapping them.

"Retreat, nothing to find here and the longer we fight, the worse things will be," said Riddle swiftly, as three werewolves were taken out by one little spell from him. The werewolves kept moving, as they moved outside of the building, throwing a few spells to back up the werewolves.

"Don't let those assassins escape, they killed Greyback, now they're backing down from a fair fight!" shouted the young werewolf. "They will pick us off one by one!"

The doors were sealed shut, as they made their way outside of the worn down building. The werewolves attempted to break there way through the building, to get at the Resistance but unfortunately for them, the Resistance was gone, Disapparated away from the battle.

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"Adrian, I thank you for coming for a meeting on such short notice and so soon," remarked Albus Dumbledore, as the hooded Unspeakable sat down, his sickly yellow eyes looking out from underneath the hood, across from Dumbledore. "I trust your work on the new and improved Re-Orientation facilities has reached completion. It regret the necessity, but it remains so as long as people fail to see the vision I have for this world. I only want the best of all and it is a shame people fight me every step of the way."

"It's completed, Dumbledore," said Caruthers as he put a thick black folder in front of Dumbledore. "Detailed instructions, every single

move that I went through when I developed it and believe me it works. I tested it on Unspeakables, some of the most experienced and toughest other than myself, and it turned them into strong supporters of your cause. Unfortunately, it also turned the first two into vegetables but after some fine tuning, the second test resulted into three new people who have been bent to your will. It is nice to have some that will help me work on some of my projects that you hire me for.”

“I’m sure you’ll appreciate the help, Adrian,” said Dumbledore, as he flipped through the folders, it was detailed and very good, he could find no flaws with it. “I do have another curiosity that I wish for you to take a look at it, because I’m baffled with certain qualities.”

“You may show me Dumbledore, but if you want any insight on how it may work, it will cost extra,” said Caruthers stiffly and Dumbledore tapped his wand, revealing a hidden compartment underneath his desk, where he removed the artifact and placed it in front of Caruthers. He looked at the artifact, before his eyes widened in recognition. “The Web of Time!”

“You know of it,” said Dumbledore in surprise.

“I had given up on ever locating it, I thought it was a myth,” said Caruthers as Dumbledore prompted Caruthers with a look but the Unspeakable just remained silent. “This is all you’ll getting Dumbledore, until you give me more gold. You know my price.”

“Very well, Caruthers, I will arrange for more gold to be directed right into your vault,” remarked Dumbledore and Caruthers nodded, before he took a deep breath.

“The Web of Time is the standard where all time and space based magical artifacts are based on,” responded Caruthers. “Time travel is a very sketchy branch of magic but the Romans got it down to a fine art. We have not been able to duplicate it, with the time turner being the closest but it had its limitations, with only eight hours. The Web of Time, on the other hand, was intended to be a device that would allow individuals to travel to different times and different dimensions as well.”

"There are other dimensions out there?" asked Dumbledore, who had of course suspected this for some time, but having confirmation was rather interesting.

"For sure, Dumbledore, there are other dimensions out there, an infinite number of dimensions out there in fact, many of them so similar with a few miniscule differences and others are as different as night and day," said Caruthers with a knowing smirk. "Now going back to the Web of Time, it can move through dimensions and it can move backwards through time further than even the time turner could manage. Exactly how far, I don't even really know, but it's further than anyone else has ever managed."

"Intriguing but any information on how this artifact may work?" questioned Dumbledore.

"No, I'm afraid that information has been lost with the collapse of the Roman Magical Empire," stated Caruthers in a calm voice. "Who knows how it might work, as time tends to alter magic in strange ways. I would highly advise locking the artifact in a warded room, unless of course you want to get blasted all over time and space with your experimentation. However, if you wish to tamper with it, who am I just to stop you from meddling in magic that as even beyond my grasp."

"Thanks for the warning, but I believe this artifact has much to tell me yet," said Dumbledore, who had come closer to unlocking the secrets buried deep inside the Web of Time than he wanted Caruthers to believe. "I trust your work is going well."

"Other than four teenagers deciding to snoop around my house for something involving you, then yes, everything has gone well," said Caruthers and Dumbledore's interest turned to him.

"Who were they?" asked Dumbledore calmly.

"I didn't ask for their names Dumbledore, but one of them had messy black hair with green eyes, the other dark red hair, the other flaming red hair, and there was a dark haired girl as well, they haven't found anything there, don't worry, I keep any correspondence with you

locked in my office,” responded Caruthers but Dumbledore looked like he was very much worrying. “Do you know them?”

“All too well,” said Dumbledore, wondering how they found out his connection with Caruthers. Those four were getting dangerously close to finding out his base of operations and then all will be lost if they somehow by some miracle. While the Resistance and the werewolves would be occupied with each other, Dumbledore had another problem he had foresaw.

“Yeah, they were better than I expected, they even bypassed my security system and they killed my son in cold blood,” said Caruthers nonchalantly as if he was discussing the weather. “The boy appeared to be the leader and the best out of them all, he was good, almost Unspeakable material I daresay.”

“Yes, he appears to be a valuable asset,” said Dumbledore. “I thank you for coming here Caruthers, but I have business I must attend to, so I bid you farewell until next time.”

“Okay, Dumbledore, contact me if you need any other morally unethical magical artifacts to further your agenda,” said Caruthers with a mocking bow and Dumbledore looked up, to give him an admonishing look but he was gone. Dumbledore looked at the artifact, in an absent minded manner. He was more worried than he had ever been in his life. Tom turning his back on him had stung and come close, but other than that one prominent defeat, it was something that only caused Dumbledore minor difficulties. Albus Dumbledore was not a foolish person, ever since Harry Potter and Allison Riddle escaped from that Re-Orientation Facility, with Ginny Weasley; it appeared that Potter was a bit more of a crafty individual that he would have liked to believe. In fact, his spies from inside Hogwarts had told him that Lily’s son was intelligent, but only showed average magical power. Someone that had potential but was not an immediate concern for Dumbledore, until the events of the last couple of days, when the boy had really stepped up.

Now Dumbledore had to get Potter and the other three would be useful as well. They could be devoted members of his planned magical utopia, once he had made his next move and the Web of

Time he had in his hands showed him the next move he could make, the ability to erase undesirable elements from the past that would help shape the present into something better was to begin and with all of the artifacts he had collected over the years, he had the means to do so, providing he could get the Web of Time working to his specifications.

Right now, he had to track down those four and bring them in, especially the Weasley girl, because Dumbledore still had no idea how much they knew. If they had been at the Caruthers residence, as the Unspeakable had stated, then he would be able to track them with ease, a slip up on their part.

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“Nothing, a dead end,” said Allison in a discouraged voice as they arrived at a small Muggle village, before entering an abandoned house to plot their next move. “I’m beginning to understand what my father meant when he said we’re destined to go around in circles forever, until we just collapse and Dumbledore picks up the pieces.”

“Yet, he still fights,” responded Harry calmly.

“And so will we,” agreed Ginny. “No one said it was going to be easy. Hell, it’s never easy. It never will be easy but we’ve stumbled upon something before, even though the Caruthers thing was a dead end.”

“Dumbledore doesn’t want us snooping around his home,” responded Harry. “The key is in their, that will lead us straight to Dumbledore, unfortunately our hand was tipped too soon, Dumbledore is too smart not to have that place guarded, in fact it is a stroke of like we managed to get our hands on the one piece of information we did.”

“I’m usually the optimistic one,” said Jade with a sigh as she looked at the others seriously. “But, I’m beginning to wonder if beating Dumbledore is even possible.”

“That’s never been my concern,” said Harry calmly.

“Oh yes, you just want to find that artifact and get back to your lovely little damaged world, that might even be even more fucked up than ours,” said Allison in a challenging voice.

“We don’t belong here,” argued Harry as he looked at the girl, she intensely glared back, not backing down.

“Do you honestly think you will be happy going back to that?” asked Allison in a calm voice, as she wanted an answer.

“It’s just not right, us being here and besides, don’t you want your Harry back?” challenged Harry.

“I well, yes and no, but still,” said Allison, before she folded her arms; this was not an easy answer. The more she spent time with this Harry, the more she realized that there were very few differences and in fact, as much as it pained her admit it, this one was an improvement on the one she knew. The only drawback was the red haired girl sitting next to him, who, as Allison painfully remembered, was married to that Harry.

“We don’t even know if we can go back, Harry,” voiced Ginny and Harry grabbed her hands calmly, before looking in her eyes.

“We don’t say never, until we get our hands on the artifact,” said Harry in a firm voice but he looked at the two girls, who looked back at them. He had robbed them, along with Lily and James, of their son. He had long since gotten over the desire to have a family years ago, Ginny was the only person that he would allow to get too close to him and that was because of stubborn persistence on her part. He struggled not to get emotionally attached to anyone, because after that, it would not be too long before he lost them. Ginny was the exception rather than the rule.

“You know what your problem is,” stated Allison. “You’re afraid of failing.”

“I’m not,” responded Harry in an irritated voice, as he looked back at her but she responded with a smug look, hands on her hips as she stood up.

"I think you are, you have to return home, because that would be admitting defeat if you just think of yourself for once, instead of worrying about something you can't fix," responded Allison in a challenging voice. "You're leading us on this crusade, where there is no way for us to win. You're about as bad as Dad, not admitting defeat when..."

"SHUT UP!" shouted Ginny as she glared at Allison. "Harry's the only reason why we aren't killed and if we had Granger, instead of you mucking things up, we might be closer to Dumbledore than we are now."

"Sure, blame me, when you got your head split with a curse and was useless for most of the battle," said Allison as she got up and Jade stood in the middle, as Harry looked irritated.

"Both of you, this is not anyone's fault other than Dumbledore's, both of them," added Harry with a grimace, as he blamed the Dumbledore in his world for the chain of events that lead to him becoming an Unspeakable, as both Ginny and Allison were silenced and their wands were taken away. "I'm going to remove the charms and give you back your wands, if you promise to play nice. Remember, Miss Riddle, I didn't force you to come along, you chose to and Ginny, now is not the time to let that famous Weasley temper get the better of you. I know you're better than that. I will get the artifact and I'm not saying anything from there. Until then, we need to work together and whatever happens, happens. Understood?"

The two silenced girls nodded, as they reached their hands out. Harry returned their wands to them and removed the charms, and not a moment too soon as several loud bangs busted the windows out of the house.

"Don't look now, but we're not alone," said Jade as her eyes widened when she saw who they were facing off against. "Dumbledore's Elite Cult of the Phoenix."

"How in the hell did they find us?" asked Harry.

"I don't know, but this isn't going to be an easy fight," remarked Allison as the army of wizards held their wands, before they moved into the attack, as the four braced themselves for a battle. The fact these wizards were the Elite of the Cult of the Phoenix was no exaggeration, as Harry found himself barely able to fight off even one of them, as they circled the four teenagers, like sharks going for their pray, as Allison managed to just barely knock one into the wall, causing him to crack his head and begin bleeding all over the carpet.

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Dolores Umbridge had just signed her name at the bottom of some anti-werewolf legislation that would limit the number of jobs werewolves were allowed to have. It was their own fault that they were filthy half breeds and she felt no sympathy for their plight. The Minister of Magic looked over the legislation with pride. After the recent werewolf attacks on the last full moon, Umbridge could almost sense her popularity rating souring.

"Enter," said Umbridge in a sugary sweet voice and an frantic Auror burst into the office.

"Magic has just been registered in a Muggle area, its off the scales, it looks like there is another fight," reported the Auror quickly without even bothering to take one breath. "I'm getting the Aurors ready to go there as quickly as possible, to try and calm down the situation but Crouch wants to know what his options are."

"Arrest and contain, lethal force is prohibited," said Umbridge with a smile who wondered exactly who was battling in this Muggle area. Whether it was the people of Riddle or Dumbledore, it mattered little to her, the fact remained that she could get some information. As Minister of Magic, she felt it was her duty to force her way into the private dealings of people, to ensure the safety of the overall Wizarding public.

"At once, Minister Umbridge," said the Auror as he turned and Umbridge tapped her wand to the anti-Werewolf legislation, making it law.

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"That will be all for today, remember to read chapters one through three in Albus Dumbledore's autobiography by tomorrow to ensure you know the selfless actions of the greatest wizard who ever lived," concluded Hermione, as a group of children, ranging from ages six to eleven nodded, blank looks in their eyes, still feeling the after effects of being oriented into Dumbledore's perfect world. At least they had stopped whining about wanting their parents, that was always unfortunate. Their parents were Muggles and had been dealt with, being liabilities to the world that Dumbledore created. "And until tomorrow, what should we remember, children?"

"Albus Dumbledore is always watching us," chanted the children in dull, monotonous tones, as they all filed out in an orderly manner. Hermione slumped down in the chair, relieved that she was done bothering with a bunch of impudent children. Her mind went back to her failure, the only one in her life, but Dumbledore would thank her because tonight she vowed to go out and hunt down both Potter and Riddle on her own. They would not make a mockery out of her ever again.

Hermione walked out, but she paused, hearing Molly Weasley's voice.

"It's great, Dumbledore tracked those brats down, especially my daughter, she would pay for betraying me and we can throw those brats into the new and improved re-orientation room when it's finished, don't know why Dumbledore wanted a portable version though, but that's his call, he knows what's best for him," stated Molly. "Once the Elite wizards get their hands on their children, I hope I can teach whatever remains some respect but they won't be a problem any more either way."

Hermione's fists clenched together. Those over important, elite members of the Cult of the Phoenix were stealing her glory. It was her responsibility to erase the failures of the past, by beating Potter and Riddle, eliminating them. Once again, she realized that Dumbledore had to have his reasons, but for the first time, Hermione did not want to accept them. She paused, hearing the location where

those four were tracked and Hermione looked down, she knew what she had to do right now, as she went to her room, excusing herself.

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"What is it now?" asked Riddle, as he had not just entered his office for two minutes, before one of his contacts at the Ministry had contacted him with some information.

"A battle, of great magical power, we've been able to verify it's the Cult of the Phoenix, the Aurors are being dispatched, but I believe your daughter has been sighted as among the opposition in the battle," remarked the contact and Riddle just stopped, staring at his contact with an odd look on his face. "Among others..."

"I believe I can fill in the blanks as to whom is with her, get me the location and I'll bring as many wands as I can," said Riddle, assuming a business like stance, hoping this was not another false lead fed by someone to lure him and others out in the open. Still, with the proper precautions, it should be checked out.

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Jade gave a scream, as she just barely avoided being taken out by one of the members of the Cult of the Phoenix. It was quite fortunate, that Harry was there to distract him long enough for her to take him out of the equation. Allison and Ginny were having their own difficulties, as maybe only three or four of their opponents were taken out long enough to not play a factor into the battle. Right now, they were just fighting a purely defensive battle and it looked to be one they had little hope in winning.

Harry gasped for air, but he managed to send a corkscrew of light right towards his opponent. Much to his relief, the loud cracks he heard were several ribs breaking at once, hopefully one had punctured a vital internal organ, it would make his life easier. The Cult was just wearing them down, but Harry levitated a table, before he threw it right at two Cult members, indisposing them long enough for them to get blasted through a wall by the three girls. The battle was spilled outside and Harry, seeing the broken glass lying in the grass,

used it to his advantage. A simple levitation charm followed by a banishing spell right towards the Cult member, but he blasted the glass into nothingness.

“Come on, we can’t give up that easily!” shouted Ginny encouragingly, as Allison was nearly taken out, but she sprang up at the last minute, her opponent’s head whipped back but unfortunately a loud bang and several chains wrapped around the girl, taking her out of the battle. Ginny moved in, but was overwhelmed. Harry blasted through the attacks, just keeping up with the attacks long enough to give Ginny some room to fight back. The battle raged on as Jade managed to break Allison free of her confinement, only getting struck down by a curse, that caused her to lose her breath, long enough to leave her open for other attacks.

“Need to regroup, need help,” stated Allison through clenched teeth, as blood dripped down from her arm, a nasty reminder of a curse she suffered in the heat of battle. It was unfortunate that they had to keep fighting against a seemingly unbeatable group of wizards and were unable to catch their breath long enough to fight back.

“Just keep it up, don’t stop, no matter what!” shouted Harry encouragingly, but he could not be more discouraged, as a particularly skilled member was blocking his attacks and he had to dodge the assaults from at least two more of them on either side. He was beginning to get worn down physically and mentally, these were not the untrained witches and wizards they fought early, they might have been even better than the most competent Aurors that the Ministry had available to work with.

Several loud pops and Harry looked up, to said Ministry Aurors, some of them looking very uncomfortable when they saw the viciousness of the battle that was going on around them.

“Freeze all of you, Ministry of Magic Aurors, you are all under arrest for disturbing the peace of a Muggle area and breaking the...” stated one of the Aurors, but he never finished, as the Cult turned their attention to the Aurors, several spells wiping them out. A couple fought back, but they had never been trained for anything like this, which amused Harry as the Ministry of Magic appeared to have the

same level of incompetence. The Cult members struck down the Ministry Aurors, with amusement but Harry, Ginny, Allison, and Jade managed to use this distraction, as an advantage to catch their breath, before Harry frowned.

"Blast it, they put anti-Portkey spells around the area, don't know how far they stretch, but we'll never make it that far, not to mention anti-Apparation fields," said Harry, as he took out his frustration on a dazed member of the Cult, throwing him up into the air, before causing him to crash down. He blocked two more spells as the battle continued. He was going over his mind, racking his brain for a solution, naturally if he wanted to, he could remove them but it would take time and that was time that they did not have. They continued to battle for another minute or so, until a loud pop.

"OH NO YOU DON'T THEY'RE MINE!" shouted Hermione as she arrived, before she knocked an unassuming member of the Cult of the Phoenix out of the way, before she sent a cutting curse right towards Allison's throat, this vicious attack narrowly avoided, before the girl fought back. The Cult stopped fighting long enough, taken aback by this unexpected moment of rage and Hermione sent a number of spells at a fatigued Allison, but Harry moved over, before he knocked Hermione out of the way. She managed to cushion her fall, to pull herself back to her feet and Harry sent a jet of blue light. One of the members of the Cult tried to send a spell but Hermione pointed her wand, sending a shield up in front of Harry.

"What are you doing, you foolish Mudblood?" demanded the member of the Cult, but Jade knocked him out with an attack from behind, his skull cracking.

"Taking what is mine, my victory," said Hermione through gritted teeth as Harry avoided an attack, before he sent one back at Hermione.

"I don't have time for this, I have more important things to worry about than you," said Harry, but Hermione was not listening to reason, as she turned, and deflected a spell back towards Allison, as the Cult members took a shot at Hermione, but she blocked it.

"I won't be cheated out of this, not now!" shrieked Hermione but the Elite Cult obviously considered she was a threat to their mission, her childish antics having proven to be a roadblock and treated her like the other four. "Just leave, I'll take care of this..."

"No, you won't jeopardize the Phoenix Lord's mission with your childish grudges," said a Cult Member as a sphere of blue light shot through the air. Hermione dodged, as they moved for the attack, with Hermione throwing spells at everything that moved, having lost her mind from that one failure but it was apparent that she was overwhelmed.

"I can't, I won't!" shouted Hermione, as Harry was amused how she was inadvertently helping them, through her attempts to fight off the attacks of her own fellow members of the Cult. Still, the Cult had not completely turned their attention away from the four that they had been entrusted to capture. The battle continued, and both Jade and Ginny were just fighting on fumes, with Allison coming close to losing ground. Harry, being the most skilled of the four, fought, ducking an attempt for Hermione to fire a spell at him in an attempt to take him out, which Harry had to give her credit for. If she was going down, she was going to go down fighting.

Several more pops echoed and Allison looked with a mixture of relief and horror, as she saw her father, along with members of the Resistance arriving. One of the members of the Cult backed up in horror, before Riddle blasted him backwards with ease. Three attacked Riddle at once, but the powerful wizard fought back, utilizing a bit of dark magic to skew the odds to his favor.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Harry, as he watched his mother fight off a skilled member of the Cult, before he fought off another.

"Saving you, I don't know what you were thinking going out, without telling us where you were going," said Lily, who gave Harry a look that plainly stated, "we're discuss this later", before she continued fighting.

"I was thinking that you would try and stop me from doing the job I had to do," answered Harry evenly, as they continued to fight. "Exactly how many members of this Cult does Dumbledore consider to be among the Elite?"

"I count twenty, twenty five at least, who knows who might be hiding," said Riddle, as he threw another spell, knocking him out. "Not counting those who are unconscious of course."

Hermione was a bit uncomfortable with the new arrivals, as she wondered if it was a good idea to stick around and fight or leave to fight another day. She disregarded her thought, vowing to fight until her final breath. Retreating now would mean a second failure in days, something she could not handle. Despite the fact that she was severely outgunned, she refused to drop dead. Losing was the most unacceptable thing she could think of, as the Resistance and the Cult continued their battle around her.

"Grab one of them and return back for reinforcements!" shouted one of the members of the Cult, before Harry threw a spell at him, that he dodged. The Resistance were holding their own, but the Cult would not go down easily.

"Harry, I have an idea," thought Ginny to Harry mentally, as she was fighting members of the Cult nearby, two of them at once, as she fought back against them.

"So do I," responded Harry mentally. "I'm going allow them to capture..."

"Exactly what I was thinking," interrupted Ginny but Harry could almost sense her discouraging. "They're likely to bring us straight to Dumbledore and..."

"Say no more, I'm on it," remarked Harry mentally.

"No Harry, not, this time, it's my turn to do something recklessly stupid and heroic," responded Ginny.

However, before Harry could react, Ginny was struck from behind with a stunning spell. Harry's eyes widened in horror, he could not believe she would do that. The Cult continued to fight, before a barrier was erected in front of them, as two of them grabbed Ginny. Harry frantically blasted the barrier, in an attempt to break through to save his wife, but much to his annoyance, the Portkeys had already been activated, with several more attempts, pulling Ginny into destination unknown.

"SON OF A BITCH!" shouted Harry, as several street lamps exploded, as his face was beet red and he muttered a few more curses underneath his breath, with his mother moving over.

"Harry, I'm sorry, but...we couldn't stop them, they wanted someone as a hostage, it could have been any of us," said Lily in a pacifying voice as she motioned for Jade to walk over. "Not to make matters any worse than they already are, but Ginny wasn't the only person who had been captured by that Cult..."

"Dad," muttered Jade in realization.

"It is not a total loss, I managed to capture this one before they left," stated Riddle calmly, as he held a bound and unconscious Hermione, whose luck had ran out. "She should give us some information, what I don't know, but any clue..."

"No, now that Ginny has been captured, everything has fallen into place, although it should have been me who was put in the line of fire," said Harry and they looked at him, with surprised looks.

"You mean you had this planned?" asked Jade in surprise.

"Explain later, Mr. Potter, sticking around here is not the best thing, we need to get to a safe place and interrogate our captive as well," responded Riddle abruptly as they left, before either more Aurors or a reinforced Cult arrived.

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Dumbledore had the Web of Time on his desk. He had gotten a good enough feeling of how the device worked, to formulate a plan. He had sketched up a design for an item that he had many capable hands working on at Weasley Manor, as he finished the reconfigurations on his fireplace, that he would hook up to the Web of Time. On paper, the idea seemed quite frankly absurd but so did so many other genius inventions. Those who had acquired the gold from their genius got the last laugh, more often than not.

A knock on the door had prompted the arrival of Percy Weasley, who walked forward with a box, containing four arm bands, the simple, yet intriguing magical devices that Dumbledore required for the next stage of his mission. They were placed on his desk.

"Here they are, I hope they are towards your specifications, the Junior members have been working hard, not allowed to take any breaks for anything," said Percy in an excited voice.

"Quite acceptable Percy, they have done well," responded Dumbledore, as he looked over the arm bands. "I need more, dozens of them, for the most Elite of my children, of the task I must ask of them.."

"Mind I ask what this latest plan is, sir?" asked Percy.

"I have been looking towards the present for answers, but found that I'm wrong, the answers lie a bit further back," answered Dumbledore and Percy looked at him with a raised eyebrow. "All you need to know is that you're doing a commendable job and I'll always remember what you've done, even though you may not in time."

"As you wish, Mr. Dumbledore," said Percy, who was confused about what Dumbledore meant but happy to be of service all of the same.

"Bring me back the rest of the bands once they've been completed, remember, thirty should be an acceptable number," said Dumbledore and he waved Percy off. The excited boy left and Dumbledore looked forward, before opening the door, looking towards his resurrection chamber, where Fawkes was still trapped with a number of spells that prevented him from flame travelling out of the glass case. "Fawkes,

you will play your role too, my friend. I apologize with what must be done and you might be weakened for some time, but you'll thank me when you live in a world that is completely void of dark magic."

Dumbledore flicked his wand and began to pump the chamber with Fawkes still encased in the glass beak. The phoenix looked at him in a confused manner, Dumbledore was not due for another treatment for quite some time. Dumbledore walked over, with a sad smile on his face, before he held his wand.

"Forgive me Fawkes, but this is for the greater good," said Dumbledore sadly and he tapped the glass. The phoenix cycle was accelerated, several months in a few seconds, as he reached his next burning day. Dumbledore looked at him, as the Elixir was heated up when the phoenix was forced to go through his burning day prematurely. The Elixir heated up, before the ashes fluttered, Fawkes becoming reborn slower than usual. Dumbledore waved his wand at the super heated Elixir of Life and at his feet laid a suit case with several vials of it that he quickly shrunk down to the size of the match book. "This should last me for at least a century and I should be able to locate your past self in time to bring me more and reconstruct this chamber, oh and I might need this as well."

Dumbledore stuffed the Philosopher's Stone in his pocket and walked out of the room, where an incoming transmission was coming, right from Weasley Manor.

"Yes, is there a problem?" asked Dumbledore, as he saw the face of Molly Weasley on the other end.

"Not a problem at all Dumbledore, the traitor has been captured, the Elite has gotten her," said Molly in a voice positively bubbling with joy and Dumbledore looked a bit caught off guard but nodded with a smile.

"That's wonderful, Molly," said Dumbledore before he got right down to business. "What does she know?"

"I can't tell, she had some Occlumency shields that I can't get through," said Molly with a frown. "It's almost like another person is

blocking me from accessing her thoughts but I don't know where she picked it up."

"I wonder how long she has been swayed from our side, by the misguided individuals, Tom must have a bit more of a corrupting influence on the Hogwarts students trying to do the right thing than I believed," said Dumbledore in a saddened voice, he had raised Tom to be better than this and his radical thinking had basically forced Dumbledore's hand. He had hoped to keep the Resistance occupied with the werewolves, but as always, Dumbledore had more than one plan. "Send Percy with her, I will see what I can gather from her mind."

"Show her no mercy, Dumbledore," suggested Molly and Dumbledore just gave her a disapproving look.

"I show mercy for all of the children, as they might be salvaged yet," said Dumbledore and Molly just looked at him, before nodding.

"As you wish, Albus, as you wish," said Molly, who knew better than to argue with Dumbledore. After all, Albus Dumbledore was never wrong.

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"Harry?" asked Ginny in a dazed tone. "Looks like the plan worked..."

"Ginny what you did was..." stated Harry but Ginny interrupted him.

"Exactly what you would have done had our roles been reversed," commented Ginny and Harry just mentally sighed. "Look Harry, they would have just re-oriented you, Dumbledore wants to know exactly what I know or rather my other self knows and...the artifact's here!"

"What?" asked Harry in surprise.

"Percy brought me here, but it's sitting right on Dumbledore's desk, he does have it," said Ginny. "Can't make a move, about six guards have their wands at my head, now they're escorting me out, for questioning"

“Keep the link open, I’m tracking you right now, Dumbledore’s slipped up and it will be the last mistake he’ll make,” stated Harry.

And that’s the end of Chapter Ten, with Chapter Eleven coming rather soon.

Chapter Eleven: Floo of Time:

Hermione Granger sat down, enraged that she had been captured. She was chained to a chair, unable to move, as Riddle stood over her, with a calm, indifferent expression in his eyes. She spotted Harry Potter and Allison Riddle, sitting on the other side of the room, obviously afraid of her. She would destroy them, there was no way about it, as she looked at the elder Riddle, before a sneer appeared on her face.

"You can look all you want, but I'll never talk, I'll never betray Dumbledore to you," said Hermione in a stubborn tone of voice, as if she was confident there was no way that they could make her talk. "Chaining me to a chair like cowards, after knocking me out from behind, Dumbledore won't forgive this, he's not going to let you get away with this."

"It has never been what Dumbledore allows with me," responded Riddle calmly, as he looked at Hermione, right into her eyes. She had some pretty good Occlumency Barriers, but Riddle had broken far older with lots of experience and it was just a matter of finding her breaking point. "Don't try to fight me, girl, it will be a lot harder on you later."

"NO!" shouted Hermione stubbornly, but the chains negated her magic, she could not break out and fight back. These cowards had her trapped. "I won't...Dumbledore will make all of you pay, for ruining his perfect..."

Hermione was silenced, numb and unable to respond with anything other than a stare. She struggled but her mind felt weakened as Riddle continued to comb through her mind. Riddle looked at her, refusing to back off, as he knocked down all of her defenses one by one, as Hermione began shaking like mad, trying to do everything in her power. The charm that Riddle had used on her, had also prevented her from closing her eyes. She felt like she was trapped.

On the other end of the room, the group awaited, but Harry was in deep thought. He needed great concentration to be able to locate Ginny.

"Dumbledore's done as she expected, I'll be damned," said Harry as he got out of her trance as he looked at the group. Allison prompted him with a nod to give more information. "Molly can't get into her mind, so she's being taken straight to Dumbledore, and the artifact's right there."

"So what are we waiting for?" asked Allison as she clutched her wand. "Let's go down there and shut down Dumbledore before and for all."

"Patience, I need to get enough of a fix on Ginny's location to create a Portkey to bring me there," offered Harry and he had several eyes on him. "Yes me, I'll rescue her, bust James out of there, take the artifact, and then hopefully reverse things. I'll also knock Dumbledore around a bit if he gets in my way but I'm going home."

"Harry, Dumbledore's stronghold, it has to be crawling with all sorts of surprises, there is no way you can fight it on your own," offered Jade with a bit of concern.

"I can and I'm going to, I'm going to put things back the way they should be," said Harry with stubborn persistence, there had been doubts in his mind that he would return home, everything would be back, but the fact that Dumbledore had his hands on the artifact meant it was not going to be easy.

"Harry, you need help," stated Allison in a stubborn voice and he looked at her. "If you fail because of your own stubbornness..."

"I never fail," answered Harry, but this was untruthful, as the flashes of several people who had died and he had been forced to watch had flashed in his mind. Even he realized how much of a lie this was, the moment he spoke and several people looked at him dubiously. "Okay, maybe I do, but I'm not about to have any more blood on my hands..."

"Oh for Salazar's sake, not you too!" shouted Allison and Harry looked at her. "He broke up with me, to protect me and now you're trying to shove me out of the way. Didn't I do well enough out there..."

"It's not about you doing well enough, you can be the smartest witch of your age and still get murdered in cold blood," hissed Harry in Parseltongue and the others looked confused, except for Allison, who looked grudgingly impressed. "A little present as a result of that night when I beat....You-Know-Who."

"I know who," responded Allison as she looked at her father, who nodded, before he turned to the group.

"Mr. Potter, I would honestly ask you to reconsider your efforts to storm Dumbledore's stronghold by yourself, young Miss Granger's mind told me some interesting facts, some of them interesting in the sense of how disturbing they are," commented Riddle softly and the others looked at them, before he decided to elaborate. "Weasley Manor is secure and yes, I know you managed to escape that, but Dumbledore's fortress makes it look poorly secured. There are guards, trained in all forms of magic, and other defenses, traps, false hallways that lead nowhere, security trolls, even giants patrolling the outside, not to mention a misdirection ward for anyone foolish enough to Apparate without Dumbledore's consent."

"A misdirection to where?" asked Bellatrix, even though she doubted she wanted to know.

"Right into a volcano," answered Riddle shortly and some looked unconcerned. "I'm sure given a few moments, we could find a way around..."

"Here's the plan, come with me, knock out any guards, stay out of my way, I'll take care of Dumbledore, get the artifact, Ginny, and James, and that will be all," said Harry swiftly, and this was the last word.

"You will take care of Dumbledore?" asked Allison in a bemused voice. "When Dad couldn't even..."

"Yes, I can," answered Harry stubbornly, as he finished the Portkey, holding his hand up for complete silence, as he got a fix. He needed all of his wits around him, as once he went through, he only had seconds to disable the misdirection ward. Time was running out, the

ruse that Ginny was doing would only hold up and Dumbledore would find a way to rip into her mind to find out the truth. Fortunately, because of the connection they had magically created, it was proving to be just a simple matter of concentration on both ends, trying to exactly pinpoint the location. With the Portkey in front of him, Harry made a few last minute calibrations, before he turned to the rest of the group, a slightly annoyed expression etched on his normally calm face. "I suppose there is nothing I can tell you to discourage from coming and because this has to be done, you can come, but I warn you that, I'm not leaving without my wife and that artifact. If it goes, I have created an emergency Portkey, that I will give Tom momentarily."

He handed the Portkey to Riddle, who nodded, hoping that he could have a few words with Dumbledore as well, but much to his interest, Harry appeared to want to deal with Dumbledore even more. The group gathered around the first Portkey, as Harry concentrated, it had to work, because if they hit the misdirection field before he could knock it out, their goose was cooked, in the most literal sense of the word.

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"Ginevra, this is getting rather tiring," commented Dumbledore in his best grandfatherly tone of voice, but he was losing his patience with the girl. "I need to know whether or not you told those misguided individuals that you ran off with anything that might hinder our mission. I'm not angry with you, just concerned."

"I don't know what I could have told them that might be of a concern to you," said Ginny evenly, hoping against all hope that Dumbledore would accidentally give her a clue, right now they were in bright room, with color splashed on the walls, with bright pictures of Phoenixes. It was almost unsettling and they were a bit away from the office where Dumbledore had her brought before she was dragged her. The one with the artifact they needed to figure out whether or not they could have turned home.

"Come on, I only wish to know what you might have known that they might have coaxed out of you, I'm sure you were just temporarily lead

astray, no one is angry with you,” said Dumbledore and Ginny just rolled her eyes. “Well Molly is angry, but she will calm down, I’m sure her threats to strangle you to death are motivated by rage, it is always a shock when a child has been lead away from their destiny. You’ve been in Weasley Manor, there must have been things you might have overheard, accidentally I’m sure, that could be of interest to others who wish to harm everything we have worked for. Ginny, I must know, so I can help you find your way back to where you should be, don’t force me to use measures which may harm you. You are still a valuable asset to our cause.”

Ginny took a deep breath, trying to keep her mind on Harry, but she did not know how much longer she could stall Dumbledore. She was running short on time and Dumbledore looked at her with a remorseful look.

“It is a shame that they did this to you, tampering with your mind to turn you against us but I know I will be forgiven with what I must done,” said Dumbledore remorsefully and Ginny braced herself, she knew what was going to happen next.

That was if there was not a loud explosion outside that had caused Dumbledore’s attention to divert. He flicked his wand, causing chains to rise out of the chair and snap Ginny’s legs and arms to them.

“Forgive me, but I need to ensure your secured a situation has presented itself,” said Dumbledore, as another explosion rocked the entire base of his base of operations. He wondered who could have brought them there, he knew nothing could have happened to the Weasley girl, he had his guards check her for tracking spells several times. They looked her over from head to toe, but nothing was found. Dumbledore moved, over, tapping his wand, to access the security control. “This is Albus Dumbledore, to Security Control, we have a breach, please isolate and notify me of the problem and bring the intruders, if any to me at once for Re-Orientation.”

“Sorry, Security Control can’t come right now, they’re a bit tied up at the moment,” commented a very familiar voice.

“Tom,” said Dumbledore was both annoyed that he was found and proud that his adopted son had been found out. He tried to access the spells around his base of operations manual, as he began to secure this floor with secondary security measures that had been developed by Caruthers, until he figured out the entire location. Exactly how they got inside was the Million Galleon question, his security was airtight, as he moved around. “Misdirection ward is down, both of them, how did they...well it doesn’t matter, I still have a few surprises to teach them the error of their ways.”

Another loud blast echoed from the floor and Dumbledore moved forward, going to the next room, as he called the security on this floor to guard this room. He rushed out the back door, ignoring Ginny, as she tried in vain to free herself. He needed to get it operational now, it was the only escape he had and unfortunately, his plans would be moved up by this unfortunate incident. It was by a stroke of luck that he managed to complete it but he had yet to test it.

“Is the Web of Time hooked up the Fireplace?” asked Dumbledore to the team in the room.

“Yes, we just finished it,” reported the security.

“Excellent, go outside, guard my office with your lives, the fate of our world past, present, and future depends on my ability to successfully operate the Floo,” responded Dumbledore as he walked forward.

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“Two levels of security have been knocked out!” shouted a voice triumphantly.

“With many more still to come I’m sure,” responded Riddle dryly. “What’s the status, Harry?”

“Ginny is three floors up, but Dumbledore did something to increase the security up there, now that we’re in, so everyone be on their guard for anything,” said Harry, as he stepped around a downed security guard, who shuddered but offered no signs of movement.

"Ginny, are you okay, he didn't hurt you in anyway?" asked Harry, his voice etched with concern.

"No, he was about to force himself into my mind, but other than being chained to a chair, I'm fine," reported Ginny. "Beats some of the stuff we've been through when we were fighting Death Eaters."

"Something that I won't argue with, hang on, security looks a bit tight here, I need to concentrate on that, talk to you later, love you, bye," said Harry hastily.

Harry broke off the transmission, in time to see a group of individuals, on a platform above the building, creeping around, attempting to get a good shot at the group, who were too busy with the security guards below. Harry knocked one of the security guards to the side, the blast causing him to crash against the wall and with another effort, vanished the bolts from the platform. The wizards were taken off guard by this simple, yet effective gesture, as they fell several dozen feet, some of them having limbs snapped and others only being lucky enough to be knocked unconscious. The impact of the magical attacks from the others had put the group out of their misery, a loud crash echoed throughout the building, and Harry stepped back, a sigh escaping his mouth, as Allison managed to fight two of them off at once, but this was only a fraction of how well her father was doing. Several of the guards were blasted forward, before black ropes shot out of the wall, binding them against the wall, giving them just barely enough room to breath.

"You could escape," commented Riddle as he looked at them, as their wands were summoned to others, before thrown across the room. "But I wouldn't recommend trying."

"Next floor, stairs are rigged, give me a moment," said Harry without taking a breath and he removed the curses from the stairs, that would suck them inside the steps, where they would be trapped until Dumbledore released them and another one that served as a back up, that would cause spikes to shoot up from underneath the stairs. "Okay, got that one and that one, let's go, we're making good time, only another floor after this one."

“Don’t look now, but we have a problem,” stated Lily, as she held her wand, but there was a wall, with interconnected waves of magically created beams of life. It was much like a laser guided security system and each beam appeared to have a different trap from what it was triggered.

“Perceptive as usual, Lily, that does look like a tricky one to take down,” agreed Riddle before he turned to Harry, who looked at it.

“Try to take one down and they will trigger the others, moving around them won’t work out well,” said Harry, as he muttered to himself, but he saw a glowing orb at the end of the hallway, before he concentrated. The orb, whatever it was, most likely another artifact that Dumbledore picked up, was magically charged, like the ancient protections around Hogwarts. “See that orb?”

Everyone nodded in agreement, it was hard to miss it, it was the brightest thing in the room, giving off a golden light.

“That’s the thing that is giving power with all of these defenses, I must give Dumbledore credit,” said Harry grudgingly. “It is likely this one thing will be able to power this entire hallway for several years straight without burning out and needing to get magically recharged, so whatever artifact he’s picked, he’s done a good enough job.”

“But it can be disabled?” asked Allison, as she frowned, it would be really unfortunate, if they came this far, only to be stopped by this death trap infested hallway.

“Give me a couple of minutes to figure it out,” said Harry as he analyzed the hallway, he had disabled some security systems before but this appeared to be a whole entirely new level of sophistication than even he was used to. The orb illuminated the hallway, almost taunting him, but it was fastened to the wall. Harry discovered this and there was a clamp that connected it in place. Harry levitated a small pebble into his hand, before he tapped his wand to it three times.

“A pebble?” asked one of the Resistance skeptically but Harry just ignored him, before he focused on the Orb. It was a common

Unspeakable tactic that few would understand, unless of course they were in the Department of Mysteries and worked there.

“Yes, I know it’s odd, but just wait a minute,” said Harry, as he focused on the orb, trying to account for any traps that he had not caught the first time through. He needed to work quickly, before Dumbledore departed, throwing up the Anti-Apparation and Anti-Portkey wards would only buy them so much time. If Dumbledore left now, they might never be able to find him again, ever. “Okay, a little timing, a little skill, and a little luck.”

Harry threw the pebble, maneuvering it with his wand around the security spells. Everyone waited, holding their breath, but none dared breath, as one slip in his concentration and they were all dead. The pebble was charged with magic before it struck the hinge, knocking the orb right to the floor with a clatter. The magical energy beams all faded, as Harry looked at them, before he put his hand up, checking a few things.

“Everything looks to be a go,” concluded Harry as they moved into the hallway.

“Logically, that shouldn’t have been able to work, you know,” remarked Jade.

“Well logic can kiss my arse,” muttered Harry, as they ran around the hallway, the next corridor only had one trap that Harry had to disable. Obviously, whoever designed the security would have been content with the first hallway being able to attack the opponent, obviously thinking they would be foolish enough to try and attack them one by one.

“I don’t like this,” said Riddle calmly. “No guards, you would have thought that the floor before the one Dumbledore was on would be swarming with them.”

“On your toes then,” responded Harry, before he looked at the door leading to the stairway, the floor where Ginny was, being above. He tapped his wand, finding a few security measures, one that would incinerate a person’s hand if they touched the door knob without

authorization. Nothing that Harry could not handle removing, as a flick of his wrist had caused each and every one of the spells to vanish, before he pulled the door open and checked the stairs for any . Thankfully, there was nothing on the stairs, as they moved up the stairs. Harry pushed his way toward, as he blasted open the door swinging it open. "Ginny!"

"Harry, I knew you would make it here, but never mind me," said Ginny hastily. "Dumbledore's calling security, he doesn't want you to reach his office."

Harry released his wife, before pulling her into a hug and kissing her briefly, before they moved forward and Harry turned to the others, looking over his shoulder.

"Last chance for you to back off, because right now, I can't worry about any of you and neither can Ginny," answered Harry and Ginny looked off to the side, before she nodded, holding Harry's hand firmly, as they both held their wands, before they blasted down the doors. An miniature army of security guards moved forward, wands drawn, but the Resistance moved forward, as the battle continued.

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"Exactly how much time until it is completed, Percy?" asked Dumbledore.

"About forty five minutes is the soonest we can hope for," said Percy from the other end of the communication. "All of the children are working as hard as can be expected but they are not talented enough. Your Elite is ready, in position."

"Security is falling bit by bit," said Dumbledore calmly, as he turned away, as he looked at the fireplace, Caruthers had an excellent job in figuring out a way to reconfiguration the Fireplace, magically fusing it with dozens of time turners and the Floo Powder had been modified. This was not a plan that Dumbledore had just thought up on a whim, no it had been planned for several years but until the Web of Time had fell into his hands, he had nothing that could power such an endeavor. Dumbledore walked over, a small, worn black book in his

hand, along with the dozens of books on his desk, what little bits of history that were available from that particular era. Percy looked. "Do what you can, I will see what I can do, but it may be a mission that I have to undertake on my own."

"Understood, sir," said Percy with a nod, as he faded and Dumbledore turned with a sigh, as he heard the sounds of battle from just across the hallway. He looked at the Web of Time, it lit up the room with a multitude of lights, as it fed magic straight into his fireplace.

"Time Floo is operational, ready to move right away," said Dumbledore, as he checked some things. The Phoenix fire charged Elixir was ready, the portal re-orientation was complete, and he had read up on the history, what little he could find about this man, prior to when he became a famous public figure. He tended to keep his past clouded in mystery but Dumbledore enjoyed a good challenge. He strapped one of the arm bands and was ready to depart at the drop of a hat.

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"Too many of them, even for us," grumbled a voice from the back.

"Keep fighting!" snapped Lily angrily, she was not getting up, besides she needed to find James and she had come too far not to try. Dumbledore would know where he was being kept, if she was not too late. Lily blasted one of the attackers up, causing him to crash into the ceiling with a thud. The attacker laid on the ground, looking rather limp as two more were wrapped up tightly.

"They seem to be rather interested in keeping an eye on that door," commented Allison, as she repelled a spell back at her attacker, sending him into another wizard, who clumsily tripped over his feet, allowing him to drop down. Several miniature blasts of fire that were quickly put out, and the Cult of the Phoenix were being backed off, but they would fight to the very last wand. They would not let Albus Dumbledore.

"Time to use that to our advantage, I think," remarked Harry, as he threw one of his attackers to the ground, before he knocked one away from Ginny, long enough for her to catch her breath and blow through him with another blast. Riddle nodded, he got Harry's words, as he cut a path, not to mention a couple of body parts, as he made his way to the door. He had a few scores of his own to settle with his loving adopted father anyway.

"You shall not pass," stated one of the guards but a loud crack and all of his ribs broke at once from the dark curse that Riddle threw at him, puncturing his internal organs and killing him almost instantly.

"I think I'll have to disagree with that," remarked Riddle calmly, as he blitzed through the attack, continuing the fight. More security guards were taken out, but Riddle moved closely as possible, as the Resistance he gathered continued to fight valiantly against odds that were getting a bit more even by the moment. He raised his wand and blasted open the door, and bolted inside.

"Tom!" shouted Dumbledore in a surprised voice, but he kept his finger tips firmly on his wand. "How nice you to stop in..."

"Don't try and stall me old man, I'm here to finish you off for good," responded Riddle in a cold voice, as he held his wand. "It's been too long, you might have gotten lucky surviving the last time but this time, I'm going to ensure that you're dead by burning your corpse and fixing a Portkey to the ashes, sending them straight into the sun."

A blast of black light erupted from Riddle's wand but Dumbledore dodged the attack, completely reducing the spell to nothing. Two more attacks were blocked by a conjured stone shield and Dumbledore swung his wand out, blasting Riddle into the air, knocking him down to the ground, but he pulled himself back up.

"There is no need for us to solve our conflicts with violence Tom," said Dumbledore, as he deflected another curse, careful not to hit either his fireplace or the Web of Time. "However, I'm getting a bit fed up with your attempts to rebellion. Why don't you join me? Together we can accomplish much, two great minds like ourselves, but instead you hinder the progression of a peaceful, blissful, magical utopia."

“Utopia only by your standards, Dumbledore,” responded Riddle, as he sent an organ shredding curse right towards Dumbledore’s heart but Dumbledore blocked it. “It is an existence of mindless slaves by others...”

“I think you’re reading me wrong, my son,” responded Dumbledore in a hurt voice and the use of the word “son”, had only prompted Riddle to kick up more vicious and slightly more lethal attacks but Dumbledore kept up better than most younger men would. Still, Riddle would not be denied, as he continued to fight as hard as it could be expected, throwing several spells, as the attacks concluded outside. Dumbledore blasted Riddle right into the wall, nearly knocking the book shelf over in the process. “I’m not your enemy, I don’t know where I went wrong but I’m willing to sit down with you and make amends whenever possible.”

“What, in a nice cushy, re-orientation facility?” challenged Riddle and Dumbledore just had a disappointed look on his face, before he threw a couple of spells, not wanting to hurt Riddle, just incapacitate him enough so he could not ruin this mission.

“I wish you would look at the bigger, brighter picture, no one will ever harm anyone again,” responded Dumbledore with a frown, as Riddle threw a spell at him that would have sliced a normal man’s jugular to ribbons.

“Yes, no one would harm anyone again, because they wouldn’t have a free thought of their own, beyond what the great and mighty Albus Dumbledore would tell them was acceptable,” responded Riddle, regretting the necessity of having to dig into deeper into dark magic to beat Dumbledore, beating him last time had taxed him to his limits and this time, it appeared he would have to push himself behind those limits, before he was blasted into the air by the backfire of his own curse. Dumbledore waved his wand and chains shot out of the wall, before the pulled forward, latching Riddle into the wall.

“Such dark magic being used, harming others, because you disagree with what must be done, if you had just given me a chance to explain, I’m sure that you would come to understand the necessity of my

cause in life, but the point is now lost, considering you will not remember this conversation,” said Dumbledore, as he did not bother checking with Percy, the Web of Time had completed integrated with the Floo, he could leave right away.

“You won’t get away with this,” responded Riddle.

“I’m actually insulted by the clichéd response, Tom, I thought you were much better than that,” said Dumbledore, in a disappointed voice but before he could move in, a blast of magical energy knocked him right into the wall. The smoke cleared, and Harry Potter appeared, with Dumbledore getting to his feet. “Ah young Mr. Potter, I presume. I congratulate you on your skilled escape, but I’m afraid, you’re out of your league right now.”

“Try me,” responded Harry as he threw another vicious attack but this time Dumbledore was ready, creating a shield that bounced back the attacks, as he heard the last of the security falling, Dumbledore would be outnumbered, even his abilities would not. He spotted Dumbledore dueling with the Elder Wand, he had to get that blasted thing away from him, if he did not, all was lost. “Come on Dumbledore, you can do better than that. Surely you could defeat me and show me the error of my ways if you try harder.”

“I could, but in moments, it will be a moot point, when I eliminate the one mistake that lead to this unfortunate world,” said Dumbledore cheerfully as he blocked an attack, before he pushed Harry backwards and a wall of fire erupted. The heat was so intense, that Harry had to disable it from afar, something that would take much longer than he could, especially since the fire was making him delirious. He squinted, making out the image of Dumbledore through the fire, right in front of the fire place. He could not properly aim a spell and Dumbledore disappeared a second later, fires shooting up. Perhaps Harry could be imagining things, but he could have sworn he saw the image of an hour glass, as the others walked inside of the office. Bellatrix quickly freed Riddle, who walked over, as they helped get rid of the wall of fire, too late to make a difference.

“Dumbledore’s left, right into the Floo,” voiced Riddle but Harry’s eyes appeared right on the artifact, that thing had caused him so much

grief, but he could use it, providing of course he could get it working. He looked at it, the Runes on it were blinking, vanishing and reappearing at will, as a muffling sound from behind a wall. Harry moved forward, to see what the cause was and it was a false wall, masking something. Tapping his wand, the wall dissolved slowly revealing a clear wall, right behind a miniscule jail cell, with the cramped, pained form of James Potter.

“JAMES!” shouted Lily, as she brushed Harry aside, enraged at the barbaric situation her husband had to suffer. He looked at her, with the faintest signs of recognition, but it was obvious that he had only been fed just enough to remain alive for whatever use Dumbledore had planned on him. She moved over and Harry waved his wand, causing the jail cell to spring open. A couple of wizards moved forward, helping James up, as he looked num.

“Dumbledore was breaking him down for something, removing his will, no doubt he had a plan,” said Bellatrix and Lily just looked more angered at Dumbledore than ever before, but Harry turned his attention to the Web of Time, as Ginny walked over behind him, frowning as Harry took a close look at it.

“Surely, you’re not just heading home,” whispered Ginny in an urgent voice but Harry just waved off her complaints, before he moved onto the task at hand, trying to figure out how it worked.

“We’ll know if we can in a minute,” said Harry, as Allison walked over, looking from Harry to Ginny. “Well isn’t this a piece of bad news.”

“What is it Harry?” asked Ginny and Harry looked from the Web of Time to the Floo.

“Dumbledore’s not just left the building, he’s left this time,” remarked Harry casually, even though this got the attention of everybody, even Lily turned away from James for a fraction of a second, as a Portkey was prepared to get him out of there, for some medical attention. “Perhaps I should be more specific, he or maybe his Unspeakable, as restructured the fireplace into a time travel device of some sort, a Time Floo for lack of a better term. Normally, it would not work, but connected to that thing, it works better than anyone can expect.”

"Then why not use that thing to travel back before Dumbledore used it and disconnect it?" asked Allison but Harry shook his head.

"That would open up a Pandora's Box of Paradoxes that will take much too long for me to even wrap my head around but trust me, I'm saving you a headache or two or ten by not going into detail of exactly why," explained Harry, before he looked around on Dumbledore's desk.

"Look for anything odd, Ginny," communicated Harry. "Anything that would point to what Dumbledore would be trying to accomplish, because I think we can follow him and shut him down for good."

"I think this might qualify as odd, Harry," said Ginny suddenly, as she pointed out the worn and very old black book. Several other people moved over but Ginny gave them a stern look. "Don't touch anything, until Harry can figure out whether or not it's cursed."

"I doubt it," muttered Harry, as he looked over the book.

"Do tell us what it is," prompted Jade.

"A Floo Directory from the year nine thirty seven," responded Harry calmly. "A few years after it was created and limited in scope, the Ministry of Magic hadn't even been formed during that time."

"Why would Dumbledore want a Floo Directory from a thousand years ago?" asked Allison and Harry's eyes snapped up at her, something that Dumbledore said clicked with him, as he quickly moved over.

"I know and we have to work quickly in finding a way to stop him," said Harry grimly. "He's going to eliminate the one man that Gryffindors loathe above others and personally blame for every single dark uprising, by concluding that all of the members of his house at Hogwarts are dark."

"Salazar Slytherin," hissed Riddle in Parseltongue, realizing that his time could be limited if Dumbledore was successful.

As this chapter ends, we reach the end of the story. It looks to be fifteen, maybe a bit more, but unlikely. Thanks for reading!

Chapter Twelve: Preventing a Crisis

“Just one question,” responded Allison, as Harry absent mindedly rifled around the desk, looking for something that he saw Dumbledore have on his arm, that he was sure would prevent him from being affected by any of the time travel challenges. “Exactly how do you know it’s Slytherin?”

“Because, all of the pieces fit together,” offered Ginny as he moved around, before he held up three arm bands, identical to the one that Dumbledore fastened on his arm. If his guess was correct and more often than not it was, this might be the key to defeating Dumbledore once and for all, providing if he played his cards correctly. A few simple test should verify everything, as he turned to Riddle, who stood, obviously wondering if he was just going to fade out of existence, never to be remembered by anyone.

“Peculiar and interesting, I do have a theory that these were only the beginning of what Dumbledore hoped to accomplish, in fact, I’m almost certain he planned to bring an entire army to take out Slytherin and start his rule from the beginning of what is considered organized magical society,” concluded Harry, as he put his hand to his temples, thinking hard. Dumbledore might have already reached the time right now, but it was difficult to determine, especially with an artifact, as he quickly translated the Runes. “Just as I thought!”

“Do share it with us all, Harry,” responded Jade.

“This artifact, the Runes can be reconfigured for a certain time or dimension, in the case of the one in our home universe, it was geared to this dimension for whatever reason and Dumbledore, shifted them to work for this universe’s past, along with the exact date,” said Harry, as the artifact began to hum wildly. “However, he had to drastically alter the properties, given that he did not have a counterpart of himself in that time to switch minds with, like Ginny and I did here.”

“Hence the restructuring of the Floo to travel through time,” concluded Riddle and Harry responded with a nod. He never said that Dumbledore was not smart, just crafty, manipulative, and slightly underhanded. “What can do to stop them?”

“Just a second,” muttered Harry, as he tested as many things as possible, without disrupting the flow of the magic going through the Web of Time. He turned to the group, with a mixture of emotions, on his face. “Well, I’ve got good news, bad news, worse news, horrible news and catastrophic news.”

“What’s the good news?” asked Ginny, bracing herself.

“We can use the artifact to return home, in theory,” said Harry and Ginny breathed a sigh of relief. “Bad news is that Dumbledore has made it successfully through time. The worse news is that we can’t return home unless we interrupt Dumbledore and bring him back or kill him. The horrible news is that the artifact’s magic has been strained nearly to its limits and it’s drawing in magic energy at an alarming rate from around us to compensate for the modifications.”

“Catastrophic news, please,” said Allison coolly and Harry held his breath, this was something that he hoped against all possible hope that he was wrong about, but he had to tell them, on the off chance it would happen.

“Well, until we get Dumbledore back or kill him, to shut down the time warp, it will keep drawing magical energy, and if I’m right, and this is one time I hope I’m not, it will keep drawing magic, from all directions, eventually causing natural disasters,” explained Harry. “At first, it won’t be much of anything to worry about. A miniature tremor or two, maybe a wind storm, but the longer it goes, the more magic it draws, the worst it gets until...”

Harry took a breath, not for suspense.

“Until it ends for everyone,” concluded Harry as he looked at the others. “If this thing hits its absolute limits and by that I mean, draws in way too much magic, than it can safely handle, it will, for lack of a better term, explode.”

“There’s more I take it?” prompted Ginny, mentally, as she could sense Harry’s grim feeling.

“All versions of the artifact may very well set off a chain reaction, through all time, the magical outburst will keep building up, until all of existence, this universe, my universe, any other universe, are all wiped out,” concluded Harry darkly. “There will be nothing past, present, and future.”

“Then there is only one thing that we must do,” concluded Riddle as he moved over and held up the arm band. “I believe Dumbledore has created these curious devices for a reason.”

“He has,” agreed Harry. “As a way to keep himself immune to any changes and to connect himself to the Time Floo, on the off chance that he wished to return, because there is a chance that his meddling could lead to him being erased. I must say, I’m impressed and rather unnerved that Dumbledore could create such an artifact, but if we put these on, we should be able to move through the Time Floo and deal with Dumbledore.”

“We can’t bring him back alive, it has to be final this time,” said Riddle, as he strapped on the arm band. Lily made a movement, but Harry turned, averting his hand from her to James, as Harry handed her a Portkey, with the obvious intention to get him to a safe location for medical treatment.

“You need to stay here, I have to go,” responded Harry, as he strapped on the arm band to himself, before they moved over towards the Time Floo before he handed the other one to Ginny.

“Why me?” asked Ginny.

“Because I trust you, not that you’re coming, you need to stay here and keep me up to date with any changes,” responded Harry in a reluctant voice. “That is if the link can sustain through time.”

“Do you think it will?” questioned Ginny.

“This is one of the times where it doesn’t matter what I think, it has to be done either way,” said Harry. “No matter what I love you.”

“I love you too, Harry, and good luck,” responded Ginny.

"Thanks and I hope that your luck will be enough to see me through," responded Harry.

Harry turned to Riddle, it appeared they would be working together, as odd of a concept that seemed. He wanted to consult a weather report, because hell may have just frozen over.

"Potter, you are the Unspeakable, so I would hazard a guess you know how to work this thing," said Riddle and Harry nodded, before he took the jar of Floo Powder, it appeared foolish in his mind but if Dumbledore could work it than he could do it. As Harry held a handful of Floo Powder, he looked at the address, using what little he knew about Salazar Slytherin's past, he hoped he picked the right location.

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In a grassy meadow outside of a college, a young wizard with a superior expression stood on his face as he read a book that his mentor had ordered him to. The book was a bit bland in places, too rigid on the rules of magic. Not to mention the fact that young Salazar was certain than he could do a much better job than the author of the book could. It was pitiful how what little reading material was available had been so poorly constructed. Thankfully, his mentor had travelled the rapidly growing magical world and was able to impress upon him several important magical skills. The art of Potions and Transfiguration was something that Salazar felt himself to be a master of. It was quite a pity that the magical community seemed so few and far between, the world could have so much potential.

"Hey, Slytherin, reading another book, don't you know that no matter how many books you'll read, you'll never be as great of a sorcerer as myself," responded a young wizard with brown hair and blue eyes, that were looking at Salazar, but he looked back.

"Amusing, nearly as amusing as the fact that the duel that we fought in, you came off in the worse, Wentworth," commented Salazar lightly and the young man, Wentworth, looked at him with utter contempt.

“You caught me from behind, I can beat you straight up,” said Wentworth in a snide voice. “Get your nose out of that book for a minute and I challenge you to a duel again.”

“If you want to keep looking like a fool, who am I to deny you the opportunity,” commented Salazar as he got to his feet and Wentworth looked back, fists clenched, as a couple of young men behind him snickered. Still, Wentworth removed his wand from his pocket, a bit of a worn model, as his family was not well off as Slytherin’s was, but he had real talent. “Is that a wand or just some stick you fished out of the bog, Wentworth?”

“We’ll see who laughs, Slytherin, after I defeat you in combat,” responded Wentworth in a pompous voice, as he stood off, but Salazar looked nearly bored, almost like this duel was not worth his time and he just irritated the young wizard right across from him even more.

“Just bow and let’s get this over with, I have more pressing matters than humiliating you for I believe it is the fourteenth or so time this month,” commented Salazar dryly, who could not wait until he had enough gold to move away from this village, so he could not be bothered with such trivialities as his nearly daily beatings of Wentworth. Wentworth bowed and threw a spell, but Salazar evaded it. Two more spells, and the young wizard blocked them, yawning, before he knocked Wentworth backwards, putting him through a wooden fence, and causing his wand to fall, breaking him half from the impact. “Looks like I win again.”

Wentworth got up, angry, as his two friends walked over, but he brushed off their concerns, turning to Slytherin with a sneer on his face.

“You’ll pay for that Slytherin, that was a family wand and you destroyed it!” shouted Wentworth angrily, but without a wand, all he could do was shout and make his best attempt to look menacing, as his friends backed off. The young man was disturbing them slightly, and they appeared to be uncomfortable with his slightly psychotic outburst. Once Wentworth saw that Salazar was not taking the bait, he stormed off angrily.

"Sad, twenty three years old and still acts like a petulant brat," muttered Salazar as he shook his head. He really wanted to get out of this village, to find someone who would test his skills and abilities. He went back to the book, as if nothing had occurred, ready to meet his mentor soon for their weekly session. He looked forward to what new bits of magic he could learn, as this book was not doing him any good.

A figure appeared at the edge of the village, keeping an eye on the young Salazar Slytherin. It would have been better for his plans, if he would have caught the young man when he was more inexperienced, but he would take what he could get. He spotted the battle with Wentworth from afar, Salazar was already impressive at a young age and this was many years before he had met up with the other three founders, to create Hogwarts. Still, if all of the cards were played right, Hogwarts would be formed, with the houses Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, Hufflepuff, and Dumbledore, with the taint of Salazar Slytherin being erased from history. As he looked at the young wizard leaving in a huff, he had a very valuable tool that he could use for his plans but he would have to work quickly. Knowing Tom, he might have deduced the plan and followed him in time, although given the unstable nature of time travel; it may take him some time before he arrived here.

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One thing that would never change for Harry Potter was that he despised the Floo. Always had and always would, as he managed to land on his feet, as smoothly as could be expected. He took a step forward, staggered, nearly collapsing to the ground, staggered, feeling quite dazed. Fortunately, he was able to adjust his footing, before Riddle appeared, also looking not too well as well.

"Is this the place, Mr. Potter?" questioned Riddle as Harry looked outside, in an attempt to gather where he was. He was pretty certain that they were in the right time but rather than were in the right place, remained to be seen.

"Yes, we are, rather close at least, I believe Slytherin's home should be behind that set of hills," responded Harry and Riddle responded

with a nod, as he turned, before he looked outside of the window, trying to gather a better idea.

“Harry, can you hear me?” asked Ginny suddenly, sounding like a faint echo inside of a tunnel but Harry managed to pick up on her.

“Yes, I can, so it worked, the connection remains, barely, it’s faint, like it’s inside a tunnel,” explained Harry.

“Same here,” responded Ginny. “So far since you’ve left, nothing visibly has changed, but I’ll keep you posted if anything does.”

“Okay, thanks, I’ll talk to you later,” answered Harry.

Riddle carefully moved around and Harry could see the reason why. During this time, Muggles were very sensitive with anything that considered out of the normal, according to the historical records. Harry had a feeling he may have been dealing with an entire village full of people who may in fact be worse than the Dursleys, but that would be a bridge he would have to cross once he arrived to it. He saw some villagers listening, ignoring the two peculiarly dressed looking people and they snuck around.

“Yes, the Slytherin boy, that entire family is a bit odd, up above the hills, don’t go up there,” muttered a voice.

“I heard the boy has the devil in him, we should do something, before he corrupts the entire village with his unnaturalness,” said a rotund man with a reddened face, as the two walked up the hill.

“Close, Dumbledore has to be here,” muttered Riddle and Harry responded with a nod, the time was ticking down. Salazar Slytherin was not quite the wizard he would become as of yet. Perhaps better than average, especially during this time, but against an experienced Dumbledore, he had no hope of scoring the victory.

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"I saw you fighting Salazar Slytherin over in the village," said Dumbledore calmly and Wentworth turned to him, a bit of a disgusted look upon his face, before he responded with a nod.

"Yes, that's what you saw, old man," commented Wentworth a bit snidely, looking towards Dumbledore with evident disrespect. "You might think he beat me, but I felt sorry for him, I purposely lost to him in a duel. He can't touch men, I should have the mentor, but yet that wizard that he runs around with, it's only made his head grow bigger, even though I'm sure he is not better than me."

"Yes, young Salazar does appear to have a great deal of potential, even though you cannot see it yourself," commented Dumbledore lightly and Wentworth looked at him, with a distrusting look on his face. "He will become one of the greatest wizards of all time, at the current rate he is going and his accomplishments will shake the world, for the worst I daresay."

"Lies, there is no way that Slytherin could be good, just give me a few moments with him and I'll show you I'm the better wizard," said Wentworth in an agitated voice but Dumbledore responded with a pitying stare. "And exactly who do you think you are to judge who is a great wizard, old man. You just popped out of the sky, you're nothing as far as I am concerned. If I had a wand, I could defeat you easily and I think I even you do it."

"Here's your wand," said Dumbledore, as he took a spare wand that he had on him, actually he kept several, it was good practice, with some working better than others. "Show me what you have to offer in a duel, right now."

"You're making a big mistake, old man," said Wentworth, as he held his wand and threw a spell immediately at Dumbledore. Effortlessly, he blocked it, before a blast of sparks blocked Wentworth's vision. Seconds later, he found himself levitated in the air, upside down, with Dumbledore looking up at him, with an amused expression.

"A mistake, I doubt it very much, your first lesson is never take any enemy for granted," said Dumbledore, as he flicked his wand, causing Wentworth to somersault down into the ground, splashing

mud in every direction. Wentworth spat mud out towards Dumbledore as another wave of his wand cleaned the young wizard up. "I never have recalled learning anything about you..."

"What have you been spying on me?" demanded Wentworth but Dumbledore chuckled, the boy was rather dense.

"No, hardly, I'm a well read historian and while Salazar Slytherin became one of the most well known and controversial wizard, you don't even warrant a mere footnote in history, if everything is allowed to come to pass," said Dumbledore calmly. "I know what happens and I can help you change it."

"I don't need any help, I can beat Slytherin on my own, just give me one more shot," said Wentworth stubbornly, before Dumbledore flicked his wand, causing the fabrics of Wentworth's robe to be magnetized and thus pull him into a gate.

"No, you will gain my help and be grateful for it, you will help me usher in another world, surely there are others that are rather annoyed by the attention that young Salazar is gathering," said Dumbledore.

"Yeah, of course, the uptight little prick, everyone hates him, non-magical users want his head, the few witches and wizards in this town think he needs to be taken down a couple of pegs," remarked Wentworth and Dumbledore just responded with a smile, as he flicked his wand.

"If you are willing to help me, we can bring down young Salazar Slytherin before he becomes what he was and create a unified magical society, where you will be famous throughout the land," offered Dumbledore.

"Sounds acceptable," said Wentworth grudgingly, knowing this old man could knock him around if he could refuse.

"Excellent, than gather friends and allies, as it never hurts to have a little extra help when dealing with an unfortunate adversary," said Dumbledore and Wentworth got to his feet, but the old man called

him back. "Bring them here as soon as possible, we must complete this task soon, for it to be effective."

"It will be done," responded Wentworth, as he walked off and Dumbledore responded with a smirk, seeing Salazar Slytherin off in the distance, he studied his prey intended. It was a shame really, that such a valuable young mind would have to be eliminated, but to ensure the future of the Wizarding World as a whole, along with his vision of a perfect magical utopia it would be something that had to be done.

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Salazar tapped the side of the book impatiently, he was getting to the point where he was not really reading it. If his guess was correct, his mentor should have showed up some time ago and he put down the boring magical tome, before he spotted Wentworth walking down the street, once again, this time a more superior expression on his face, as he stood face to face to Salazar.

"I believe I already humiliated you once today," said Salazar softly as he looked his adversary, without any fear in his eyes.

"Humiliated me, only because I gone soft on you, Slytherin," responded Wentworth. "Next time we fight, you'll be taken care of."

"The only way you would have a hope of defeating me as if you have an entire army backing you and even then, I'm still a better wizard than you are," responded Salazar with a smug smile, before he calmly got to his feet, looking back at Wentworth without fear. "Perhaps the last beating I gave you did not have a chance to fully sink in. I will give you to the count of ten to reconsider your decision and run away, because my mentor should be arriving rather soon and I don't think he will be all that amused by your presence, considering that you failed every task he set for you."

"Listen to me, you smug snake, I'm not alone this time, I've brought the army!" shouted Wentworth and Salazar just yawned, as several young men and women, all with magical abilities, walked forward,

looking at Slytherin with contempt. They were just jealous that he was the best of them.

“Look a rag tag band of misfits, if that’s your army, you might just defeat me,” said Salazar with thinly veiled sarcasm in his voice. “Due to the fact that I’ll be too busy laughing at your pathetic attempts in attacking me, that you might accidentally get a shot in.”

“Keep laughing Salazar, you’re not good enough to defeat all of us,” said a young witch, with a sneer on her face, having her hands on her hips but Salazar just looked back at her with disinterest.

“I think I am,” commented Salazar dryly, almost as if he was debating on whether this was worth his time. “The experience that you lot have is quite frankly insulting. You dare attempt to think you can defeat someone who has been mentored by one of the greatest wizards ever.”

“Actually, they might not have the experience to defeat you, but you may find, Mr. Slytherin, that I do,” said Dumbledore as he walked forward, wand held to his side, unblinking, give a stare that would cause most wizards to back down in fear but Salazar just responded with a disbelieving snort.

“You, this is actually quite amusing, an old man who appears to have himself a harem of young witches and wizards, mostly wizards, actually more disturbing when you think of it,” remarked Salazar, as he held his wand. “Actually, you might look like you know one end of the wand from the other, which is more than I can say for this lot, especially my good friend Wentworth. So Mr....I’m sorry, your name escapes me. You appear to know mine, so it is common courtesy that we exchange names.”

“Forgive my rudeness, Mr. Slytherin,” said Dumbledore in a forced apologetic voice. “Albus Dumbledore, at your service...”

“I can’t say I’m pleased to meet you,” responded Salazar, as he looked at Dumbledore. “We have wasted precious time bantering, I’ll be happy to test my skills once my mentor has come by for my lessons. Trust me when I say they are more valuable to my time.”

"Your mentor will not be coming today, I have ensured that he is indisposed for this time," responded Dumbledore and Salazar looked at him with a raised eyebrow. "Don't worry, just unconscious for the rest of the day, nothing lethal."

"Then I guess this does force my hand," said Salazar before he effortlessly knocked four of his enemies out with one effort, before he sent two miniature explosions in the air, clouding Dumbledore's vision.

"Crafty, but futile Salazar, you can't hope to match the experience I have and the fact I know more about you than you do about yourself," said Dumbledore, as he attempted to locate Salazar, but another one of the rag tag army had dropped down. "It is a shame someone with such potential has to be eliminated, but your legacy has always been something that has gotten in the way of my vision. I will grant you a swift and pleasant death if you surrender willingly, no need to draw the inevitable out."

"You'll have to catch me first!" shouted Salazar, as a bone shattering curse was aimed right at Dumbledore's ribs but he blocked the attack. Two more attacks collided with each other, and the young wizard had to deal with the pitiful efforts of his other enemies, which was more of a distraction. This Dumbledore was the closest thing to a worthy equal than he had encountered in months, but two spells were sent right at him, both of them unrecognized by him. He had learned a long time ago with those spells, the best thing to do was not to be there when they connected. Another spell was deflected, shattering a window.

"You're impressive as all of the texts said, Salazar, but I find this to be tiring for both of us," said Dumbledore, as he attempted to disarm his opponent, but it was blocked and a spell was sent back at him. He easily mustered a shield but in the time it took to block the spell, Salazar moved around, quick as a cat, before he was nearly above Dumbledore, as he blasted another vicious assault right back towards him. Blocked once again, as a couple of Dumbledore's temporarily associates through spells, but Salazar blocked it. More people approached up the hill.

"Fifteen on one, sixteen including the old man," commented Salazar in a bored voice. "Horrid odds if I do say so myself, horrid for them that is."

Wentworth angrily launched a spell towards his enemy, but it was deflected. He would not allow anyone to steal his glory and beat Salazar. Everyone was closing in, as Dumbledore had suggested, trying to surround Salazar for the kill, to close his options for running. So far, the young wizard was handling himself admirably against insane odds but the fatigue was beginning to set in, as it was only due to sheer luck that he blocked a skull shattering hex, before avoiding another unknown and quite unfamiliar hex from Dumbledore. Blocked again, as Salazar continued to fight, he refused to give up, but he also knew his limits and vowed to manipulate the odds against his enemies in any under handed way he could.

"Best you can have, pathetic, a blind old Muggle throwing rocks would have a better chance in defeating me," said Salazar with a sneer, as he had knocked out one of his opponents, but simply deflecting a spell back at him. "Give it up, Dumbledore, you might be good wherever you come but I'm simply the best that has ever lived."

"Pride will be your downfall in many instances, young Salazar," responded Dumbledore, as he threw another spell but the shield had absorbed the magic, before propelling it back at the old man. Dumbledore was unsure that he had ever learned that spell but he blocked the rebound easily. It must have been one of those spells that had been lost to the annals of time, due to lack of maintaining resource. Two enemies dropped, with a ringing sensation in their ears, as their heads appeared to be splitting.

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"Any changes?" asked Harry

"Nothing yet, or rather nothing visible, Dumbledore has not done his deed yet," said Ginny.

"Good, I'll keep in touch," responded Harry.

He turned his attention to Riddle, who had his wand out and conducting a series of tests. Judging by the wand movements, Harry had a clear idea of what his reluctant associate was testing for and he waited, as they had to be getting really close to the village where Salazar Slytherin spent his youth in.

“Muggle repelling charms are in the air, and judging by the quality of some of these Muggles, I think there is a need for them,” remarked Riddle calmly. “Quite the closed minded lot back there but this at least proves my point, that Salazar Slytherin is close, but I do hope that we’re not too late.”

“Well, he’s not dead yet, because Ginny reported back to me and nothing has changed,” responded Harry as he turned his attention, looking towards a seemingly calm, peaceful, and tranquil village in the distance. It was a perfect picture of the personification of rest and relaxation, but a long time ago, Harry had long since realized that appearances were most deceiving. He looked anxiously, knowing that the clock on both his chances of getting home and all of reality was winding down.

A loud explosion from inside the village jerked Harry out of his thoughts, as he look forward. He heard sounds from the village suddenly, the sounds of combat, and they were getting louder and more spirited, it was just down the hill. Riddle turned to Harry, hearing the same sounds from right below the hill as they made their way down the hill, wands drawn, ready for a fight.

“I believe we have found Salazar Slytherin,” said Riddle, stating the painfully obvious and Harry just had an intense look on his face, he saw many figures, attempting to circle one, like sharks circling a pray and they had to act quickly for time was about to run out for everyone.

Chapter Thirteen: Saving Salazar

The fight continued and even though he expressed the same bravado that he did when he started, the fact remained that Salazar Slytherin was beginning to wear down. He was getting to the point where while he took out a few of the hands this Dumbledore had brought on, there were still many others, attacks coming from all directions. He mentally attempted to chart a cunning retreat, as he dodged another attack, before his shield repelled as spell back at the attackers.

“Are you ready to yield yet, Mr. Slytherin?” asked Dumbledore.

“No, because that would say that you’re better me,” responded Salazar as he spun his wand, sending a magically created gust of wind at his foes but he was rapidly running out of options, not to mention room. Wentworth had tried again and was once again knocked firmly on his backside. Two others fought at once as Dumbledore disappeared from sight, but Salazar had his own problems, as they came from all sides, his shields were beginning to falter a bit, but at least he was still standing.

Dumbledore looked around, Salazar was properly distracted, it was time. The rewrite of this timeline would begin with one simple spell, the back of his head was completely vulnerable and Dumbledore took careful aim with the wand.

A blast of orange light exploded from Dumbledore’s wand but a shield was put up, blocking the attack. Dumbledore was confused, until a spell whipped through the air, knocking him off balance and even Salazar was caught off balance and left open for an attack, but another figure blocked an attack on his other side.

“Watch your back, Slytherin!” shouted Harry, as he blocked two attacks with ease, before he pushed them back and cocooned them in nets. He did not want to kill any of them, because he was unsure what if any ramifications their deaths might have. Salazar moved in and flipped an attacker to his back with a carefully placed spell.

“Just who are you?” demanded Salazar as he sent two more attackers back before Harry wrapped them up.

"The back up to make sure you don't get fried," said Harry, as once again, he never thought he would be fighting side by side with Salazar Slytherin but his life was filled with the unexpected as of late.

Meanwhile on the other end, Dumbledore spun around, to see Riddle facing off right across from him, wand drawn, ready for action. A blast was blocked and Riddle moved around the other side, as both spells clashed together in mid air.

"It seems I can't even escape to the past without you getting in the way of my plans, Tom," commented Dumbledore, as he blasted conjured flaming daggers at Riddle, who blocked the attack. "I'm curious on how you managed to figure out this set up, Caruthers assured me that only an Unspeakable would be able to even begin to guess..."

"That's for me to know and you to find out, Dumbledore," responded Riddle, as he sent several balls of black fires but they vanished with a mere effort from Dumbledore. "I'm here to shut you down once and for all."

"Tom, once again, I'm disappointed but I can't say I'm surprised, but you know what they say, spare the rod, spoil the child," remarked Dumbledore as he threw another attack towards Riddle, but he blocked it. Two more were blocked and then repelled.

"I'm going to make sure you stay dead and buried this time," said Riddle as he threw more attacks at Dumbledore, one blasting through his shield but only having partial success. Dumbledore bounced back, and knocked Riddle back. A bloody gash appeared on his cheek but he refused to give up. He sent an organ explosion curse right towards Dumbledore's lungs, in an attempt to slow him enough for the final kill, but blocked once again and then blocked again.

"Just exactly how many are left?" asked Salazar.

"About twelve or thirteen, I'd guess, unless they're more lurking somewhere," responded Harry who grudgingly marveled at the genius of Dumbledore's plan of killing Slytherin before he was a

founder of Hogwarts and had been at his strongest. Like him or not, Dumbledore found the perfect time to strike and would have succeeded had it not been for Harry's meddling.

"Bad odds, for them," responded Salazar, as he blasted a couple of them back, but one of the curses came dangerously close to hitting the back of his neck, but Harry was there in time to block it. "I don't need your help I can handle this."

"Right, you were seconds from having your brains splattered all over the grass," said Harry, as he spun his arm back, if throwing a bowling ball and a blast of flames soured through the air. It was intended to make his enemies scatter and that was what occurred, before more ropes were shot, wrapping around them.

"Why don't you just kill them?" questioned Salazar.

"I'll explain later," said Harry wincing as a bone breaking curse connected with his right hand. Several bones cracked on impact and he dodged the next attack, before proceeding to fight awkwardly with his left hand, but still better than most of this ill trained batch of witches and wizards. He was thankful that there was no Hogwarts or organized magical education, otherwise this might be a bit harder. "Just keep fighting, while I think of a plan."

"I have a plan, win at all costs," said Salazar, as he jabbed his wand at a growth of vines, which got a life of their own, wrapping around one of the attacks, binding him. Another attack was knocked an opponent backwards but he managed to avoid the worst of the fall. Harry blocked two attacks at once, before he dodged around, summoning the bolts of a gate, before he levitated up and jerked his arm back, before he dropped the gate right on the feet of one of his enemies. The wizard was in pain but still alive, as Harry put him out with a stunning spell.

The battle between Riddle and Dumbledore continued, spells bouncing off of each other. Riddle wondered how the old man was doing this, keeping up with him, who was much younger. In fact, signs of fatigue were beginning to set in but Dumbledore's spells

were getting progressively more dangerous and leaning towards dark, with a remorseful look in his eyes as he poured on the attacks.

“Please don’t make me do this, Tom, you can just surrender and avoid forcing my hand,” responded Dumbledore, as a jet of grey light whizzed through the air, but a stone shield blocked it. More spells rained down but Riddle blocked them all, before he sent a desperation attack, a bone breaking curse towards Dumbledore’s skull, but Dumbledore blocked it. “It doesn’t have to end messily, after all we’ve been through, I think I deserve to be heard out.”

“You went to the past to kill my ancestor, to wipe me out of the timeline, I think we’re well past the more of me hearing you out,” responded Riddle in a cold tone of voice and Dumbledore looked surprised. He continued to fight, but his mind was going elsewhere, some things were not adding up. Tom found out how the Time Floo worked and followed him back, with the Potter boy. He had figured out the plan to eliminate Salazar Slytherin and Dumbledore noticed that Riddle was wearing one of the bands around his arms. That meant he figured out what happened, they were all odd things that were beginning to make the entire situation seem to be odd. A blast of green light cut Dumbledore out of his thoughts, as he levitated the broken gate to block the spell.

“Killing curse Tom, I really expected better than you but perhaps that is an unfortunate habit that I’ll have to stop,” commented Dumbledore lightly, before he sent another couple of spells, shackles rising out of the ground in an attempt to bind Riddle. He countered the attack by blasting the shackles into dust and moved out of the way, before several miniature green fireballs soured through the air, spinning right towards Dumbledore. Dumbledore waved his wand, looking rather bored with the attack, and he knocked Riddle off of his feet, but cushioning spell, coupled by a springing spell bounced Riddle to his feet, as he threw an organ shredding curse, forcing Dumbledore on the rebound. The fight continued as both spells continued to ricochet off of each other, both attacks colliding with each other in mid air, creating a miniature explosion, that rocked the entire village, even causing the Muggles nearby to feel something, even though the repelling spells provided it.

The battle continued on the other side, with a few more of the attackers being incapacitated but a few more of the more fanatical one kept in the battle, as Harry and Salazar continued to fight the opponents, including Wentworth, who had a smirk on his face.

"Give up, Slytherin, even you're little friend can't help you defeat a master sorcerer like myself," responded Wentworth and Harry just casually knocked him unconscious, before sending him to the ground.

"Is he always this arrogant?" asked Harry, as he continued to nod.

"Yes, especially considering he doesn't have any skills to back it up," responded Salazar, as the battle forces had been cut in half, because of various means. "You'd think all of the times I knocked him around, he would learn, but I guess not."

"They never learn," agreed Harry, as he continued to fight, but those who were left, were left because they had a moderate amount of talent and now Harry felt he had to kick it up a few notches, as he continued to fight, blocking an unknown curse, before he dodged around the attacks, and then jabbed his wand. The wizard was hoisted up to the ground by his limbs, before he crashed down, arms and legs broken but still alive. Salazar fought three opponents at once, as a powerful opponent began to fight Harry. He was good but Harry felt he was just a bit better, due to years of experience of fighting Death Eaters and other enemies with years more magical experience than he ever had. So he continued to fight, as the battle from the side between Riddle and Dumbledore got more intense, but Harry had his own problems to worry about, namely a modified, but slightly unrefined version of the organ explosion hex aimed right towards his stomach. Blocked and countered, as he continues to fight the battle.

Riddle and Dumbledore stood face to face, neither backing down, as both spells zipped through the air at the same time. The spells collided with each other, causing a gust of smoke to appear in the air, blinding their line of sight. Before Riddle moved through the smoke, attacking Dumbledore, but the attack was countered. A spell flew through the air, aimed right towards the eyes of Riddle, but he blocked it and sent a spell. Once again blocked and had it connected,

Dumbledore's throat would have closed up, strangling him. Riddle blasted another attack towards Dumbledore, but blocked once again.

"I can see you tiring, Tom," said Dumbledore. "I would highly recommend you surrendering, it's hopeless anyway."

"I'll surrender once you're dead," responded Riddle, as a black light cut through the air, aiming right towards Dumbledore's chest but he blocked it, remaining on his feet. "CRUCIO!"

Dumbledore felt a few seconds of agonizing pain but he managed to throw off the curse, throwing the pain back on Riddle. Riddle dropped to his knees and bit his tongue, but got up, throwing another spell, but Dumbledore blocked it, before his next blast hoisted Riddle up into the air and threw him down into the ground with a solid thud. Riddle rolled over, as he felt dazed and rather confused, as the battle continued around them, with Dumbledore standing right over Riddle, wand drawn.

"This is a sad embarrassment for both of us Tom, to see you flat on your back, pathetic, defeated," remarked Dumbledore with a bit of remorse. "I think it's best for both of us, if it is finished right now."

"That would be if I'm finished," said Riddle, as he caught Dumbledore off guard with a spell, but not enough to stop Dumbledore from blocking it. Riddle found his way up, but winced, he could barely breathe from the spell that Dumbledore knocked him head with. Still, he fought back, his obsession with putting Dumbledore down and out once and for all shining through, but Riddle's attacks were purely defensive, just to keep Dumbledore on his toes until Riddle could determine what the old man hit him with. He blocked another assault, and managed to dodge a second attack, while breathing heavily. The battle was wearing him down and much to his surprise, Dumbledore was not breaking down as much as he was.

"Should not be too much longer before they run out of wands," gasped Harry, as he crouched down, putting up a shield that hovered above him. The spell bounced off of the created shield and ricocheted back, striking the caster partially. This knocked him off balance and

allowed Harry to render him unconscious with a well placed stunning spell.

“Can’t tell me that fatigue’s setting in already,” responded Salazar in a smug, arrogant voice, as he had taken down one of his opponents and was fighting two, with another unseen one sneaking around the back, but Harry managed to take that one out with an impacted shot, before he blocked the attack. “You look to be fairly decent, I’m nearly glad that you’re on my side.”

“No fatigue’s not setting in,” said Harry, as he blasted one of the attackers from behind, knocking him to the ground, as the battle between Riddle and Dumbledore continued. Riddle had dropped to the ground for a second and this moment of distraction caused Harry to fight back.

“Good, it shouldn’t be, if you were half as good as I think you are,” responded Salazar with a pleased expression on his face, as he knocked his adversary backwards, but he bounced back. Instead of being frustrated by this tough show of magic, Salazar responded with a smirk, before he sent a cutting curse towards a tree branch above his enemy. It glanced off of his shoulder but enough damage was done for Salazar to put him away, his arms and legs snapped together in the full body bind.

“Wow, didn’t think that spell was invented until later,” said Harry but Salazar just shot him a peculiar look, as Dumbledore aimed an attack right towards Salazar. Harry rushed over but it was too late. Fortunately, not all of the attack hit but a solid crack dropped Salazar to his knees. Riddle was momentarily inconvenienced, which left Harry face to face with Dumbledore. Dumbledore looked at Harry.

“Mr. Potter, it seems that my sources were mistaken about you, you are every bit as resourceful as your mother in every way,” commented Dumbledore lightly, and Harry just responded. “And that is unfortunate...”

Dumbledore was not allowed to finish, mostly because Harry’s next assault had cut through the air. The old man thought he could block it but it blasted right through his shield. Most of the impact was

absorbed through there but not enough as Dumbledore was temporarily off of his feet. Dumbledore looked dazed and Harry looked from Salazar to Riddle, who were both injured and needed rest. Another slash of his wand blasted Dumbledore off of his feet, but Harry doubted it would hold him for long. Quickly, grabbing one of the shoes that had been knocked off of the enemy, Harry worked quickly, creating a Portkey.

“Quick, take this shoe, it will take us to safety as soon as I activate it,” said Harry.

“A shoe will take us to safety?” asked Salazar in a skeptical voice, looking at Harry like he was completely out of his mind. It was a stretch, even with the wonderful things that magic could create.

“It’s a Portkey,” said Harry a bit shortly.

“A what?” asked Salazar and Harry sighed, obviously Portkeys had not been invented yet.

“Just grab the bloody shoe,” said Harry in a snippy voice, he had to be running low on time but Dumbledore was too good.

“If you say so,” responded Salazar in a disbelieving tone of voice as he touched the shoe, along with the other two, believing there would be no way this would work. He felt a light tug, as if something was pulling him in an odd direction. He saw the eyes of this old man, Dumbledore, an enraged look appearing in them, as they vanished, to wear he did not know.

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Albus Dumbledore had never been more unnerved in his life. When his adopted son Tom had decided to turn his back on Dumbledore and become independent, it was something that Dumbledore learned to live with. Even though he had given Tom every chance in the world to see the light, so far, he had not even come close, not even once. A part of Dumbledore did accept that in his own way, even though it reflected on himself as a personal failure, that he could be lead off the proper path.

A series of recent failures over the past several days had revolved around one person, Harry Potter. Young Mr. Potter was someone that Dumbledore gave more than a few minutes thought to. Obviously, he would have loved to have him, he was intelligent and would be a better leader to his Junior Cult of the Phoenix, considering the fact that Miss Granger tended to be a bit of a loose cannon at times. However, he never really considered Mr. Potter that much of a threat. He was just a person who was there, the son of one of the handful of people who had turned their backs on him for a longer time than he would have liked. Recently, however, the boy had breached the re-orientation facility, managing to shake off the effects. Granted, the Riddle girl had as well, but she was like her father in many ways, as in she refused to bend to any form of authority impressed upon her and her mind was unusually strong. Potter, he did not see coming and now he had personally fought side by side with Tom, more skilled than Dumbledore believed, was something that he did not believe was a coincidence.

No matter whose face he saw, that was not Harry Potter, at least not the Harry Potter he had heard so much about. He looked the same, sounded the same, even acted the same in many ways but something about him was different. He was a vicious fighter and he saw he had a personal vendetta against Dumbledore. Dumbledore wondered exactly how this could be but it was becoming the case.

But if this was the case, than what happened to the actual Harry Potter?

Dumbledore shook his head, he would deal with this later, right now, he needed to finish the job he started on Salazar Slytherin and he had a few ideas where he might find the young arrogant wizard.

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“Just where are we?” demanded Salazar as Harry just turned, as Riddle cast a few spells on himself.

“Healing magic is not my specialty but this should keep me stabilized for a while, until this is done,” muttered Riddle but his face was pale and he was in pain.

“You dislocated your shoulder in the fight,” responded Harry as he looked at Salazar.

“It will heal, besides, I do have another arm,” said Salazar, as he shifted his wand to his other hand, before he effortlessly levitated a log off the ground, before dropping it. “You look like you’ve never seen someone who could use a wand with both hands before.”

“Well no, it’s not common during my time,” said Harry.

“Your time?” asked Salazar but Riddle looked around.

“Just outside of the Forbidden Forest, you took us to Hogwarts, well it wouldn’t be Hogwarts yet, but Dumbledore can find us,” said Riddle.

“Yes, he can but we need to be ready to wipe him out once and for all this time,” said Harry and Riddle nodded, despite his injuries, he was awaiting this moment for quite some time, ever since he beat Dumbledore the first time. He came so close earlier today, but he would not allow the old man to catch him off guard. “As for you, Dumbledore’s after you...”

“Of course he is, he had that little group of dunderheads after me but I was handling myself just fine, until you two decided to show up and get in my way,” said Salazar, who looked more irritated at being injured than Harry and Riddle showing up.

“Before we showed up, you were about to get your brains splattered all over the grass by Dumbledore,” responded Riddle. “Beside, you have a vital role to play in the evolution of the Wizarding World...”

“How do you know?” demanded Salazar. “Are you from the future or some such rubbish?”

"Yes," commented Harry dryly. "I would tell you more but you already know way too much. Dumbledore coming here as disrupted a little but so far, there have been no changes back in the time we came from."

"Okay, if you say so," said Salazar slowly, looking from Riddle to Harry, before shaking his head in amusement, as if he thought they were totally and completely out of their mind. It sounded absurd but then again, in the strange world of magic, it almost made something vaguely resembling sense. He just sat back, there was an abandoned, a bit run down castle in front of him, a Forest right behind him, and he saw a murky lake by the side. He thought about his idea of creating a magical school, this might be a good place, but the problem was, getting together the gold, to completely put the school on the map. He focused his mind back on the matter at hand, getting ready for Dumbledore should he showed up.

Harry sat down, trying to get an update with Ginny, but the moment that he got in touch with her, he knew something was off.

"Harry, nothing's changed, but I don't know how much time you have left," responded Ginny in a concerned tone of voice. "The artifact, it's beeping, flashing colors and there is a windstorm kicking up, the ground is shaken three times in not even twenty minutes and it's getting worse every time. Now it's making a loud humming, I hope that..."

"Ginny, please, love, take a deep breath, calm down, everything's going to be alright, I'm going to beat Dumbledore, I have to, I've always won when it counted in the end," said Harry in a confident voice.

"I hope this is the case this time, but if I'm right and I hope I'm not, this artifact, may only have another hour or two that it can be hooked up to the Time Floo before it undergoes the reaction you mentioned," said Ginny frantically.

"Keep me posted, I'm about ready to engage Dumbledore, Riddle and Slytherin took a couple of bad hits, I don't know how well they will hold up in a fight," said Harry. "Talk to you later, hopefully when I'm coming home with a successful mission."

"Please let that be the case, Harry," said Ginny in a breathless tone as she broke off the link.

"Time is running out," said Harry.

"What do you mean, time is running out?" questioned Salazar.

"Just that, time is about up, the method that Dumbledore used to travel to the past to assassinate you is unstable and tied to him, it can't be shut off until he is killed or brought back to the present time," explained Harry without taking a breath.

"So Dumbledore wanted to kill me," said Salazar and Harry nodded. "Well, I'll make him regret that..."

"No, you're in no condition to fight Dumbledore," said Harry calmly. "And if you die, even if we do manage to defeat Dumbledore, everything that happened, all of magical history will change, in fact, there might not even be a magical history, hundreds having weird accidents, with no explanation, no one to offer them any explanations..."

"The magical families will know," responded Salazar, who thought avenging his honor as a wizard was more important than surviving.

"Yes, but they will die out in time, if they aren't married in with new magical users," commented Harry and Salazar just looked amused.

"New magical users? Oh, you mean witches and wizards who get magic despite being in an entire family of Muggles," responded Salazar with a bit of amusement in his voice, but also a little bit of bitterness.

"Yes, they should be allowed to have an education," said Harry and Salazar just looked at him.

"Yes they should, but it's not a good idea to let the Muggles know we exist, they already fear magic if they don't have a clue, in the village I live, witches and wizards are associated with the devil himself,"

responded Salazar. "A lot of Muggles seem to believe that their religion gives them unlimited freedom to do as they please, because it's all because of the will of some being that may or may not exist. I have no clue, frankly, I don't care, because I have no desire to hear that I'm going to hell by a bunch of ignorant fools who have no clue."

"Not all Muggles are like that," said Harry.

"No, but enough all that they concern me and there is too much of a chance that one of those Muggles could be a parent of this new magical user, and spread their little beliefs to their friends," said Salazar as he looked at Harry seriously. "The same type of Muggles who would kidnap and nail a three year old girl to a cross, because they thought she was possessed by some dark force...."

"That would never happen," argued Harry who was doing this more for the sake of argument, but he was sickened by the possibility.

"Then I must have imagined it, but I'm sure I saw it with my own eyes, my parents having to hold me back," said Salazar who looked quite bitter about this. "Yes, it was my little sister, she never had a chance to live the world, experience all the wonders of magic, because she had one burst of accidental while throwing a temper tantrum, someone decided to kidnap her and do...well you heard what I said before."

"I didn't know," said Harry, who knew nothing else that he could say. Riddle appeared to not know as well.

"It's not something that was publicized, in fact it was covered up, but I'll never forget it," said Salazar, as he turned to Harry. "The point is, Muggles being allowed into our world is a bad idea, they will never understand it at best and they will use our abilities for their own advantage at worse."

Salazar had a look that plainly stated there was nothing Harry could say that changed his opinions but it did explain a few things about Slytherin's hatred for Muggleborns or rather uneasiness about allowing them into the world.

“Back to Dumbledore, I’m surprised he hadn’t showed up by now,” remarked Riddle.

A loud crack echoed and Harry quickly held his wand out, before he looked as the form of Albus Dumbledore appeared.

“I apologize about keeping you waiting Tom, finding you have proven to be slightly problematic,” said Dumbledore, but Harry turned to Dumbledore, wand drawn, but first he needed to try reasoning with the man, even though it did seem hopeless.

“Dumbledore, listen to me, you need to return back to our own time right now, the artifact that you hooked up to the Floo, it’s unstable and it will wipe out not just this time, but all of time and existence if you stay here too much longer,” said Harry desperately, but Dumbledore looked at Harry, almost looking as if he was considering what Harry was saying but he just looked back at the boy with a bit of amusement.

“Intriguing bit of knowledge, Mr. Potter, but I’m not sure if you can be trusted or not, given the misrepresentation you’ve already participated in, in recent days,” commented Dumbledore casually. “With all of the chances that you may be right, there is an equal chance that you can’t be lying about what could happen and I can’t take the chance that my plan could be compromised.”

“So you’re going to be willing to disregard my warnings, just to carry out your mission,” challenged Harry.

“It’s for the Greater Good, Mr. Potter,” responded Dumbledore, as he turned over. “Now Salazar, once again, come quietly and accept your fate...”

Salazar responded with a bone breaking curse right towards Dumbledore’s jaw. Dumbledore blocked the attack, and moved in for the attack. Riddle threw a pair of spells at Dumbledore, but it was evident that he was still hurting from the previous battle and Dumbledore knocked him backwards, causing him to spin like a top in mid air and crash down to the ground. The spells of Harry and Dumbledore clashed together like swords.

“You can stop this, just abandon the mission!” shouted Harry desperately, but Dumbledore forced him back, before shackles blasted out of the ground, magically conjured by Dumbledore. Harry blasted them off. “Everything will be wiped out, your entire life’s work will mean nothing, mainly because you don’t exist!”

Dumbledore refused to let up and Harry felt he would have no choice, but to kill Dumbledore. He was blasted right down to his feet and secured in a net. Riddle struggled to his feet, but Dumbledore quickly wrapped several ropes around him before he spun around and blocked an offensive attack from Salazar. Salazar continued to fight Dumbledore, refusing to give up, but eventually, Dumbledore knocked him off balance and disarmed him, before he quickly found himself behind Salazar.

“Tom, remember, this could have prevented had you stayed in life, now your life, the life of your daughter, and countless others have been put in peril,” responded Dumbledore, as he managed to hold Salazar in place, with his Elixir of Life enhanced strength, ignoring a pained joint in his legs, as he conjured a dagger, before he held it right at the throat of Salazar, as Harry and Riddle were forced to watch, as it was just one motion away from slicing his throat and drastically altering all of magical history.

Two more chapters, the climatic battle and then a short one to wrap up the story.

Chapter Fourteen: Decisive Moments:

Dumbledore had the dagger at Salazar's throat, not the cleanest way to die, but he lost the privilege of dying with magic. All it took was one more moment, Potter and Riddle were trapped and Slytherin had no wand. Perhaps Dumbledore was milking the moment a bit too much but he was enjoying the irony of one of the greatest Muggle haters in the history of magic dying by a Muggle method. Dumbledore prepared to do the deed but Salazar shifted and a shower of sparks was sent right into Dumbledore's eyes. Dumbledore was staggered back as Salazar twisted out of position, before he whipped his wand and launched the temporarily blinded Dumbledore into the air, causing him to crash down.

"Spare wand you should have really checked for it, old man," said Salazar, as he threw another spell at Dumbledore, but Dumbledore blocked it, before he launched an attack at his enemy. Salazar had sent the spell right back and fired one of his own, but Dumbledore fired back. Both spells met in mid air and caused a cloud of dust to appear in mid air from the impact of them colliding. Salazar spun his arm slightly and a miniature gust of wind but Dumbledore managed to block that one, before he sent a blast of fire from his wand right at Salazar. Salazar waved his wand and a jet of water met the fire in mid air, dousing it. "We can keep this up all day, Dumbledore, you've failed in defeating me."

"Failure never happens until the grave," responded Dumbledore, wincing slightly as he felt a stabbing pain in the back of his leg but he managed to cover up the seconds of pain with an intense look etched in his eyes.

"Then you better start digging yours," retorted Salazar, as two spells clashed together, the impact was almost like two swords impacting together, with neither giving anything to the other. Two more spells were second and two more spells connected, more or less cancelling each other out, with a miniature explosion as the cause.

Harry meanwhile was busy freeing himself, it took a bit of patience, as the battle between Salazar and Dumbledore continued. He heard an explosion off in the distance and something told him that had

nothing to do with the fight behind them. He freed himself as Riddle did as well, but Salazar was doing a remarkable job of holding his own and he was not even at his best. Still, Harry decided to give him a hand, because they needed to wrap this up soon and it became clear that the only way they could stop Dumbledore was by sending him six feet straight other. A brain aneurysm curse by the recently freed Riddle had indicated that he had much of the same idea. The spell was blocked and then deflected back at him, Riddle had to cancel it before it connected. Salazar sent a cutting curse to Dumbledore's chest but it was blocked. Harry moved in, sizing up the situation, before a blast of black light lifted Dumbledore off of the ground and sent him crashing down to the ground. He thought he had Dumbledore done but the old man was resourceful, staggering up to his feet.

"That came close to defeating me," muttered Dumbledore more to himself, as he blocked attacks from either side, before he knocked Riddle and Salazar backwards as they tried attacks from either side. The attack from Harry shook him a bit too much for his liking and he felt pained, but pressed on. After all, the super charged Elixir of Life treatment had been given days earlier, he's was in no danger of dying. He blocked another attack from Harry and sent him spiraling backwards. A dagger cloaked in a glowing black light shot right towards Dumbledore's chest but Dumbledore cancelled that spell, and sent one back in return, but it was repelled backwards.

"Give it up Dumbledore!" shouted Harry desperately, one last urgent attempt to try and get Dumbledore to see reason, as time ticked by to the end of everything. "If you're successful or not, it won't matter, when the time artifact overloads with too much magic..."

"Your attempts to fool me won't work, Mr. Potter, I know what's going on here," said Dumbledore in a bored tone of voice. "It is a shame really, you could be useful, but I now see you will always be an annoyance, meddling in everything that happened..."

Dumbledore was cut off, as he blocked both spells from Riddle and Harry simultaneously, before shoving them backwards. Salazar blasted a corkscrew like construct of magical energy from his wand, aimed right at Dumbledore's chest but he effortlessly blocked that.

Dumbledore felt the strain of fighting three wizards, skilled and the time travel had taken a bit of energy, but he pressed on. He managed to wrap up Harry, temporarily taking him out of the battle, so he could focus on the other two. He moved forward, another ache in the joints of his leg, but he blocked Salazar's attack, before he knocked the powerful young wizard off of his feet. Riddle continued to move into the attack, the magic colliding off of each other, spells ricocheting backwards.

"Tom, give it up, one time you managed to defeat me and it will never happen again," remarked Dumbledore as a jet of acid was cancelled out, but Riddle kept fighting, intense, knowing that his entire existence hinged on defeating Dumbledore. Time and existence was only a minor concern as he continued to fight. Harry meanwhile had to beat Dumbledore or there would be no home to return to, in fact, there would be nothing at all. Salazar bounced back up, intent on making Dumbledore regret the day that he ever travelled back in time, but he had to admit, he was good. Very few wizards other than himself would be able to fight. "As for you, it is important you be put down, you will appreciate the sacrifice you make in the afterlife."

Harry ripped out of his restraints and knocked Dumbledore backwards with a super heated blast of fire. The ice shield Dumbledore created only blocked most of the blow but Harry summoned a growth of vines, trying to wrap them around Dumbledore, strangling the hold man but Dumbledore magically hacked his way through the weeds. Once again, the old man had the Elder Wand but Harry refused to believe it was as good as people thought it was, especially after his years of study. The wand changed hands, by underhanded means sure, but it did change hands and Harry was determined to defeat Dumbledore.

"Just why won't he go down?" asked Salazar in an agitated voice, as he threw a rather dark curse at Dumbledore but Dumbledore blocked, before two spells came from either side. The shield that Dumbledore had around him was of good quality but at the same time, the spells were becoming rather impressive.

"Stubborn to the very last, hasn't changed much, no matter where," grumbled Harry, as he managed to break through Dumbledore's

defenses long enough to bounce him into the air, more by hitting the ground below Dumbledore, than the wizard himself.

Dumbledore slowed his descent with the wand, before he threw an attack back. Two spells collided in mid air, as Salazar attempted to sneak around, to get Dumbledore from behind but the attack was blocked once again. Dumbledore kept fighting back, the spells collided with each other in mid air, with a solid clang. Two more spells shot towards Dumbledore but the old man blocked them, before he pushed back at them.

"Harry," hissed Ginny through the connection. "They're getting more frequent..."

"I know, same here, I just heard two explosions in the last few minutes and they didn't have to do with the duel, Dumbledore's not close to being defeated," said Harry who for the first time wondered if this could be the end.

Riddle was sent to the ground, the impact knocking him from a loop but Salazar continued to fight with Dumbledore, as Harry turned his attention back to the battle. Dumbledore utilized the shield spells, along with a great deal of offensive and defensive magic, as he began to wear down his three opponents but it was not for the first time that Harry wondered why Dumbledore himself was not tiring. At his age, he should have been breaking down a lot quicker, no matter how much power he used. A jab of grey light came close to knocking Dumbledore for a loop but he blocked the spell, and Dumbledore quickly swiped his wand to the side, sending three spells at succession, each of them were blocked by their intended victims and Riddle managed to push through the defenses and Dumbledore was knocked right off of his feet. He landed on the ground but managed to pull himself up. Now he knew something was wrong but he had to stop the bone shattering curse from impacting his head before he could think about it.

Harry sent several miniature fireballs, in an attempt to keep Dumbledore off balance, before he put him down with the big one. Another attack blasted through the air but Dumbledore blocked it. The

battle raged on between all four wizards, with varying levels of frustration.

The next explosion knocked Harry off balance and it allowed Dumbledore to knock the wind out of him with a spell that he thankfully blocked most of the impact with, using a shield charm. Riddle moved from the other side, a cutting spell aimed towards Dumbledore's wand hand. Blocked and repelled, but Salazar moved in from behind, a large crack as a spell caught Dumbledore right on the top of his head. The old man crashed down to his knees, in pain, as Salazar slashed his wand. The spell was mostly blocked but at the same time, Dumbledore was thrown backwards a little bit. The dagger Dumbledore tried to use earlier was levitated and banished, sent right towards his throat but the old man blocked it, before Salazar was knocked off of his feet. Riddle was in perfect position to block the next attack, a steel spike aimed right towards Salazar's head. He gave a pained groan as the spike cracked right into his arm, shattering his wand arm and also causing a great deal of blood. Riddle awkwardly staggered to his feet, but he was in pain. This left Harry to move in for the attack, the spells colliding together, before two more spells were sent in succession and another explosion rattled them. As Dumbledore repelled Salazar's next attack, knocking him off balance, he turned his attention to fighting Harry

The next explosion was not for any backlash from the spells and the ground beneath them began to vibrate.

"See Dumbledore, I warned you!" shouted Harry, as he managed to spot the arm band on Dumbledore's arm, he had it well hidden underneath several spells but if Harry could remove it, he might have a chance. Dumbledore appeared to have noticed Harry noticing his measures of protection and blocked it. Another explosion rocked them. "You can still undo it!"

"You're parlor tricks are beginning to get annoying Mr. Potter," remarked Dumbledore but Riddle pulled himself up, before he sent a spell to the back of the head of his opponent, but blocked once again.

"Are you so blinded by your own crazed ambitions and control that you will keep ignoring a warning of something that is obviously

happening?” demanded Riddle, but he was pained and Dumbledore refused to respond, rather he continued to attack his opponent and Salazar moved in for the attack, breathing a bit heavily, as Harry attempted to remove the arm band with a well placed summoning charm but no dice. He had gambled on Dumbledore not protecting it against the obvious but unfortunately that did not pay off. Two spells from Salazar and Riddle from either side intended to remove the arm band with a more gruesome way, by removing Dumbledore’s arms.

“My dream will not be denied, it is the magical utopia that I envision, with no dark magic, no bloodshed, just a perfect world,” said Dumbledore, who was getting slightly crazed, his inability to succeed on this one mission was beginning to eat away at him on the inside. “Surely you could understand that...”

“LISTEN TO ME YOU SENILE OLD MAN, THERE WON’T BE ANY WORLD TO GO BACK TO, IN FACT THERE WILL BE NOTHING IF WE DON’T GO BACK BEFORE IT’S TOO LATE!” shouted Harry, as he blasted several spells but Dumbledore deflected them. He was blind and deaf to reason, willing to achieve his mission no matter what the cost. The attacks continued to rain down, as Harry looked on, with growing desperation, especially as Riddle was launched backwards, off of his feet. He landed on the ground with a thud, already with the injuries he suffered; he was not in good shape. Dumbledore blasted downward, but the spells clashed together, as Riddle pushed up to his feet.

“This rebellion will end right now, Tom, it is unfortunate that it has to end this way,” responded Dumbledore in a near apologetic voice, but Riddle fought, with Dumbledore feeling a bit of pain, still fighting all three wizards, but a magically created barrier had held off Salazar and Harry, long enough to deal with Riddle.

“It will never end, at least not until you’re dead, Dumbledore,” gasped Riddle, but the last spell really took a lot out of him and he was beginning to fade. Dumbledore aimed for his wand and the arm band ripped off from the impact, just as Harry and Salazar managed to fight through. Harry looked up and Riddle vanished from the scene around them.

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"DAD!" shouted Allison in a shock voiced, as she saw her father appear, back in their time, outside of the Floo, severely injured. "Is it over, what happened..."

"It's not over, Harry's still in the past, fighting Dumbledore," interjected Ginny as Riddle refused all attempts of help, before he staggered to a standing position before the artifact began to blink, as the building around them began to shake.

"How much time does he have?" asked Allison in a worried voice, as everything was crashing down around them and it was hard to notice the weird weather effects on the outside.

"Not that much, judging by what's happening with this thing," said Ginny as she bit her lip as Riddle pulled himself to a chair, as the spike was removed from his arm and it was healed as best as it could, but natural time. Ginny put her hand to her head, but she frowned. Harry blocked her out which meant he was pouring all of his concentration into defeating Dumbledore. She reluctantly turned towards the artifact, it sat there, rather imposing and it was vibrating underneath the place where it had been set. She watched, hands clasped together and she was not the only one. Not only was Harry's life in peril, but everything from both world was beginning. She made a futile attempt to contact him, hoping for a few seconds of down time but nothing, other than she could feel Harry concentrating in upping his attacks, pushing himself to his physical limitations and beyond.

Time ticked by, but a tornado appeared outside the window and odd blasts of lighting, as the magical artifact continued to play havoc with the weather, as it was near its limits. Perhaps fifteen minutes, perhaps twenty minutes, perhaps thirty, but it would blow up and start the chain reaction that Harry described.

It would happen, it was just a matter as of when.

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"Where did you send him?" demanded Salazar.

"I sent your delightful descendent home, where he will be erased once I finish you off," commented Dumbledore cheerfully, as his mood was a bit better, considering the odds were two on one, as opposed to three against one. Both spells were blocked, as Harry made another attempt to the arm band but it was blocked. "I have thought of every spell Mr. Potter, you're not going to defeat me in such a cheap..."

Another explosion, this time they were close together and this time, Harry was ready for it, managing to launch himself into the air with expert grace and agility, as the ground beneath Dumbledore shook. He swung his wand down, like an axe chopping a log, aiming for the top of Dumbledore's head but the shield spell counteracted the assault, before Dumbledore pushed back. Harry looked intense, he tried to use the same spell that Dumbledore used to injure Riddle, but he blocked the spike spell with ease, as Salazar rose to his feet, before he aimed an attack from behind Dumbledore, who turned, blocked, before he turned and blocked one from Potter, feeling pain in his back. The battle had taxed him, as had the time travel, he was beginning to age a bit, the Elixir effects were starting to wear off but he would remedy that once he had won.

Salazar threw another spell, but it was blocked and the attack from the other side from Harry was blocked. Two spells clashed together in mid air, before Dumbledore moved over.

"He's...slower," said Harry a little triumphant but the flashes of magical energy in the air above him, indicated that it might be too soon. Still, he pressed on, he would fight until the very last moment, before everything falls apart around them. Two spells collided with each other in mid air, as Dumbledore bent back, he felt himself aging slightly, the strain of the battle around him, and Harry threw a spell at him. Deflected back once again as Salazar moved in, the explosion knocking him off balance and Dumbledore throwing a spell at the young wizard, launching him off of the ground, before he landed with a solid impact to the ground. He moved slightly, knocked mostly unconscious, before he stopped his movement, as Dumbledore moved in but Harry moved around and blocked. With Salazar knocked out, it was only Harry and Dumbledore.

"I don't think you can defeat me, Mr. Potter," responded Dumbledore. "Even if you're not the inexperienced wizard I thought you to be...I believe you may be from another reality."

"You hit the nail right on the head Dumbledore, I'm an Unspeakable in that other world and I studied the artifact, the same one that switched Ginny and I with our alternate counterparts, it wasn't meant to harness the amount of magic to send you back and to sustain you," said Harry, as both spells collided together in mid air, before clouds appeared and not just normal clouds either. "Remove the arm band and abandon this now. I'm right, surely you can't be serious about continuing this insane mission. Look around you, it's going to begin any minute."

"I can't take the change that you're not lying," responded Dumbledore in an apologetic tone of voice with the next statement, as Harry blocked a lethal curse. "I need to put you down, so I can finish what has been started on Salazar..."

"Pretty dark curse for the so called crusader of the light," responded Harry, as he blocked the spell but he could see the frustration mounted on Dumbledore's face, as he tried to block out what might be going on around him.

"Sometimes things must be done that we don't personally care for, it is just a matter of survival, as long as the good done balances everything out in the end," said Dumbledore who was willing to see his vision of a utopian magical society saw through to the very last spell. Harry had no time to retort, even though he had a few good ones in the back of his mind and the battle continued, spells repelling against each other. Dumbledore was beginning to lose some ground but the harder Harry pushed the fight, the harder Dumbledore pushed back. His body looked to be breaking down.

Dumbledore watched, the boy was the toughest adversary he had ever fought, not that he tended to get his hands dirty with blood too often. Tom's fights with Dumbledore, the two of them, were intense, but this one, Dumbledore wondered why this boy kept fighting. For the briefest of seconds, he gave the warnings serious thought, but

brushed them off immediately as an attempt to keep him distracted from the mission at hand. Both spells collided with each other, as Dumbledore looked desperate and tired. He worked too hard to be stopped now and he was summoning all the strength he could, as he saw the signs of aging on his hands and these were not from the glamour charms that were used to conceal his true age. A blast of light erupted from Harry's wand but blocked again, as Dumbledore winced, pain shooting from his hip, but he blocked another spell.

Harry gritted his teeth, he felt like he was dangerously close to overexerting himself but the artifact was nearly out of time.

"I must admit, Mr. Potter, you are a worthy opponent, I have not had this much of a chance to test my skills in many years," complimented Dumbledore.

"Yes, you could test your skills even better if you just throw away that Elder Wand and see what kind of wizard you really are, because I figure you have a spare for an emergency," taunted Harry, as both spells collided, with both pushing back and an explosion rocking the ground beneath them, as the murky lake around them bubbled around.

"As an Unspeakable, you should know that it would be foolish to throw away such a disadvantage," responded Dumbledore, not rising to Harry's bait.

"Yes, I can see now, without the wand you're nothing but an overhyped overrated wizard with a bunch of sheep that will follow you, no matter what mindless rhetoric you spit out of your mouth," taunted Harry, but he was trying to shake Dumbledore long enough to throw one crushing blow. His back was against the wall and he bet he had only mere minutes, if that, before the world collapsed around itself. "Come on Dumbledore, man on and throw away the wand."

"Nice attempt, but I will not fall for such an obvious trick," commented Dumbledore as the two wands clashed together but Harry pushed through, a loud crack and Dumbledore felt his sternum shatter. He had trouble breathing but Harry was not done yet, far from it. Dumbledore was whipped backwards but he managed to avoid his

attack. Another spell was repelled back and both spells collided with each other. Harry pushed back through the barrier Dumbledore put up, even with the Elder Wand, his determination would not be denied and neither would the next attack. He had to do this, even though he regretted the few times he had to use such spells on Death Eaters.

Still drastic times called for drastic measures and there was nothing more drastic than the end of all existence. Harry readied himself, it had to be done now.

“AVADA KEDAVRA!” shouted Harry and a jet of green light, the unblockable Killing Curse, soured through the air. Dumbledore was caught with his shield down and he was knocked down to the ground. Harry dropped to his knees, in relief, in defeat.

“Ginny, I did it, Dumbledore’s finished,” said Harry

“Uh, Harry, I don’t think you did, the artifact is still humming, the reactions haven’t stopped,” said Ginny, her tone trembling.

“I hit him with the Killing...he’s moving!” gasped Harry in surprise. “That crafty old bastard...he’s getting to his feet...but he’s weakened, I got to finish this right now, one more should do it.”

Dumbledore’s limbs twitched, he was rocked and now he could feel himself aging slightly, year by year, until he was up to his age and the strain could kill him within the next minute or so, but fortunately he had a trump card. He shakily lifted his wand, creating a magical barrier to block Harry, before he removed the miniaturized box from his pocket. The strain of time travel and the battle, had removed all of the protects of the Phoenix charged Elixir of Life in his system, the Killing Curse being the trigger to accelerate the aging process. However, Dumbledore had plenty, enough doses for a century, maybe slightly more.

Harry’s spell was blocked by the barrier, as he saw Dumbledore pull a vial out of the box. He recognized it as the Elixir of Life, that was how Dumbledore was so quick beyond his age, but judging by the orange glow, he made some modifications and had taken years off of his life. Still, if Dumbledore was allowed to take the vial, it would be

the end, as another loud explosion, as fire ripped through the sky above them, indicated time was nearly out. Still, he spotted all of the other vials in the case and the barrier, an idea forming in his head, wondering if it would work, as Dumbledore managed to open the vial, with what little of his decreasing strength was left.

The barrier would only block magical spells if Harry's guess was right and if he was wrong, well he had nothing to lose, as he leaned back, throwing all caution and perhaps common sense to the wind, as he launched himself right through the barrier, as Dumbledore tipped the Elixir into his mouth and not a second too soon, his eyes blank, it took a few seconds to realize Harry was there and he had levitated all of the vials of Elixir of the case.

"You want youth and power Dumbledore, well you can have it all!" shouted Harry, as the vials shattered as Dumbledore was bathed in an entire century's worth of treatments of the Elixir of Life. At first, there was no effect, as Dumbledore got to his feet, but before he could clean the Elixir off of him, it absorbed through his skin, like he was a sponge and he dropped to his knees, his temples throbbing in absolute agony."

"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?" screamed Dumbledore in agony, it was not healthy to take this much Elixir in one sitting, the process was controlled and he was on his knees, as his white hair slowly shifted to grey, as the signs of aging disappeared from his face quickly, and painfully. He was under a hundred years old in a matter of seconds but he quickly shifted to ninety then eighty then seventy then sixty. It was all much too fast, his internal organs were overexerting themselves, as his hair and goatee were now auburn. Dumbledore looked up at Harry, with a pained look on his forty year old face, as the middle aged man was slowly turning into a younger man, as he turned from thirties, into his twenties, as his nerves felt like they were on fire and his heart was pumping fast, from the rapid changes. "No...I can't...please...no...more...I'll be destroyed!"

"That's the idea," said Harry lightly, as he watched Dumbledore the teenager look back at him with contempt, as Dumbledore was slowly turning into a child, clutching his throat in pain, as he fell back to the ground with a thump. Ten years old, nine years old, eight years old,

seven years old, six years old, five years old, each painful and quick de-aging was causing Dumbledore pain, as the effects of overdosing the Elixir of Life never became more obvious. His mind became lost as he transformed from a toddler into an infant, unable to form even any complex thoughts. Not even a moment ago, he was a grown man and now he was a screaming, howling, baby.

The baby version of Dumbledore cried in agony, but the Elixir was not done or would not be, if Dumbledore's body could stand any more. The infant gave a horrific shriek that disturbed Harry, before it burst into flames like a phoenix. Harry was unable to turn around away from, yet was disturbed, by the sight he saw around him. The infant was reduced to ashes, as Harry briefly wondered if Dumbledore had somehow put Phoenix DNA in his system to prolong his aging. Somehow, that would not surprise him but this Phoenix would not rise from the ashes, as Harry quickly siphoned said ashes into a vial before they dropped to the ground and sealed it shut, before putting a preservation charm on it.

"What happened?" grumbled Salazar, as he got to his feet and Harry never thought he would be relieved to see Salazar Slytherin alive.

"I defeated Dumbledore, I need to get you back to your village, and get home before everything falls apart," said Harry quickly, as he held up a rock. Grab onto this.

"First a shoe, then a rock, magic is strange in the future," muttered Salazar shaking his head, before they arrived at the village in a flash of light as he turned to Harry. "So, I gather I'm going to be pretty important in the future."

"Yes, you are, Slytherin, but in time, it will come naturally, don't rush it," responded Harry.

"How will I know? Considering I know what I know now, I should start right away," said Salazar in a stubborn tone of voice and Harry just responded by sighing, he hated what needed to be done, but considering the circumstances, it was just something that had to be done.

“Do what you feel may be necessary, Slytherin,” responded Harry before he turned to the brash young wizard, who would in many years become one of the most controversial figures in the history of magic. “And one more thing before I go.”

“What’s that?” asked Salazar.

“Obliviate,” said Harry calmly and all of Salazar’s memories of having time travelers help him or fight him were removed, all that remained were images of a crazy old man rallying a bunch of enemies. With that, he ripped off the arm band, having Dumbledore secured in his pocket.

Everything around Harry disappeared in a Technicolor flash of light.

Second to last chapter, the end is coming.

Chapter Fifteen: The Final Chapter

The blast of light ejected Harry in the blink of an eye back to his present time. He landed with a crash, for a few seconds, he feared that he was too late, but everything was still in tact, the artifact was blinking, but at the last minute, Harry dove for the artifact with incredible speed and reflections and yanked it from the wall, crashing down to the ground. He held onto the artifact, a smile appearing on his face as he clutched it in his hands, before he turned over, as the group around him looked pleased and Ginny rushed forward, wrapping her arms around him, before kissing him, a gesture that Harry eagerly returned, with a great deal of relief. He could only begin to guess how much longer he had before everything crumbled out from underneath him. They pulled apart, as other eyes were around them.

"Dumbledore's finished then," said Allison, who decided to speak what every one else was thinking and Harry reached into the pocket of his robes, before he pulled out a vial of ashes, before he held it out.

"This is what's left of him, he overdosed on the Elixir of Life," responded Harry.

"Impaled on his own sword then, the ironies of it all," said Jade with a smile as Lily looked forward.

"Dumbledore never looked better as far as I am concerned," remarked Lily, as she breathed a sigh of relief. James was on the road to recovery, her children were safe, and the man who haunted every waking moment in her life, with his followers looking around every corner was put to rest.

"I've known him for much longer and I would have to agree," said Riddle in a pained voice from the injuries, but the fact that Dumbledore was gone brought him some measure of relief. "Nothing has changed, has it?"

"No, everything remains as it is, as far as I can tell and any changes that might have happened are so small that it would be difficult to

notice them,” reported Ginny, as she leaned close to Harry, as he wrapped his arm around her.

“Doubt it will make a difference, Dumbledore’s followers will be heartbroken, but I know the perfect place where his remains can go,” responded Riddle, as he took the vial of ashes from Harry. “I know of a nice veil in the Department of Mysteries, a perfect resting place for someone like Dumbledore. Perhaps you’ve come across it during your careers?”

“Yes, we have, something we know all too well,” responded Harry, who decided it would be fitting that this version of Dumbledore would be thrown behind the veil for all eternity. He held up the artifact in his hands, it looked harmless, despite the potentially deadly chain reactions it was beginning to create. “Now, we’re going to see what can be done about this, because now that I’ve done my good deed for this dimension, it’s time for us to see if we can undo what happened.”

“I just hope we can,” said Ginny, who thought about it and agreed with Harry, it would be best to just return home. No matter how many problems their world had back home, at least they were familiar ones.

“That thing was put through a lot, what makes you think you can get it working?” asked Allison.

“If anyone can, Harry can,” said Ginny and Harry just tried to look modest, but he was grinning.

“We can sort this out at the Great Hall of Hogwarts, Dumbledore might still have followers lurking around, I’ll meet you in five minutes after I dispose of some rubbish,” said Riddle as he held up the vial, before a Portkey was created, to bring the group to Hogwarts, to get a bit closer of a look to whether or not the artifact could take them home. Harry wondered whether or not it would work, but he did not know how much longer he could live someone else’s life. It was not his life and while his was far from perfect, it was the right thing to return to. Hopefully Dumbledore had not strained the artifact beyond all working, if not Harry did not know what to do.

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Riddle had returned from the Department of Mysteries, before he came face to face with Mad Eye Moody, who stood in the corridor, staring down Riddle with slight contempt.

“Hello Riddle, I wonder what you’re doing lurking around this part of the Ministry of Magic, especially considering when you’re not entitled to be here in the first place,” said Moody gruffly.

“I could ask the same thing about you, Moody, it is the long way from the Auror Department,” responded Riddle, but Moody refused to be intimidated, as he looked back at Riddle, not taking his eyes off of the man. “Have you heard the good news...”

“Yeah, Potter was recovered, of course, he might not have been in that position if he would have exercised a bit of constant vigilance,” growled Moody, as he looked at Riddle in a distrustful manner. “It is always good to see the good one’s back in business, especially after they have been lead down a path towards something not in their best interests by others.”

“Perhaps, but that is not the best news of the day,” said Riddle and Moody became interested with that news. “Long story short, because I know I’m going to have quite a schedule but Dumbledore is finished, this time once and for all.”

“Did you check to ensure the body was dead this time, Riddle?” asked Moody, who had been through this song and dance with Dumbledore being dead before and thus did not want to get his hopes up at all. “Did you burn it? Portkey the ashes into the sun? Double check to make sure it was not a duplicate?”

“Dumbledore’s dead, he was reduced to ashes in a battle with an associate of mine,” said Riddle, choosing his words carefully. “No, Moody, I know what you’re going to say, and yes, I disposed of the remains.”

“Do tell me that you did not just flush the ashes down a toilet or something utterly ridiculous where they can still be recovered by

Dumbledore's Cult," responded Moody gruffly as he was careful not to take his eyes off of Riddle, even for a second.

"Naturally, I did not, I've learned my lesson, I've thrown them the one place where I know Dumbledore's little followers won't find them I...." stated Riddle but Moody silenced him with his wand immediately.

"Best not complete that sentence, Riddle, the walls can hear things on occasion," advised Moody roughly. "Given what you've said so far and where you've come from, I know enough where you might have disposed of him and I must commend you on your innovation. His followers will find it difficult to retrieve him in some ill fated attempt to resurrect him, not that won't try. And don't think for one second that it will be over just because Dumbledore has met his final fate. It is never over."

"Believe me, I know," said Riddle, as Moody still kept a watch on Riddle, as he slowly backed towards the door. The paranoid Auror did not take his eyes off of Riddle, until he had gone into the next corridor and even then he was keeping an eye on him as he walked. Riddle turned, ready to return to Hogwarts. As much as he wanted to celebrate the downfall of the old man, he knew better. Even though Dumbledore was dead, very few will believe it for a while, given the fact of what happened last time. Something told Riddle this was it, but he still felt as if he was going to have to look over his shoulder at every moment.

Still, Riddle knew what must be done to undo the damage of Dumbledore. Someone would have to take charge and force anyone who opposed Dumbledore down to the level they belonged. A red flicker appeared in Riddle's eyes, as he made plans for the future and the control that needed to be taken, the show of power that will be required to ensure his plans would come to pass.

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"Anything yet?" asked Jade as she peaked over Harry's shoulder.

"A few more minutes at most before I can figure out if Dumbledore had not burned this thing completely up when he used it," responded

Harry, as he looked at it, meticulously translating the Runes and the language, he was certain that he could find a clue to take him straight home. Ginny sat at his side, pointing at everything he missed.

“Harry, there’s always a chance that it won’t work,” said Allison in a grim voice, obviously because she would never see her Harry ever again did this not work.

“And a chance that their minds and our bodies were destroyed in the accident,” muttered Harry grimly.

“I’m sure we’ll learn to adapt if you have to stay here,” said Jade as she looked at Harry. She missed her brother, but this Harry was like him in many ways. There were a few times where it hit her that this was a different Harry.

“You’ve heard him, he doesn’t want to stay here, he’ll be miserable,” said Allison as she looked at Harry, quite frankly, there were times where she did not know exactly what she wanted.

“Not a matter of what I want, but rather what has to be done and as I said, I have to assume that this thing is still workable,” said Harry, as he was nearly done completing the translations. He spent a few more seconds checking over his work. “I might not have agreed with Dumbledore most of the time and I blame him for a lot, but a couple of things that he said did make sense. Leaving this world behind, no matter how flawed it is might not be the easy thing to do, but it is the right thing to do.”

“Sometimes doing the right thing is absolutely wrong for everyone around you in the end, then it’s no longer the right thing,” argued Allison.

“In the end, we can’t really judge what the right thing truly is,” offered Lily, who had just walked in. She admired this Harry for his attempt to return home, when it would be just easy to smash the artifact and live in this world. He did not have to be this Boy-Who-Lived in this world, although she did admit that he would be in danger from Dumbledore’s followers if word ever got out about the part he played in defeating the old man. She looked at Harry. “Hermione is a lost cause I’m afraid,

removing whatever Dumbledore did to her would damage her brain permanently and live her a vegetable. She will be well cared for though, even though she might have to be sedated most of the time so she does not try and harm herself and others. Dumbledore and Molly Weasley really did a number on the poor girl.”

“Who knows what happened to the others,” said Jade and Harry just shrugged. “Ginny told me you and her were friends in the other world...”

“Yes we were, but she died a long time ago, a heroic sacrifice, even if she was in over her head,” said Harry, as he double checked his translations again. “This Hermione, I don’t know what she is, but the only similarity between the two is that they were rather driven, even though that’s a stretch. This version took it to a horrific extreme.”

“An accurate assessment if I ever heard one, Mr. Potter,” said Riddle as he arrived. “So this is the end, I rarely offer this sentiment, but I appreciate your help in defeating Dumbledore.”

“Given our past in the other world, I doubt you could even begin to appreciate how weird this is,” commented Harry lightly and Riddle just nodded, a serious look on his face, as Harry poured over several pieces of parchment full of notes. He made a couple of final notes on the calibrations that would be needed and a small test would give him all of the information he needed. “Well, I think I’ve found out everything that we need.”

“What’s the final word?” asked Ginny anxious. “Can we go back?”

“Yes, but barely, Dumbledore really put this artifact through the ringer,” said Harry with a sigh. “It will be a leap of faith to get us back, but thankfully we’re both powerful enough to give what little magic remains in this artifact before it crumbles.”

“So they others still exist then,” said Jade.

“According to one of the Runes on the artifact, it can switch minds of individuals from different times and dimensions, so if it is calibrated

properly, it can switch back again,” said Harry as he looked at it. “A few adjustments and a bit of a start, and then we’ll be on our way.”

“And they will be back,” responded Allison. This was a good thing on one account and a very bad thing on another account.

“Yes, they will, although I would sedate the other me immediately, if she’s half as bad as you’re hinting,” commented Ginny.

“This is it, we have to leave, I don’t know exactly how much time we have left before this thing crumbles to dust,” remarked Harry with a frown, before he turned to the group. “So thank you and good luck, because defeating the leader is just one small step, the battle is not over. We’re still feeling the effects of Lord Voldemort for some time.”

“We know as well as anyone, Mr. Potter, and believe me, we will remove all traces of Dumbledore’s influence,” stated Riddle as Harry responded with a nod. “I know personally I won’t rest until Albus Dumbledore’s manipulations are something of the distant past.”

“Given what I’ve seen, I have no doubts of it, Riddle,” said Harry as he turned to the artifact, before Lily cleared her throat.

“We’ll just get out of your way, thank you and good luck,” said Lily.

“You’re quite welcome and the next time you look into these eyes, the son you know will be staring back at you,” said Harry as the group left, before they left, leaving Harry and Ginny alone together in the Great Hall. Harry turned to the artifact, looking at it, a moment of indecision.

“Having second thoughts Harry?” asked Ginny quietly. “Do you really want to go back?”

“It’s not what I want, it’s what has to be done,” answered Harry, as he held her hand, as they both held their wands, touching them to the artifact. “Ready.”

“Yes, I’m ready,” said Ginny, as they were ready, both taking a deep breath, before they prepared to operate the artifact. They were at the

point of no return now. Thinking about what happened, they would always remember, even if it was best not to remember.

Still the artifact was activated and the same light that consumed them the first time erupted them. The artifact struggled to hold itself together but it remained together just long enough to transport them back.

Seconds later, the artifact crumbled to dust, as the unconscious bodies of Harry and Ginny laid on the ground, their consciousness from this dimension just beginning to wake up.

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"Ginny?" muttered Harry mentally.

"Mmm," responded Ginny in a dazed manner.

"I hope it worked," thought Harry.

"Where there is only one way to know so," commented Ginny lightly.

"Open our eyes and find out," suggested Harry as they did so. "Er Ginny, why do we have our wands at each other's throats."

"Guess our counterparts really didn't like each other," responded Ginny, as she sounded highly amused.

They withdrew their wands, as they were inside the chamber, the artifact that had sent them there had just crumbled into nothingness, as they looked in each other's eyes. They were back in the Department of Mysteries in their home dimensions before someone blasted open the office door.

"There you are!" shouted a voice in the corridor. "We thought we would never give in, we've been trying to break through for the last thirty minutes."

"Thirty minutes, we were out for only that long?" asked Ginny in surprise.

“One of the mysteries of inter-dimensional travel,” commented Harry lightly.

“Yes, we tried to force the door open, what happened in there?” asked one of the Unspeakables.

“Reaction with an artifact we had, apparently it died down, it looks like we need to clean up this mess,” said Harry, as he looked around. Whether or not this was from the reaction of the artifact or their counterparts dueling was in fact a mystery. The group outside nodded, before they went their separate ways, as Ginny turned to Harry.

“So, it worked, we’re home,” said Ginny as she breathed a sigh of relief.

“Yes, for better or for worse, we made it back in the end where we belong,” concluded Harry, as they began to clear up the mess in the chamber in the Department of Mysteries.

And that’s the end.